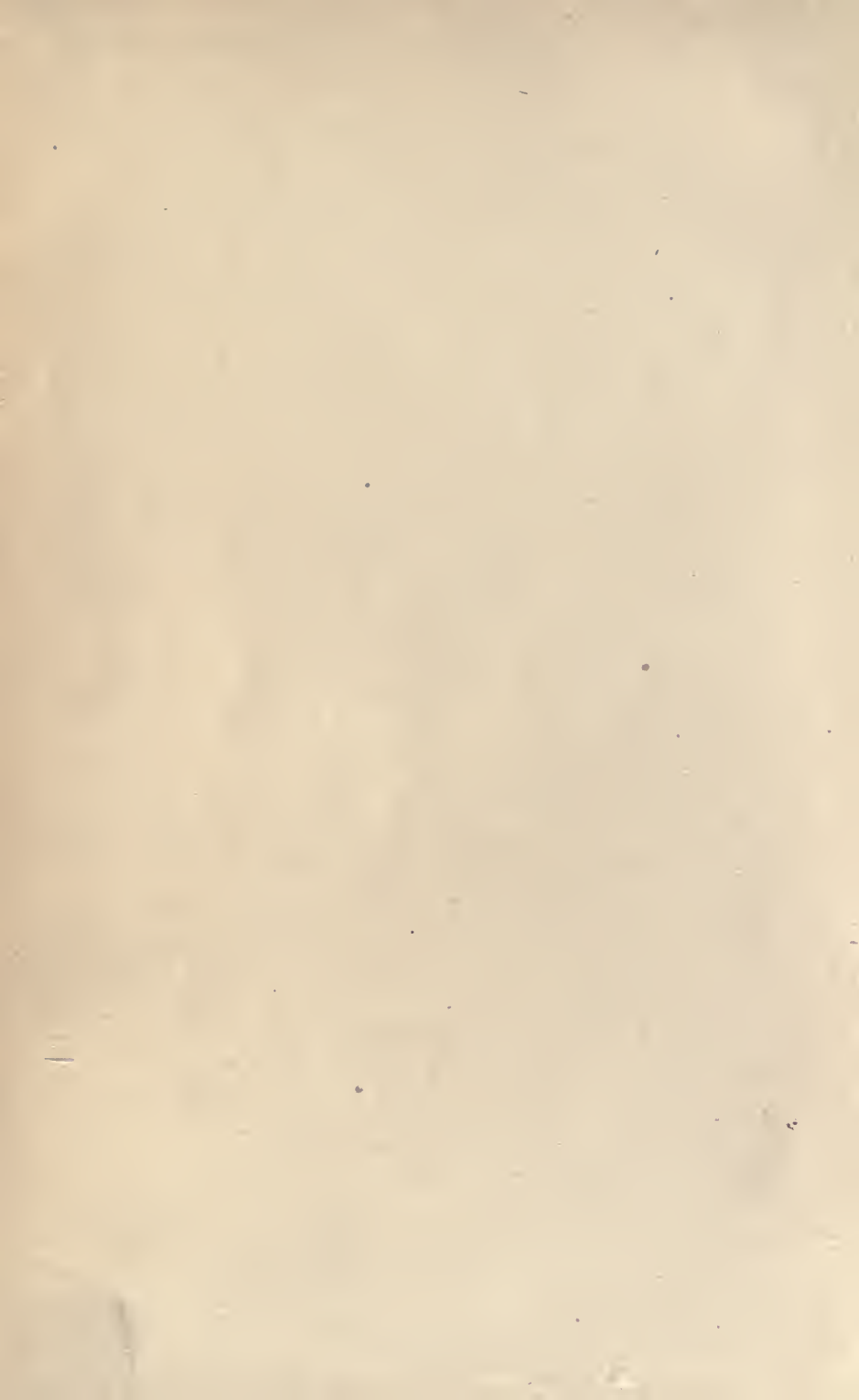


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W. H. FERGUSON COMPANY,

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THE INDIAN BETRAYED BY HIS WHITE BROTHER.

THE STORY OF SPENCER'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS.

TRUE NARRATIVE.

AMONG the various stories of early adventure, enterprise, and heroism, related in these pages, none are more remarkable, or will be read with greater attention, than that of O. M. Spencer, who, during a period of eight months' captivity with the Indians, passed through an experience of the most singular and eventful character, gaining, in that time, a knowledge of the language, manners, and customs of the Indian tribes, which was at once highly interesting and instructive. This story possesses more than usual interest, not only on account of the exciting nature of the narrative, but also of the extreme youth of the adventurer; and the insight which it affords us into the early history of the Western country, as well as of the character of the savage races who populated it, renders it very useful and pleasing to the thoughtful reader.

It was on a pleasant day in October, of the year

1790, that young Spencer, then only nine years of age, mounted the leading horse attached to the foremost of two wagons destined to the far West. In these wagons were stowed such indispensable articles of household furniture as could not at that time be easily procured west of the Alleghanies. With spirits naturally buoyant, pleased with the novelty of traveling, from which he anticipated a great deal of pleasure, the few tears which the youthful emigrant shed on quitting forever the home of his childhood were soon dried; and he wondered not a little at the sober sadness of his father, the deep sighs of his mother, and the frequent sobs of his sisters, whose feelings and expectations he supposed would naturally correspond with his own.

Mr. Spencer's father had descended from one of the first families who left England on account of the persecutions for religious opinions, in the reign of the second Charles, to seek, in the unbroken wilds of New England, an asylum from oppression, and to rear a temple to the God of their fathers, in which they might worship "according to the dictates of their own consciences." Inheriting the spirit of his ancestors, he was among the first to resist the pretensions of Great Britain, and to arm in defense of American rights and liberties. Having signalized himself on several occasions, particularly in the battle of Springfield, N. J., at the head of a battalion of militia, he was appointed, by Congress, to the command of a regiment, which he led in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; and at

the head of this regiment he continued until the close of the war.

Before entering the Continental army, he had become possessed of a small fortune, the fruits of his industry in a lucrative business; but of this, a large amount was destroyed by the enemy, and more than ten thousand dollars, advanced by him in specie to pay and clothe his regiment, was repaid to him by Congress, in Continental money, on which he sustained a total loss. Like many of his companions in arms, after encountering the dangers and enduring the hardships of a protracted war, Colonel Spencer found himself at its close reduced from affluence to comparative poverty; but with them, too, he enjoyed the proud satisfaction of having aided in achieving that independence which laid the foundation of our national greatness and prosperity, and the hope of perpetuating to his children's children the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

With impaired health and injured constitution, he again engaged in business, hoping in time to retrieve his losses, and trusting in the honor and justice of the government to pay his equitable claims against it; but in this hope and confidence he was deeply disappointed. After toiling many years with little success, hearing the flattering accounts then in circulation of the beauty and fertility of the Miami country, he determined to explore it. He visited it in 1789; and, being much pleased with it, determined to make it his future home. Previous to his leaving home, he had disposed of his certificates for his military

services at one-third of their nominal value, and invested their proceeds in Miami lands; and, having purchased some lots, and erected a cabin in Columbia for the reception of his family, he returned to effect the removal.

The first few days of the journey passed very heavily,—the thoughtless whistle of young Spencer, and the quaint expressions and occasional humorous sayings of the driver, an old soldier, being all that for hours broke upon the stillness of the lonely woods, or varied the dull monotony of the rumbling wheels. Gradually, however, the family became more cheerful. Dwelling less upon the past, their thoughts began to be occupied with their present condition and future prospects, and they now found much to interest them, and to render their journey agreeable.

From Mendham, a small village in East Jersey (their late residence), their route lay through Easton and Harrisburg. Passing these towns, the formidable mountains which separate the waters of the Atlantic States from those of the Mississippi Valley were soon reached, and here the family were called upon to exercise all their fortitude and patience. Few who now make the journey by rail from New York or Philadelphia to Cincinnati, with all the comforts of modern travel, can conceive of the hazards incurred by the early emigrants, who, besides being subjected to the greatest personal inconvenience and exposure, were not unfrequently placed in imminent peril of life and limb, partly from the dangerous character of the roads, which were narrow in width

and often extremely steep and even precipitous, and partly from attacks by hostile Indians, who at that time infested every part of the then Western country.

During the journey across the mountains, an incident occurred which, though happily not serious in its results, caused the family considerable alarm. They had taken shelter one evening in a dense forest, two miles from any habitation, and, after eating their slender meal, had retired for the night. Young Spencer had slept, perhaps, two hours, when, awaking at about eleven o'clock, he discovered that his bed-fellow, a nephew a year his senior, had left the wagon. After waiting some time, as he did not return, he called him; and, repeating his calls louder and louder, soon awakened the family. Search was made in every direction, but in vain; loud calls and the firing of guns received no response but the louder howling of the wolves, which, as the family now believed, had torn him to pièces. But, in the midst of their alarm and distress, they received the welcome information of his safety. He had walked in his sleep, with bare feet, and almost naked, in a cold night of October, to a house about two miles distant, had knocked at the door, and was admitted, but did not awake until the screams of the inmates, some of whom were terror-stricken, aroused him. Recovering himself, he soon convinced them that he was not an apparition, but a real "spirit of health," and, as it was late, was kindly accommodated with a bed for the night.

Before the application of steam to the propulsion

of vessels, almost the only conveyance on the Western waters was by keel and flat-boats. The latter, being cheap and easily built, and intended wholly for conveyance down the Ohio and Mississippi, were always sought by families descending these rivers; and, as there were several places along the Monongahela at which these boats were built, and where they could be obtained on better terms than at Pittsburgh, instead of taking the direct road to that place, the Spencers took a south-westerly direction to Jacob's Creek, a branch of the Youghiogheny. Here, having arrived and waited more than a month for the building of a boat, and for a rise of water, they embarked for Columbia; and, in company with another family, which augmented their numbers to about sixteen, they soon found themselves quietly gliding down the beautiful waters of the Ohio.

The remainder of the journey was made without any event of an unusual nature; and, although the emigrants were sometimes alarmed, and often apprehended an attack, they saw no Indians, and but few signs of any, during their progress. Passing by Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Marietta, Kanawha, Gallipolis, Maysville, and a few other intermediate settlements, they arrived safely at Columbia, their future home, in December, 1790.

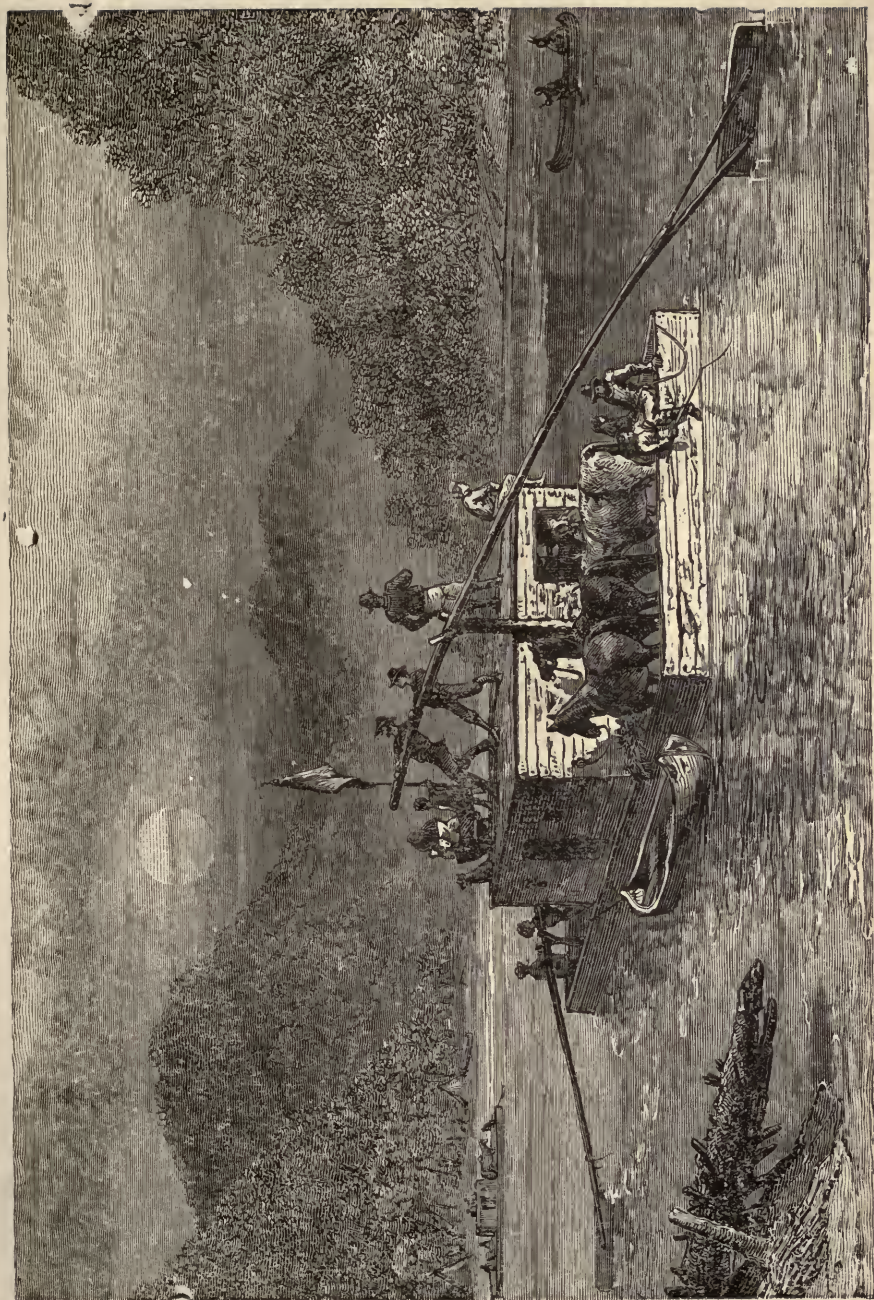
This town, like all others in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, was at that time in its primitive state. It had been laid out by Major Benjamin Stites, its original proprietor, into blocks,—each containing eight lots of half an acre apiece, bounded by streets

intersecting at right angles,—and was expected by him and others to become some day a large city, the capital of the great West.

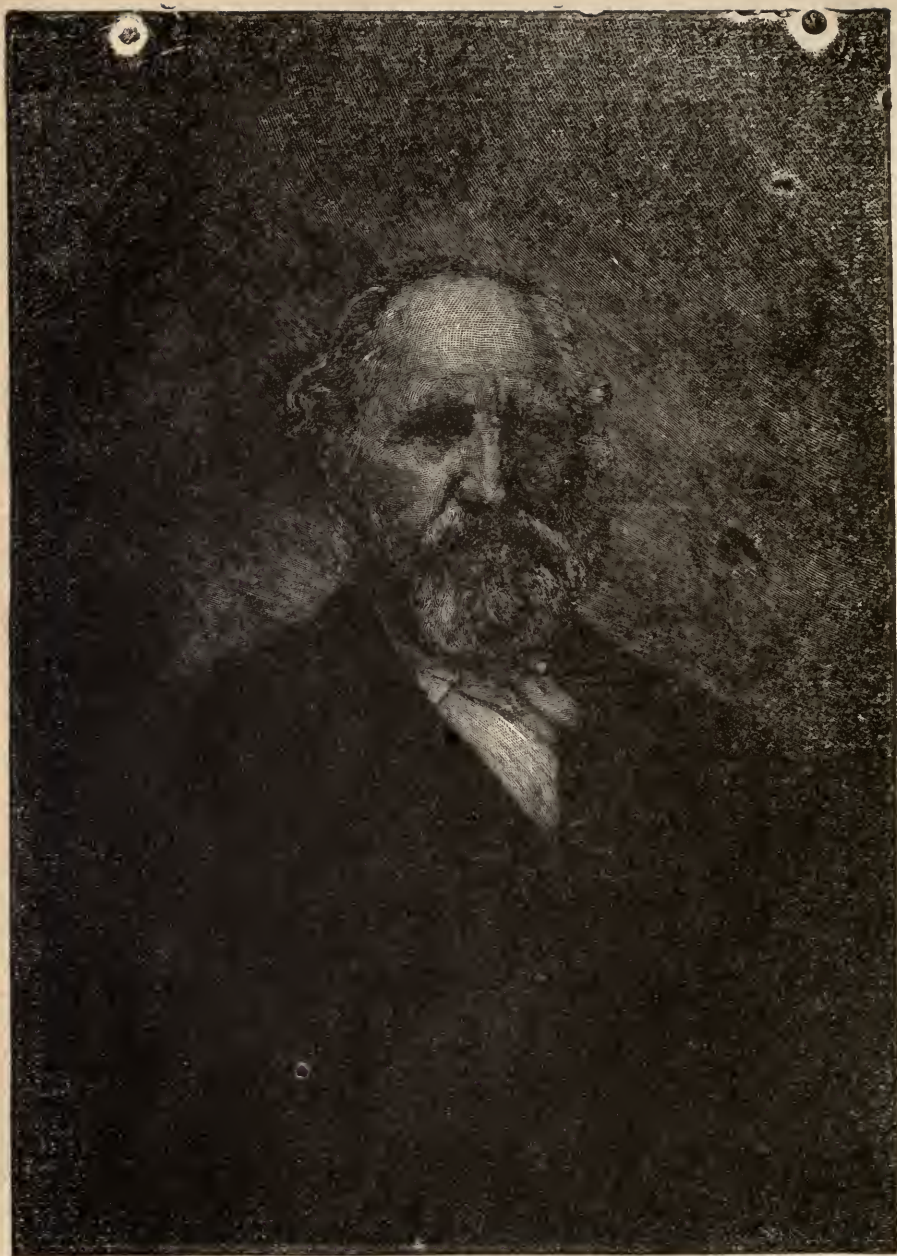
It was in a small log hut in this village that the Spencer family took up their residence. The doors were of thick oak plank, turning on stout wooden hinges, and secured with strong bars braced with timber from the floor, thus forming a safe barrier to the entrance below; while above, on every side, were port holes or small embrasures, from which the inmates might see and fire upon the enemy. Of windows, there were but two, containing only four panes of glass each, in openings so small that any attempt to enter them by force must have proved fatal to the intruder.

The new habitation had been occupied about a month,—during which time its accommodations had been greatly increased,—before any event occurred to disturb the peace or happiness of the family. Indeed, they had begun to submit to the inconveniences, privations, hardships, and dangers common to the pioneers of the West, without much repining; and, having heard of no recent disturbances by Indians in their immediate neighborhood, had begun to give over their apprehension of danger. Their fears were, however, suddenly aroused by the news of an attack made by several hundred Indians on Dunlap's Station (now Colerain); fifteen or twenty miles north-west of Cincinnati, then garrisoned by a few inhabitants, and thirty or forty soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Kingsbury. This intelli-

gence was brought by Mr. John S. Wallace (afterward Colonel Wallace), who, at the risk of his life, left the garrison at night, passed unperceived through the enemy, and reached Cincinnati the same night. Of the volunteers, who marched immediately to relieve the garrison, one company was from Columbia. All were well mounted, and armed with rifles, knives, and some even with tomahawks, and dressed in hunting shirts; and, thus prepared, they moved off in single file. Arriving at Colerain too late to encounter the enemy, who a few hours before had raised the siege, they, after a short pursuit, returned home. The apprehensions of the citizens were by no means allayed by their fearful accounts of Indian warfare and barbarity; and the story of the burning of Mr. Abner Hunt, whom the savages had taken prisoner a few hours before their attack on the garrison, shocked them beyond measure. It is much easier to conceive than to describe the feelings of the garrison, when, after being urged and entreated by the wretched man to purchase their own safety, and, above all, his life, by surrendering to the enemy, they saw him led off, and witnessed the fearful preparations for torture; or the heart-sickening anguish of hope suddenly extinguished, and the mute despair of the prisoner, as he heard the decided though reluctant refusal of the garrison to save his life at the certain loss of their own. The Indians had tied their prisoner to a sapling within sight of the garrison, by whom his screams were distinctly heard, and built a large fire so near as to scorch him, inflicting the most



EMIGRANTS PASSING DOWN THE OHIO.



Sam. Weston

acute pain; then, as his flesh, from the action of the fire, and the frequent application of live coals, became less sensible, making deep incisions in his limbs, as if to renew his susceptibility of pain; answering his cries for water, to allay the extreme thirst caused by burning, by fresh tortures; and finally when, exhausted and fainting, death seemed approaching to release the wretched prisoner, terminating his sufferings by applying flaming brands to his naked bowels. In this siege, which lasted two days, the Indians suffered severely in killed and wounded, without inflicting any serious personal injury on the garrison, whose principal loss was in cattle, destroyed or driven off by the enemy.

The attack on Dunlap's Station was followed by successive depredations and murders by the Indians. In the ensuing spring, they attacked several boats, killed many persons, and took some prisoners on the Ohio. Men were killed, or made prisoners, even on the outlots of Cincinnati, and near the mouth of Deer Creek, and many were the hair-breadth escapes from captivity or death. A Mr. Bailey, while returning home one night on horseback, was seized and made prisoner in the immediate neighborhood of the Spencers by Indians who had concealed themselves behind a large elm which grew near the turnpike; and shortly afterwards, near the narrows of the Little Miami River, the brave but unfortunate Newell fell a victim to the rifle and scalping-knife of the savage.

The successful expedition of General Scott, of Ken-

tucky, against the Indians on the Wabash, in May, 1791, had but little effect on the tribes to the north, whose boldness and daring remained unchecked. Early in the summer of that year, they stole the horses of the Spencer family, two in number, from a shed adjoining the cabin; and only a few days afterwards the whole family narrowly escaped total massacre. They had just ended their evening's repast, and were about to rise from the table, when one of the women, hearing, as she believed, the almost noiseless tread of approaching footsteps, casting her eyes upon the door, and perceiving, as she thought, the latch gently rising, sprang up, and, seizing it, held it down until the doors were barred. Immediate preparations were made for defense. The lights were instantly extinguished; and, while the females of the family sought safety by covering themselves with beds, the men, three in number, with a rifle and two muskets, manned the port-holes above, and, by frequently moving to the different sides of the house, endeavored to impress the Indians with an idea of their strength. The tread of the Indians was now distinctly heard, and the forms of two or three of them were indistinctly seen gliding through the darkness. Their intention, no doubt, had been to take the family by surprise, and, opening the back door silently, to have first fired, and then to have rushed into the house, and with their tomahawks completed the work of destruction; but, being too weak in numbers to accomplish this, and seeing no opportunity of making an attack, and,

probably, too, not wishing to alarm the town without first effecting some mischief, they soon stole off and disappeared. But a few minutes, however, had elapsed before the crack of rifles within two hundred yards was heard, followed by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians. Three musket shots in quick succession soon sounded an alarm; and, in ten minutes, about thirty men had assembled at the cabin of Ensign Bowman, on the hill-side, a short distance west of the Spencer house. They found the family in great consternation. The Indians had fired into the house through an opening between the logs, and, guided by the light within, had wounded Mrs. Bowman slightly in the body. At sunrise of the following day, a small party pursued the Indians, whose number, judging from their trails, did not exceed six; and, toward noon, finding their tracks quite fresh, and judging that they were now almost in view of the enemy, moved cautiously, half bent, and straining their eyes as if they would look through every tree before them. Suddenly, at the sharp crack of one of their own rifles, as by one impulse, each sprang behind a tree, waiting a few moments, in breathless suspense, the appearance of the Indians. At this moment a huge bear was seen bounding off a few rods from the left, and the disappointed marksman was heard muttering curses on his rifle for deceiving his expectations. The rest of the party, however, who had strong doubts of his courage, and believed that he had availed himself of this opportunity to avoid an encounter with the

enemy, were deeply incensed, and could with difficulty be prevented from anticipating the decision of a court-martial, by inflicting summary punishment on the culprit, who, in one unlucky moment, as they confidently believed, had deprived them of the certain spoils of victory.

Soon after the failure of Colonel Harmar's expedition, the government determined to send a powerful force against the Indians, sufficient at once to reduce them to subjection. Troops were daily arriving at Cincinnati, so that, in September, 1791, a large force, consisting of regulars, levies, and militia, under the command of General St. Clair, then Governor of the North-Western Territory, was ready to march against the enemy. From the known experience and distinguished reputation of the general as a soldier, and the character of the officers under his command, the greater part of whom had "seen service," complete success was confidently anticipated; and, in the full expectation that the Indians would soon be humbled into submission, and apprehending no danger while a force so formidable guarded their frontiers, the inhabitants of the Miami Valley enjoyed for some weeks tranquillity and repose.

From Cincinnati, the march of General St. Clair's army was in a direction a little west of north. Passing Fort Hamilton, which they had previously built on the site of the present city of Hamilton, and crossing the Great Miami at that place, they advanced about twenty-six miles; and, having built Fort St. Clair, near the present town of Eaton,

marched twenty-two miles farther north, and erected Fort Jefferson.

Their progress had been slow, not only from the delay of building forts, but from the nature of the ground over which they passed, where much labor was required in opening and making a road for the passage of artillery and baggage wagons. They had suffered some detention, too, from the want of supplies; sometimes failing from the neglect of contractors, and at others interrupted or cut off by the enemy. Pursuing the direct course to the Indian villages on the Maumee River, or Miami of Lake Erie, they had, on the 3d of November, advanced about thirty miles north-westwardly of Fort Jefferson, and within forty-five miles of the nearest town of the enemy; while the inhabitants of the Miami settlements, who had almost daily heard of the progress of the army, and who confidently anticipated a complete success, were anxiously expecting soon to hear that a glorious and decisive victory had been achieved. But inexpressible was their disappointment, and deep was their consternation, when, on the evening of the 6th of November, accounts reached them of the total defeat of the army,—accounts confirmed every hour by fugitives, with more fearful details of Indian barbarity: and almost immediately afterward,—November 8th,—the broken remains of the army, who had marched night and day, reached Cincinnati.

Of about fifteen hundred men who engaged in battle on the fatal morning of the 4th of November,

six hundred and thirty, including thirty-seven officers, were killed; and two hundred and forty-four, including thirty officers, were wounded. Beside these, a number of pack-horsemen, wagoners, and others attached to the army, were killed; and of nearly two hundred women, principally its followers, three only escaped—about fifty were killed, and all the rest were made prisoners. Had the Indians pursued their advantage, they might easily have cut off the whole remnant of the troops, many of whom, soon after the retreat commenced threw away their arms, betaking themselves to flight. But, having signally defeated the army, and satisfied for a time their thirst for carnage, the greater part of them remained to plunder the camp; while those who pursued the flying troops, cutting off the stragglers and scalping the wounded, after following them about four miles, fearing they should not obtain their share of the spoil, suddenly gave up the pursuit, and returned to the encampment. Here, after plundering and stripping the dead, securing every thing that they could individually appropriate and, after having gorged themselves with feasting, principally on slaughtered bullocks, they began to drink and carouse; and, while some became stupid, others grew more ferocious as they felt the influence of the “fire water,” and rent the air with their hideous war-whoops, acting over their savage feats, cutting and mangling the dead bodies. A few Indians, less ferocious, dressing themselves in the uniforms of the dead officers, strutted about the encampment. One of these

Mr. Spencer afterward saw, while a prisoner among the Shawnees. He wore the dress coat of a field officer of infantry, with silver epaulets on his shoulders, and a watch suspended from each ear. With one hand on the facing of his coat, he said: "Me kill um;" and, smiting his breast with the other, vociferated: "Captain Walker! Great man me!" The Indians were led by several brave and experienced chiefs; and, beside the infamous renegade Girty, and the notorious Colonel Elliot, it is said that Captain McKee of the royal Americans, and several of the British officers, were in the battle.

The defeat of General St. Clair was not followed by those disastrous consequences which at first were apprehended. Strong garrisons being kept at Hamilton, St. Clair, and even Fort Jefferson, afforded the inhabitants of the Miami settlements great protection; while in Fort Washington several companies of troops, more than were necessary for its defense, not only gave constant security to the citizens of Cincinnati, but also the means of repelling any inroads of the enemy, and of extending aid to other villages in case of attack.

The winter of 1791-2 was followed by an early and delightful spring. On the last of February, some of the trees were putting forth their foliage; in March, the red-bud, the hawthorn, and the dog-wood, in full bloom, checkered the hills, displaying their beautiful colors of rose and lily; and, in April, the ground was covered with may-apple, bloodroot, ginseng, violets, and a great variety of herbs and flowers. At

this delightful season, the settlers of Columbia went out to plough their ground and plant their crops. The principal corn field was distant about a mile and a half from the village, and adjoined the extensive plain on which the town stood. This field was laid off into lots of five acres each; and, of these lots, some of the citizens owned one, and others two or more: and, to save labor, the whole was enclosed by one fence. Here the men generally worked in companies, exchanging labor; or, in adjoining fields, with their fire arms near them, in order that, in case of an attack, they might be ready to unite for their common defense.

Small as he then was, young Spencer did his share of the work on the farm, driving the oxen, while his father, followed by the corn dressers, guided the plow between the rows; for, having lost their horses, they were obliged to substitute cattle, which, however, fully answered the purpose, being connected by a long yoke, having the draft near to one of them, and so permitting each to walk in a separate row. The ground was very fertile, and, though quite ordinarily cultivated, yielded an average crop of eighty bushels of corn to the acre; and some lots, well tilled, produced a hundred, and, in very favorable seasons, a hundred and ten bushels to the acre. An inhabitant of New England, New Jersey, or some portions of Maryland, would think it scarcely credible that, in hills four feet apart, were four or five stalks, one and a half inches in diameter, and fifteen feet high, bearing each two or three ears of corn, of which

some were so far from the ground, that, to pull them, a man of medium height was obliged to stand on tiptoe.

We now come to the period of Spencer's captivity with the Indians of the Ohio Valley,—all that has been written previous to this serving merely to introduce the more important subject. Extraordinary as are the adventures which we now have to relate, it is a fact which has forcibly impressed itself upon the minds of all who have read Mr. Spencer's remarkable, though in every respect sincere and truthful, narrative, that the story has not the smallest element of fiction or improbability, and is, indeed, a record of actual occurrences.

It was a time-honored custom among the pioneers of this part of the Ohio Valley to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by a grand fete at Fort Washington, the present site of the city of Cincinnati; and, to this end, the settlers from all parts of the neighboring country congregated at the fort, and passed the day in sports and festivities. On the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1792, the boy Spencer, in company with his sister, several ladies of Columbia, and some officers, who had come on the morning of that day for the express purpose of acting as an escort to the party, left his home for Fort Washington, where he was to spend the following Fourth, and remain for a few days. The party left the shore, in front of Mr. Spencer's dwelling, in a fine barge rowed by eight soldiers, and were soon de-

scending, with the rapid current of the river, at the rate of six miles an hour.

The scenery of the Ohio, between Columbia and Cincinnati, was, in those days, truly romantic, scarcely a tree having been cut on either side, between the mouth of Crawfish Creek and that of Deer Creek,—a distance of more than four miles. The right bank of the river, crowned with its lofty hills, now gradually ascending, and now rising abruptly to their summits, and forming a vast amphitheater, was, from Columbia, for a distance of about two miles, very steep, and covered with trees quite down to the beach. From this point (marked by a small island in the middle of the stream), the ascent became more gradual, and, for two miles further down, the bank was covered with a thick growth of willows, through which, in many places, it was difficult to force one's way. Below this, the beach was wide and stony, with only here and there a small tuft of willows, while the wood on the side and on the top of the bank was more open. We have been thus particular in describing the river between Columbia and Cincinnati, not only that those who now see it may have some idea of its former appearance, but also that the reader may better understand the narrative that follows.

The party in the boat enjoyed a rapid, safe, and very agreeable passage down the river, and, arriving at their destination, landed on the shore, and in a few moments entered Fort Washington.

The morning of the Fourth was ushered in by the

discharge of thirteen rounds from the cannon of the fort. At twelve the firing was repeated, and the troops under arms performed various evolutions; at dinner, as usual, the toasts were followed by the discharge of artillery; at dusk there was a brilliant exhibition of fireworks; and at night the festivities of the day were concluded by a very agreeable and sprightly ball.

The two following days were spent by young Spencer in various boyish amusements; but, having exhausted these, and growing tired of play, he became restless and uneasy, and formed the rash, though, to a youth of his age,—he was at that time only eleven years old,—not unnatural, resolution of returning home. He accordingly separated himself from his companions, and, watching his chances, secretly left the garrison, who, as he afterwards learned, knew nothing of his absence until receiving the intelligence of his capture. Reaching the bank in front of the fort about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, he found a canoe, with four persons on board, bound for Columbia, just about to push off from the shore. Recognizing one of them as an acquaintance, he hailed them, and requested them to take him on board. This request, after a few moments' consultation, was complied with, and the canoe, which was small, narrow, and quite unsteady, pushed out into the middle of the stream.

They had proceeded for but a short distance, when one of the men, who was in a state of beastly intoxication, fell overboard, nearly capsizing the boat as he

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did so. He swam to the shore, and, as the rest of the party did not care to endanger their safety by again taking him into the vessel, they left him on the bank, and resumed their voyage. The boy Spencer had, however, been so much frightened by the accident, that he was afraid to remain in the boat, and entreated the men to set him on shore, which they accordingly did; and, while the canoe continued on its way within a few feet of the beach, he kept pace with it, amusing himself in the meantime by skimming stones over the smooth surface of the water.

In the bow of the boat stood Mr. Jacob Light, aiding its propulsion by a stout pole; in the stern was a stranger, a swarthy, athletic man, with thick black, bushy hair, who had in his hand a paddle, which he sometimes used as an oar, and sometimes as a rudder; and in the center sat Mrs. Coleman, an old woman of sixty. The canoe had rounded the point of a small cove less than a mile below the foot of the island already mentioned, and had proceeded a few hundred yards along the close willows here bordering the beach at about two rods distance from the water, when the stranger in the stern, looking back, and seeing the drunken man staggering along the shore nearly a mile below, remarked, with an oath, that he would be "bait for the Indians." He had scarcely made this remark, and resumed his labor, for a few moments suspended, when Spencer (who was still walking along the shore), turning his eyes from the drunken man

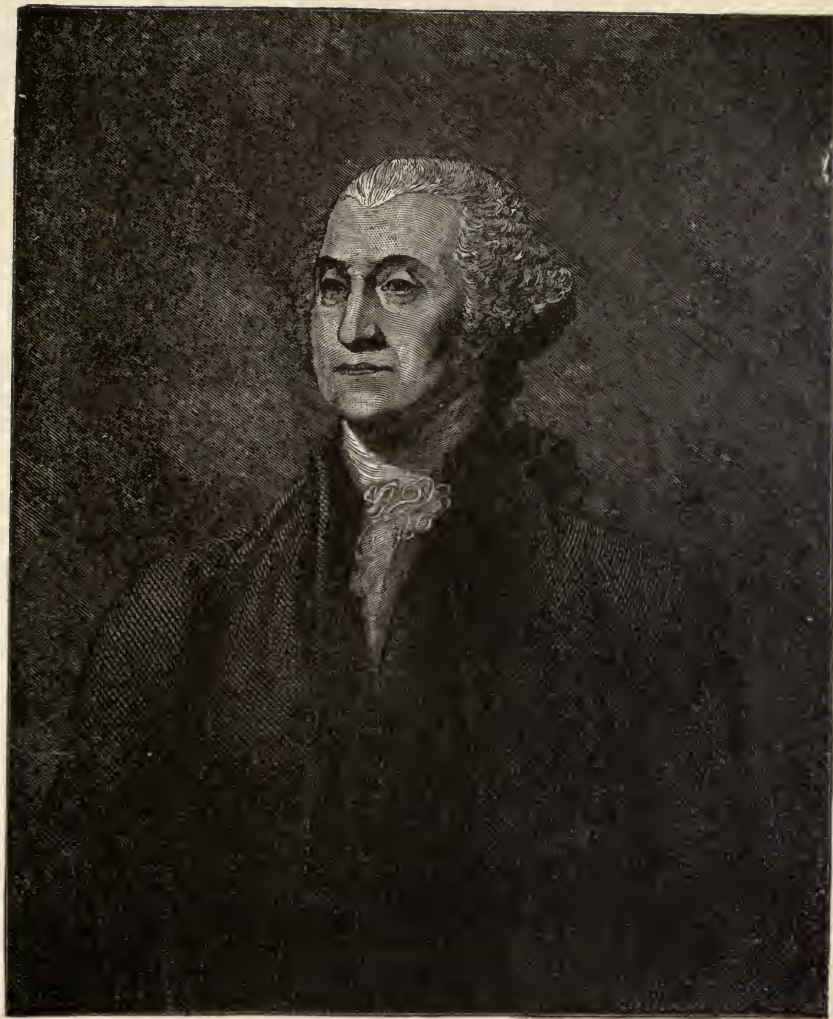
to the men in the canoe, saw Mr. Light spring suddenly into the river, and the stranger at the stern fall over toward the shore. At the next instant, the sharp crack of two rifles in quick succession was heard, and, looking toward the willows, the boy saw, through the thick smoke of their guns, two Indians, with faces black as midnight, rushing toward the canoe.

The feelings of the solitary witness of this terrible affair, who was himself so soon to experience a treatment scarcely less merciless, may perhaps be imagined, but certainly can not be adequately described. For an instant he stood motionless, and in this instant his brief reflection was, as he involuntarily drew down his head between his shoulders: *I have made some narrow escapes, but now death is inevitable!* One Indian was, by this time, within ten feet of him; in his right hand was the uplifted tomahawk, and in his left the naked scalping knife. Controlled by a sort of instinct, the boy ran toward the water, hoping to reach the canoe, and push out into the river. As he did so, the Indian passed above him down to the shore, where the body of the dead stranger lay. Striking his tomahawk into the head of the unfortunate man, and seizing him by the hair, the Indian passed his knife quickly round the scalp, and, tearing it violently off, held it up for a moment in fiendish exultation. Finding that he could not gain the canoe, which by this time had got out into the current, and turning from the heart-sickening sight of the mangled man, dreading every moment a simi-

lar fate, Spencer next attempted to escape by running; but he had not gone ten steps, when the other Indian discovered his design and checked him. Instead, however, of seizing him violently, his captor approached within a few feet and extended his hand in token of peace. This proffer was not unwelcome; for, from what he had heard of the character and customs of the Indians, Spencer now knew that he was in no immediate danger, and therefore became comparatively calm.

The whole of these events did not occupy more than thirty seconds. The Indians had been on the hill in quest of horses, when, hearing the loud crying of a child in a canoe that had descended the stream about ten minutes before, they came down to the bank of the river, thinking they might have an opportunity of doing some mischief. Arriving too late to injure those in the first canoe, and discovering the second one about a quarter of a mile below, the Indians determined to await its approach; and, having planned to kill the men and woman, and to take the youth a prisoner, they concealed themselves behind a large log among the willows, from which, as the voyagers came nearly opposite, they made their attack.

Taking a last brief glance at the scene before him, Spencer now saw that Mr. Light, though wounded in the left arm, was making the best of his way to the opposite shore, swimming bravely out into the stream about a hundred yards from the bank. The dead body of the stranger lay just



"THE GREAT FATHER" AT WASHINGTON.

SPENCER LED INTO CAPTIVITY.



at the edge of the water; and Mrs. Coleman, about two rods out in the river, with her clothes spread over the water, and her head just above the surface, was floating, apparently drowned. The empty canoe had drifted out into the stream, and was slowly descending with the current.

The Indians now hurriedly led off their prisoner,—the one who had captured him holding him firmly by the hand, and the other following close behind, with his tomahawk extended almost above his head. Thus securely guarded, the youthful prisoner was led into the forest and up the high hill bordering the Ohio,—straightway beginning his long and trying period of captivity, exposure and suffering.

Crossing the road a short distance further on, the Indians stopped a few moments on the hillside; and, after casting their keen glances around them, and listening intently as if hearing some sound indicative of danger, they resumed their retreat, apparently satisfied that they were undiscovered. Quickly gaining the top of the hill, they ran off, in a northerly direction, at the height of their speed, one of them still holding the boy by the hand, and the other following with his uplifted tomahawk.

Having gone about four miles, the Indian whom Spencer now regarded as his master, seeing that his prisoner's feet were bare, supplied him with a pair of moccasins. In return for these, the boy offered him his pocket-handkerchief, which the savage took with an expression of great pleasure, receiving it as a token of gratitude. To the other Indian, who had

now put his tomahawk in his belt, Spencer, fearing that he might have excited his jealousy, presented his hat—a gift which was not so well received, for he dashed it on the ground as worthless; but, instantly picking it up (thinking, no doubt, it might direct pursuit), he carried it in his hand until evening, when he burned it. Relaxing their speed (although the long strides of the Indians kept the young prisoner at a constant run), and still pursuing a northerly course, they reached, about an hour before sunset, a small stream running in a westerly direction. Entering this stream, they waded up it about half a mile, the leading Indian directing Spencer to step in his tracks, while the other followed treading in his. After proceeding for about a mile further north, they encamped, at sunset, on a low point of thick under-wood, near a rivulet.

Here, while one Indian kindled a fire, the other went in pursuit of game, and soon returning with a raccoon, which he had killed with his rifle, proceeded to dress it by singeing off the hair, and then dividing it, broiled it on the fire. The Indians ate voraciously, but, being exceedingly weary, Spencer could eat very little; besides, he had just witnessed a most sickening scene, calculated for a time to destroy all relish for food. While his captor was dressing the raccoon for supper, the other Indian, Wawpawwawquaw, or White Loon by name, drawing from its sheath his large brass-handled knife, and cutting off the limb of a small grub, took from his bullet-pouch the black scalp recently torn from the head of the unfortunate white man, and

cutting a small hole near its edge, and hanging it on the stump of the severed limb, deliberately and carefully scraped off the thick fat; then, forming a small hoop, about six inches in diameter, with a thread of deer's sinew stretched the scalp within it, as if he had been preparing to dry the skin of an animal. Having finished their meal, the Indians prepared for rest. First tying a cord around their prisoner's neck, and then extending its ends around his wrists separately, they spread a blanket on the ground, and ordered him to lie down. The Indians then placed themselves one on each side of the lad, and, passing the ends of the cord under their bodies, and covering themselves with the remaining blanket, soon sank into a profound sleep.

For some time the boy lay ruminating on the sad events of the day; his mind filled partly with fearful apprehensions of the future, and partly with thoughts of his home, to which he feared that he should never return. Here, as he thought of his beloved parents and affectionate sisters, and felt for the moment that he should never again behold them, tears of bitter regret flowed plentifully, and he could scarcely repress his sobs. Gradually, however, he became more calm, and at length, overcome by fatigue, dropped asleep, forgetting for a period all his sorrows.

It is now time to return to Spencer's two surviving companions of the canoe adventure, Mr. Light and Mrs. Coleman, one of whom, severely wounded, we left battling with the current of the Ohio, and the other, apparently past all rescue, floating helplessly on the surface of the water. Mr. Light, as Spencer

afterward learned, upon seeing the Indians retreat, returned to the Ohio shore, and, evidently thinking the old woman to be drowned, did not attempt to save her, but immediately set out for Cincinnati, where he soon arrived, and communicated to the garrison the shocking events of the day. The commanding officer immediately despatched an express to Colonel Spencer, informing him of his son's capture, and proposing to send out a small force of regulars. While the news was spreading, a number of the inhabitants of Columbia assembled, anxious to pursue the Indians; but Mr. Spencer, fearful that, on finding themselves hard-pressed, they would instantly kill their prisoner, returned by the express a request that no troops should be sent after them, and, with some difficulty dissuading his neighbors from their proposed pursuit, obtained their promise that they would proceed no farther than the spot where the dead man still lay.

We have said that, upon reaching the shore, Mr. Light set out at once for Fort Washington, under the impression that he was the only one who had escaped. Judge, then, of his astonishment upon learning, shortly after his arrival, of the safety of Mrs. Coleman, and hearing from her own lips the almost incredible story of her escape. 'Improbable as it may seem, after jumping from the canoe into the river, the old woman had floated with the current quite down to Cincinnati, where she was taken out of the water alive, and, after recovering from the exhaustion so natural after a passage of this ex-

traordinary character, had confirmed the report of the day's disaster which had already been made by Mr. Light. That a person rendered totally helpless by inability to swim could thus escape a watery death which seemed inevitable, is a circumstance so remarkable as to be almost past belief; but its truth was afterwards frequently asserted to Mr. Spencer by Mrs. Coleman herself, as well as by others of undoubted veracity, some of whom had assisted in taking her out of the water.

The news of young Spencer's capture caused a sensation of profound sorrow among all who had known him, both in Columbia and at Fort Washington, for he was a boy of uncommon brightness, amiability, and promise; and the most sincere sympathy was extended by all to his afflicted parents, who had thus been bereaved, by a calamity worse than death, of an only and dearly-beloved son. The shock to his parents, and especially to his mother, was almost unsupportable. Often, when she thought of him, she fancied that she saw him fainting with fatigue, or famishing with hunger, or pining with disease; and sometimes her terrified imagination represented him falling by the knife, or sinking under the stroke of the tomahawk, or expiring at the stake in the flames, under the most cruel tortures. Nor was she relieved from these distressing apprehensions, and this painful state of suspense, until some time in the November following, when certain information was received from the commanding officer at Post Vincennes that her son was still alive, and had been seen at the Indian

village, near the mouth of Auglaize, only a few weeks before, by Captain Wells (an Indian agent, who was killed at the capture of Chicago, in the War of 1812), at that time a prisoner at large among the Indians.

With the dawn of the morning of the 8th of July the Indians awoke, and, untying the cord with which their captive was bound, arose. A scanty breakfast was soon made from the remains of the raccoon which had been killed for their supper. The baggage, consisting of two blankets, a bridle, a cord, and a scalp, was shouldered, the priming of the rifles was examined, and, before the sun arose, all were marching in single file, in the direction of the Shawnee villages. About noon they passed along the east side of a hill, beyond which there appeared to be a large opening; and here the Indians moved cautiously, half bent, and with trailed rifles. Proceeding about half a mile, they halted in a deep ravine; when White Loon, taking the bridle, and pursuing a westerly course down the hollow, soon disappeared. In about ten minutes, however, he returned, mounted on a fine cream-colored horse, which he had just stolen, and, taking the boy up behind him, trotted off several miles, the other Indian following, until, coming to a thick undergrowth, they slacked their pace into a brisk walk. Here they found a faint trace, which, pursuing a few miles, led them into a plain path, which, as Spencer afterward learned, was the Indians' war path.

The Indians seemed highly pleased with their late acquisition, riding the spirited animal by turns. But, alas, how uncertain are the comforts of this world! About the middle of the afternoon the horse suddenly became dull, and seemingly sullen, so that he could be urged forward with difficulty. At length he stopped short. He had been violently attacked with either bots or colic, and, now lying suddenly down, began to roll and groan, sometimes struggling with every limb, and sometimes dashing his head against the ground. The Indians stood over him, now beating him severely, and now talking to him in Indian, as if expostulating with him, or threatening him with vengeance in case of his remaining stubborn; but their threats had no more effect than their blows, and they finally were obliged to leave him in the path, and proceed without him.

This evening the party encamped in a low, rich bottom, near a beautiful stream, where, having made a fire, and roasted part of a young fawn, which White Loon had a few minutes before killed, they ate a very hearty supper, though without salt or bread. After their meal, taking a small piece of tobacco, and cutting it fine by passing the edge of his knife between his fore-finger and thumb, and receiving it as thus prepared into the palm of his left hand, the White Loon, with great solemnity and apparent devotion, sprinkled a few grains of it on the coals, an offering, as Spencer afterward understood, to the Great Spirit. The Indian then mingled the rest of the tobacco with some dried

sumach leaves, which he drew from his bullet-pouch, and, filling the bowl of his tomahawk, smoked a whiff or two, and then handed the pipe to his companion, who, after smoking a few moments, returned it. The Indians thus puffed alternately until the tobacco was consumed, frequently filling their mouths with smoke and forcing it through their nostrils, closing their brief use of the pipe with a peculiar suck of the breath, and slight grinding of the teeth. The day had been remarkably fine; they had traveled, with short intermissions, from early dawn until sunset, a distance of at least forty miles; and, very weary, they lay down under a spreading beech, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

They had slept only a few hours, when they were awakened by the roar of a tremendous hurricane passing a few rods north of them, prostrating the trees with a terrible crash, and carrying devastation in its broad track. Over their heads the thunder broke with deafening peals, and the lightnings seemed a constant sheet of flame. Spencer sprang from the ground, and, gazing on the awful scene, stood motionless with terror. Expecting every moment to perish, he remained for a short time unconscious of the presence of a human being; but, his fear subsiding a little, he ventured to look at the Indians, who were standing near him. He saw them perfectly calm, apparently insensible of danger, gazing with a sort of delighted wonder, and, as the lightning flashed from the dense clouds, expressing their admiration with their customary exclamation: Wawhaugh! waugh!

On the morning of the 9th, the sun rose brightly above the cloudless horizon, and shone upon a sky as clear and beautiful as if it had never been darkened by clouds or torn by tempests ; and, but for the bent tree tops above, and the wide-spread devastation all around, one could scarcely have believed that in the heavens, so bright and tranquil, desolation and terror had so lately held their empire.

Pursuing their journey with difficulty,—for the fallen trees greatly obstructed their progress,—they came, after a while, to a comparatively open space ; and here they traveled with their former expedition. Presently the tinkling of a bell was heard in the distance, and Wawpawwawquaw, again acting as the forager of the party, went in the direction whence it issued. He returned in about half an hour with an old black horse, probably a pack-horse belonging to the army, which had strayed off. Suspended from his neck, by a broad leathern strap, was a large bell, which the Indians stuffed with grass to prevent its tinkling. This horse, though not so good as the one that had been lost, was esteemed a valuable acquisition, particularly by the weary prisoner. He mounted the old horse,—a natural pacer,—and rode very pleasantly, without interruption ; for the Indians did not seem at all disposed to share it with him, but strode sturdily forward, apparently insensible to fatigue.

Towards the evening of the third day, the travelers halted on the south bank of a beautiful stream near a small grove. Here the Indians hopped the horse, unstopped his bell, and turned him loose to graze.

This done, they proceeded to secure their prisoner, whom they ordered to sit down with his back against a small tree, and to this they lashed him firmly with a strong cord, passing it around his neck, and then with a knot around his wrists separately, fastening one end to a stake which they had driven into the ground, and the other to a root in the bank of the stream. Placing a large piece of bark over the boy's head, to shelter him from the sun, they then left him, and, taking their rifles, went out to hunt.

Left thus to himself, young Spencer fell to reflecting upon the various circumstances of his captivity, and speculating upon his prospects for the future. It is not strange, therefore, that the thought of making his escape suddenly presented itself forcibly to his mind, and that, acting upon his first impulse, he promptly set about to free himself, if possible. We have seen that he was of a remarkably adventurous disposition, and that he had a shrewdness, judgment, and resolution quite unusual for one so young. All of these qualities now stood him in good stead, and enabled him to act a part which would have done no discredit to one of maturer years and greater physical capacity.

Seizing the cord with which he was bound, he at first pulled it violently, attempting to break it, or to detach it from the root to which it was fastened; but, failing in this attempt, he next laid hold of it with his left hand, and endeavored to pull it from the stake. This effort was equally fruitless, and his endeavor must have been without success had he not

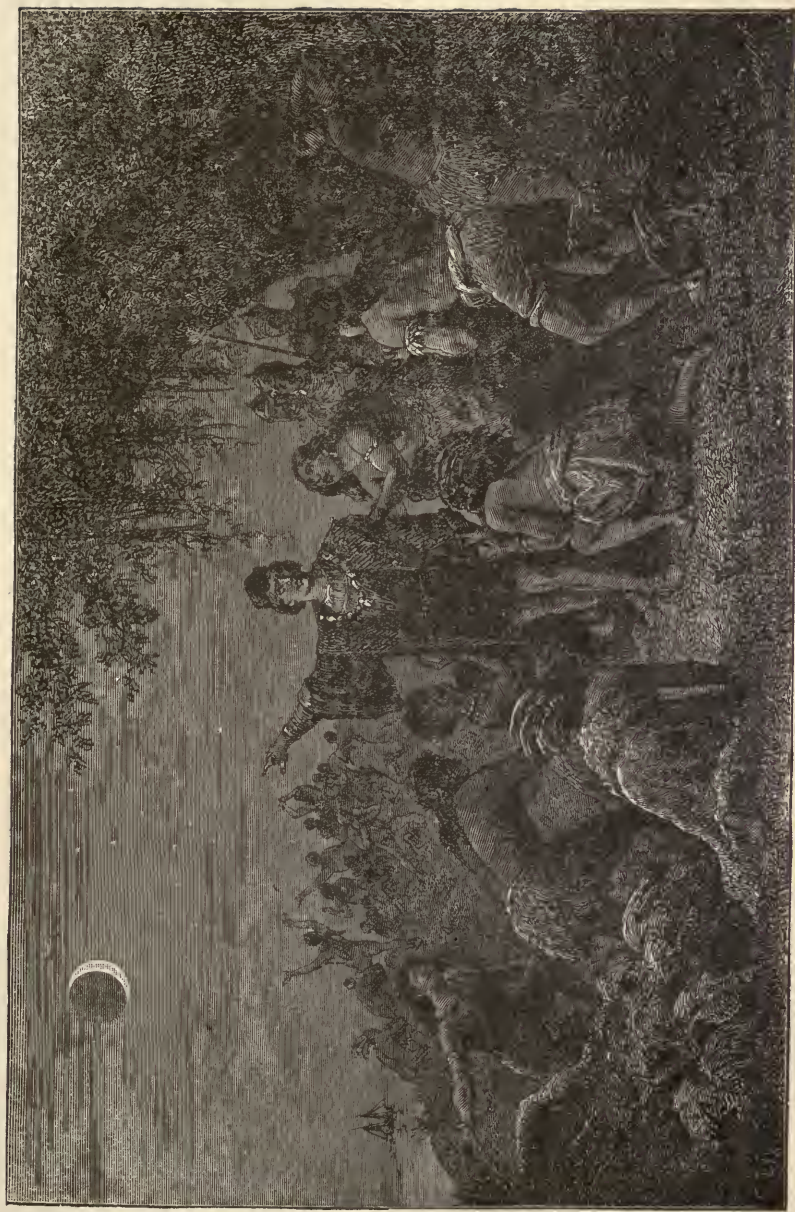
noticed that the cord was tied on the outside of the cuff of his sleeve, and that he might possibly draw his arm through it. This he succeeded in doing, and, after freeing one hand, he disengaged the other in the same way, and soon found himself at liberty.

His next care was to secure some provisions for his journey; and then, bridling and mounting the horse, he took the path which he had previously followed with the Indians, and set out in the homeward direction, hoping that, if he could obtain a start of a few miles before his absence was discovered, he would be comparatively safe. And, indeed, it seems very probable that, had he been able to travel with expedition, he would soon have placed himself beyond the reach of his pursuers, and, barring accidents, have accomplished his ultimate purpose. Unhappily, however, his wishes and expectations traveled faster than his horse, which, although he used all his exertions, he could not urge beyond a moderate pace. He traveled steadily, however, until sunset, when he dismounted, and, bending a small twig by the path in the direction of home, he led the animal a few hundred yards from the trace up a slope of woodland into a thicket of sassafras, and, securing him with the bridle, went in search of a lodging-place.

About sixty yards from the thicket, he found a large fallen tree which, having near its roots a spacious hollow, afforded a tolerable shelter. Here he determined to pass the night, but first set about to prepare his evening meal. He had brought with him

a piece of dried deer's meat, but he very prudently resolved to lay this aside for the following day, when he would need it more. He therefore made his supper on raspberries, which grew in great abundance, and, straying from bush to bush, eagerly picking and eating to satisfy his hunger, paid very little attention to the direction he was taking. To his great alarm, after having eaten all that he wanted, he found that he had lost his way, and, terrified at the thought of dying in the wilderness, ran hither and thither in search of the spot which he had marked as his night's resting-place. This he fortunately found, though after a great deal of trouble, and, exhausted with his day's adventures, had little difficulty in composing himself to rest.

He had lain for only a few moments, his mind alternately occupied with hopeful anticipations of safe and happy return, and despairing fears of being again captured by the Indians, or falling a prey to wild beasts, when he was aroused by the cracking of bushes and a noise like that from short strokes on the ground made in rapid succession. The cause of this noise he soon perceived to be a herd of deer, which, bounding through the woods, swiftly approached him, one of them springing over the log under which he lay, and the others leaping between him and the thicket. After they had disappeared, he again lay down, only to be aroused by an incident equally unexpected, and, as it proved, far more unpleasant. Hearing a slight rustling in the bushes, he raised himself on his elbow and looked in the direction from



COLUMBUS AND THE ECLIPSE.



WAPPAWAWQUAW SAVES SPENCER'S LIFE.

which it came. His consternation was no less than his amazement when he saw the two savages, one of whom had seized the horse by the bridle, looking in every direction, endeavoring to discover his retreat. Recovering his self-possession in an instant, the boy was not slow in comprehending the situation. He wisely concluded that, if he waited for the Indians to find him, they, out of rage and mortification, would tomahawk him where he lay; and he therefore immediately left his hiding-place, and, falling on his knees, and begging their pardon, gave himself up.

"I think," says Mr. Spencer, writing of this incident many years after, in his interesting narrative of his captivity,—“I think that I can now see the horrible savage, my master, grinding his teeth with rage, and, with a look of fiendish malice that almost froze my blood, raise his rifle to his shoulder, intending to shoot me. Were my mother's prayers now ascending before the throne? Was my father now supplicating for his lost son? Or had the Father of mercies said, ‘Lay not thine hand upon the lad’?”

Just at the moment that the Indian was about to discharge his gun, his companion generously interposed, and, throwing up its muzzle, saved the boy's life. A brief altercation, and then a few moments' earnest conversation followed, when, setting down their rifles, the Indians cut several large switches, with which they proceeded to chastise the offender, beating him mercilessly for several minutes over the head, face, and shoulders. After administering this punishment, they gave the boy to understand that if

he again attempted to escape they would surely kill and scalp him; and then, regaining the path, proceeded on their journey.

After a few hours' weary march, during which the lad,—who was this time compelled to walk,—suffered the most barbarous usage, being repeatedly goaded with a sharp-pointed stick, and beaten with switches by his master, who rode behind him, they reached the place where the Indians had intended to camp during the night. The young prisoner, who fancied that the ill treatment which he had already received would purchase him at least a night's respite from punishment, was now tied upright to a stake, with his hands pinioned so closely behind his back as almost to dislocate his shoulders, and his wrists bound so tightly that the blood could scarcely circulate. In this painful position, with his head bruised and swollen, and every limb in his body suffering from torture and fatigue, he passed a night of unspeakable agony, and, forgetting the late interpositions of Providence, murmured against God and longed for death.

At daybreak the Indians, after eating their breakfast, unbound the suffering prisoner, and, without offering him any food, urged him forward with the same speed as they had done the night previous. About noon they descended into a rich bottom, and halted on the bank of a small creek near a fine spring. Near this spring grew an immense sycamore, hollow at the bottom, and having on one side an opening about six feet high, barricaded with logs covered with brush. The Indians immediately went

to the tree, removed the brush, looked into the hollow space for a moment, and then returned, apparently satisfied. They now made a fire, and prepared their dinner, which was of roasted squirrels. They ate their meal in silence, taking no notice of the boy, who was by this time suffering the extremities of hunger, having eaten nothing for thirty hours but raspberries. Besides his distress for want of food, he was laboring under the effects of a severe dysentery, with which he had been seized in the morning; and the pains which he suffered from his bodily bruises had by no means subsided. He sat for a time silent and very despondent. Looking toward the opening of the hollow sycamore, he saw that it appeared black within, as if it had been burned; and he was now suddenly seized with the terrible apprehension that in this hole the Indians intended to kindle a fire and burn him,—an apprehension which was increased when he reflected upon their harsh and beastly treatment of him. He was, however, soon relieved from his dreadful anxiety, for, after finishing their dinner, the Indians led the horse to the tree, and by its aid dragged away the logs from the opening; and the hollow which had been thus barricaded now appeared to be a rude Indian cabin for storing property. From this cabin the Indians took a variety of articles, such as blankets, deer-skins, a brass kettle, etc., and, loading the horse with them, they once more continued on their way.

From the conduct of the Indians since his capture the evening before, Spencer had reason to believe

that he had changed masters,—and this belief was afterwards confirmed. Wawpawwawquaw, his new master, was the son of a Mohawk chief, and, on account of the almost total destruction of his nation, had joined the Shawnees. He was brave and fierce in battle, but at all other times, unless provoked, was, for a savage, remarkably humane and kind. As for the first Indian,—a Shawnee,—he was an ugly and rascally looking fellow in countenance, and his appearance did not belie his actual nature, for he was wicked, brutal, and treacherous beyond most of his race.

This night the party camped at a place six miles west from the present town of Sidney, on the Great Miami. Here, for the first time in thirty-six hours, the captive made a hearty meal and slept soundly, awaking greatly refreshed in the morning.

Resuming their journey, they met, on the following afternoon, a party of Indian hunters, the first human beings that they had seen since leaving the banks of the Ohio. In response to inquiries, White Loon (as Spencer knew from his frequent and significant gestures), entered into a detailed account of the incidents connected with the ambush they had set for their victims, the surprise and the fatal attack, and finally exhibited as a trophy the scalp which he had taken. After purchasing of the hunters, for a small silver brooch, a piece of dried venison, the Indians went on their way, following the course of a small stream, which they had reached

the same morning, and which afterwards proved to be the Auglaize.

Three hours after sunset, on the 12th of July, 1790, the travelers came in sight of an Indian village. Wawpawwawquaw now cut a long pole, tied the scalp to the end of it, and, lifting it in the air, raised the scalp halloo, a shrill whoop, which both Indians repeated frequently as they neared the town. They found all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, numbering altogether about twenty, assembled; and, when the first greetings had been exchanged, Wawpawwawquaw stood up before the company, and, with the gravity and dignity peculiar to an Indian warrior, related his story.

While he was reciting the incidents of the attack, a little old Indian suddenly sprang upon the boy, threw him violently on the ground, and gave a loud shout, accompanied by extravagant gestures and exclamations,—signifying that he had vanquished his enemy. At this, the squaws began to scream, and the children, down to even the small pappoose, set up a shrill cry; and, had not his extreme weakness excited the pity, and, therefore, enlisted the protection, of Wawpawwawquaw, the unfortunate prisoner would inevitably have been obliged, young as he was, to run the gauntlet.

From this first village they soon took their departure, and arrived, about noon, at a second one, further down the river. Here the inhabitants, although they showed equal curiosity, were much more civil; and an elderly and noble-looking Indian,—probably

the village chief,—took the party to his cabin, and had a good meal of boiled hominy, corn-cake, and venison prepared for them. The young prisoner, who was almost famished, ate eagerly, and, after finishing his dinner, to show his gratitude, arose and, handing his hostess the bowl out of which he had eaten, bowed low and thanked her. She smiled and said: *Enee; that is right; you are welcome; it is nothing.*

After leaving the second village, they traveled leisurely. Toward evening, they stopped at an Indian cabin on the way, occupied by Wawpunnoo, a brother of Wawpawwawquaw. Here, for the first time in six nights, they slept under shelter, the prisoner lying on a deer-skin with a blanket over him, and resting comfortably.

A little before noon of the 13th of July, they arrived at the end of their long and tedious journey, having traveled six days through the wilderness, and passed over a distance of not less than one hundred and sixty miles. The village which proved to be their destination was situated at the confluence of the Auglaize and Maumee rivers; and here, selling their deer-skins to a British Indian trader, the Indians crossed the Maumee to a small bark-cabin. Here they left their prisoner in care of an old woman,—the mother of Wawpawwawquaw,—and departed for their homes in the village below, about a mile distant.

Weak, exhausted, and suffering,—his body emaciated from hunger and sickness, and his limbs swollen and aching in every joint from cruel, bleed-

ing, and festering wounds,—it is not strange that, upon the conclusion of his trying journey, the poor lad felt a sense of relief. He had, however, some misgivings with regard to the treatment that was in store for him; but these were soon removed. The old woman, whose name was Cooh-coo-cheeh, at once made a careful examination of his body. She found him covered with bruises; his feet were so swollen as to retain the impress of the finger when laid upon them, and his toes, from the friction of the sand collected in his moccasins, were worn almost to the bone. Although not of a very tender or impressionable nature, her sympathy was excited, and she set about to effect a cure. This was soon accomplished, for she was a very skilful medicine-woman, and, applying some simple vegetable remedies, soon restored her patient to perfect health.

This old woman was a princess of the Wolf tribe of the Iroquois, who had formerly lived on the Sorel River. Her husband had been a distinguished chief of the Mohawks, a people once famous for their superior intelligence and prowess, and who had occupied the country along the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and bordering Lakes George and Champlain. For many years very powerful, and, indeed, almost invincible, this nation enjoyed an acknowledged supremacy over the Northern tribes until about 1770, when, meeting with a disastrous defeat by the American colonists, they were scattered, and their nationality was destroyed. The husband of Cooh-coo-cheeh, with his wife, three sons, and a daughter, then

removed to the Shawnee village, a mile below the mouth of the Auglaize. In October, 1790, he received a mortal wound, at the victorious battle fought by the Indians against General Harmar; and from the effect of this wound he shortly after died. He was a chief who was greatly beloved and widely celebrated, and a warrior of the most signal bravery. He was buried in a sitting posture, facing the west, and, according to the custom prevalent among the Indians, his rifle, tomahawk, knife, blanket, and every thing which a hunter and warrior was supposed to require in the spirit world, were placed by his side. His long scalp-pole was, on great and important occasions, planted by his grave; and on this pole Spencer once counted nineteen scalps taken from his unfortunate countrymen,—the hair being of all colors and length, and streaming in the wind.

Cooh-coo-cheeh was a woman who was held in great respect, reverence, and awe by the people around her as one skilled in medicine and deeply versed in mysterious and supernatural lore. She was both priestess and prophetess, and the Indian braves, before taking the war-path, never failed to consult her oracles, in which they placed the most implicit reliance. Like the Delphian priestess of old, she delivered her prophecies in terms capable both of favorable and of unfavorable construction, and so, whatever was the issue of a campaign, battle, or adventure, the event always was in keeping with her prediction, and strengthened the opinion entertained by her people of her wonderful powers.

The family of this old squaw consisted of an Indian orphan girl of about thirteen, named So-to-negoo, and a half-Indian boy of ten, called Ked-zaw-saw, the son of the renegade Simon Girty. Both the girl and the boy were her grand-children, and were very quick and bright in temperament and sprightly in action. Their mother was the wife of George Ironside, a British Indian trader, who lived at a trading station on the opposite bank of the river.

The house in which young Spencer now took up his residence was simple, but comfortably furnished. The surrounding country was remarkable for scenic beauty and salubrity of climate, and was very rich in natural resources, the soil being remarkably fertile, and the rivers and adjoining woods affording the greatest abundance of fish and game.

Knowing that any attempt to escape must be unavailing, and being well satisfied with the treatment which he received, Spencer determined to adapt himself, as far as possible, to the circumstances in which he was placed, and await with patience a change for the better.

Being naturally of an observant disposition, he found much to interest and instruct him in the modes of life, manners, and customs of the Indians; and not the least profitable and entertaining portion of his narrative is that in which he gives the results of his observations upon Indian domestic, social, and political life. Particularly in describing the Indian love of display in dress, the

information which he gives is highly useful, and, in places, amusing. "All of the young and middle-aged among the women," says he, "are passionately fond of finery,—the young belles, particularly, having the tops of their moccasins curiously wrought with beads, ribands, and porcupine quills; the borders of their leggins, and the bottoms and edges of their strouds, bound with ribands, edged with beads of various colors; and frequently on their moccasins and their leggins small tufts of deer's-hair, dyed red, and confined in small pieces of tin, rattling as they walked, and forcibly reminding one of the tinkling ornaments worn by the Jewish women.

"Nor is the fondness for show confined to the women; on the contrary, it is even stronger in the men, who, in addition to the ornaments worn by the women, wear large silver medals and gorgets on the breast, silver rings in the nose, and heavy silver rings in the ears,—the rims of which, being separated from the cartilage by cutting, are weighed down two or three inches from the head.

"A trifling circumstance may illustrate their extreme love of show. When captured, my roundabout and pantaloons were of plain summer wear, with covered mold buttons; but my vest was of blue silk, double-breasted, with two rows of small plated sugar-loaf buttons, which, attracting their attention, the Indians had several times examined, supposing them to be silver. On the second night after leaving the Ohio, the companion of Wawpaw-

wawquaw, taking my vest, cut off both rows of buttons, including a strip of two inches of silk on each side, and, carefully folding them up, put them in his bullet-pouch. Surprised at this conduct, and unable to form any idea of his motive in spoiling my vest, I thought he was actuated by a savage malignity merely, and felt not a little chagrined and indignant when, just before entering the first Indian village, I saw him fasten the spoils of my vest around his legs as garters, contrasting strangely with his greasy leathern leggins."

Growing in favor with the old Indian woman, who now regarded him, if not with partiality, at least, with kindness, the lad, greatly improved in health and spirits, was taken by her, about a week after his arrival, to the Shawnee village, at the confluence of the two streams below. Here, after paying a visit to his master, Wawpawwawquaw, by whom he was very kindly received, he was taken to the tent of the famous Indian chief Blue Jacket. This celebrated personage Spencer pronounces in his narrative to have been the most noble-looking Indian that he ever saw. With a stature of about six feet; a perfectly-proportioned body; large, bright, and piercing eyes; a nose of aquiline shape, and an open and intelligent countenance, he presented altogether an appearance which might have done no discredit to many of "the superior race." He was very richly dressed, and wore on his shoulders a pair of gold epaulettes, and on his arms broad silver bracelets; while from his neck depended a

massive silver gorget, with a medallion portrait of George III.

It happened that on the day when the boy Spencer was taken into the presence of Blue Jacket, that chief had received a visit from some of the sachems of the neighboring villages. Among the visitors were a chief called The Snake, a plain, grave, and sage-appearing man, and with him the infamous renegade Simon Girty. The villainous cast of countenance of the latter, and the sinister, brutal, and forbidding expression which never was absent from his face, did not have the effect of removing the unfavorable opinion which the lad had already formed of the notorious bandit and renegade, the cowardly murderer of his own people, and the inventor of many of the cruel and diabolic devices in use among the savages for torturing unhappy victims. He was dressed in the Indian garb, but wore no ornaments or trappings. A silk handkerchief, which supplied the place of a hat, hid a ghastly wound on his forehead which had been inflicted by the Indian chief Brandt, with his tomahawk, in a drunken brawl, but which Girty (who now addressed himself to the youth, speaking with the greatest bitterness of the wrongs which had been done him, and boasting with the most savage exultation of the vengeance which he had wrought) asserted to be a saber-cut received at St. Clair's defeat from a "Yankee officer," whom, he said, "he had afterwards killed." Girty concluded his conversation with Spencer by telling him that he must never hope to see his home again, and

adding that, if he "should turn out to be a good hunter and a brave warrior, he might one day be a chief."

After a short stay in the village, the old woman returned with her charge to the cabin. A few days later, she took Spencer across the river to the residence of her daughter, the wife of Mr. Ironside, the trader. Here the boy found a number of traders' cabins, occupied chiefly by French and English, who carried on a large exchange business in merchandise, and also bargained with the Indians for skins and furs, for which they gave broaches, ear-rings, and other trifling ornaments, reaping immense profits.

During his stay with the traders, the lad spent a large part of his time in conversation with Mr. George Ironside, who treated him with great kindness and friendship. He found his host a sociable and highly intelligent, as well as a humane and benevolent man, who listened to the story of his captivity with marked attention and interest, and, when he had finished, gave him some useful advice and information.

The following day was also spent at the trading station. On this day, to his great astonishment and gratification, he met, at the house of Mr. Ironside, a former fellow-townsmen, William Moore by name, who had just returned from a journey to the rapids of the Maumee River. After a greeting of great heartiness on both sides, Moore prevailed upon his young friend to tell his story, which the boy accordingly did, his companion listening in the meantime

with great apparent approbation of the endurance and heroism shown by the youth. After Spencer had related the story of his adventures, Mr. Moore was persuaded to tell his; and, as his experience is of a most interesting character, scarcely less so, indeed, than that of his youthful friend, already transcribed for the diversion of our readers, we may be pardoned for writing it out in brief in the present narrative.

William Moore was, perhaps, as fine a physical specimen of the sturdy pioneer as could be found at that time in the whole West. He possessed a stalwart frame, a constitution of iron firmness and endurance, an enormous muscular development and strength, and a commanding stature, being no less than six feet two inches in height. He combined all the qualities necessary or useful to the early settler of the Western wilds, being as bold and skillful in enterprise as he was strong and active in body, and having few rivals as a successful boatman and hunter. He was remembered by young Spencer as one of the most practised marksmen in that part of the country, who, at fifty steps, had often sent a rifle-ball to the center of the target, as well as a boatman of unexcelled skill, always pushing the first pole on the keel. In every manly sport, such as jumping, wrestling, boxing, etc., he had no equal in the village. He was fearless and lawless in enterprise, but naturally good-humored and sociable as a companion; and of no one could it be said more

accurately than of him, that he was a perfect specimen of the Western pioneer at his best.

One day, while hunting, about five miles north of Columbia, on the waters of Mill Creek,—the time was a few months previous to the canoe adventure related in this history,—Mr. Moore was suddenly surprised by five Indians, one of whom was Waw-pawwawquaw, and another Caw-ta-waw-waw-quaw,—Black Loon,—his brother. Moore had just shot a very fine doe, which, strapping over his shoulders, he was about to carry home. The Indians had discovered him some time previous, but, seeing his purpose, they prudently postponed their attack until he should be encumbered with his load, and so be unable to make his escape by flight. They surrounded him very cautiously, and, watching their chances, fired just at the opportune moment. One of their balls grazed his right shoulder-blade; another passed through the carpus or compact bones of his left wrist, thus disabling one hand; the rest were without effect. Although carrying a load which a man of ordinary strength would have had great difficulty even in lifting, Mr. Moore sprang forward with great rapidity, and, incredible as it may seem, for the first hundred yards outran the light-footed Indians. He must, however, soon have sunk beneath the weight of his burden, had he not contrived to rid himself of it. Without slackening his speed, he placed his rifle on his left shoulder, supporting it with his wounded hand, and with the other drew his knife from his belt, and cut the lashings

which bound the deer; and, his load falling to the ground, he was soon out of reach of all but two of his pursuers.

The two foremost savages, seeing that the utmost exertion alone could enable them to secure him, now pressed forward with eagerness, and, as Moore reached the top of a ridge, had so nearly overtaken him, that one of them was only a rod or two in his rear. Chancing to look back at this moment, and seeing his danger, Moore gave a loud whoop, and, slapping his thigh in derision, bounded off with such speed that, had it not been for an unlucky accident, the Indians must needs have given up the pursuit as hopeless. Reaching the foot of a hill, he attempted to leap a small creek which crossed his path, but, miscalculating his distance, he jumped short of the opposite bank and fell into the water, and, by the time that he had regained his feet and recovered his rifle, Wawpawwawquaw, pistol in hand, was upon him.

Before grappling with his enemy, the Indian twice aimed his pistol at him, but each time it missed fire. The compliment was returned by Mr. Moore, who leveled his rifle, but with no better success. He now attempted to knock down his adversary with the butt end of his gun, but, failing in this, he drew his knife, and was about to attack the savage, when the second Indian,—the brother of Wawpawwawquaw,—arrived and interfered. Further resistance was now useless, and Moore accordingly surrendered himself to Wawpawwawquaw, who, giving him a friendly grasp, received him as his prisoner.

During the march through the forest, Moore was well treated, although narrowly watched and securely guarded. Any attempt to escape must have been vain and attended with disastrous results, for his five captors were all stalwart and intrepid warriors, who well knew the strength and valor of their prisoner, and who consequently kept him under the strictest surveillance.

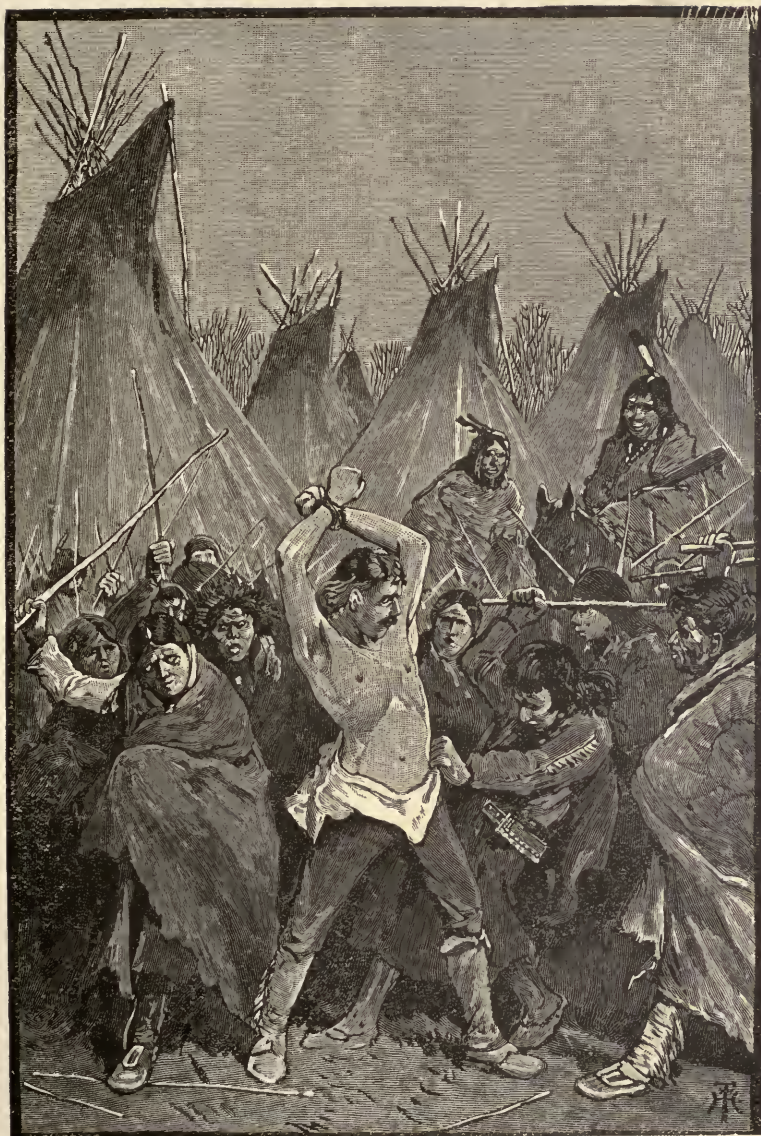
Arriving, in a few days, at Blue Jacket's village, Moore, as a man and warrior, was compelled by the Indians to pass through the severe ordeal of running the gauntlet. On the day appointed for the trial, large numbers of men, women, and children flocked to the village from the surrounding country, and with clubs, switches, and other instruments of punishment, ranged themselves, to the number of about two hundred, in two rows, each ready and eager to act a part in the interesting ceremony. The chiefs and principal warriors took their places at the heads of the lines, and, when every thing was ready, the prisoner, stripped to the waist and with his wrists tied together, so as to prevent him from retaliating on his enemies, was led out and started on his run to the goal.

The Indians, although they were aware of Moore's great strength and agility, evidently did not calculate on the possibility of his evading their blows and escaping serious personal injury. But, improbable as it may seem, so rapidly did he pass through the lines, that the sticks and clubs of the Indians, instead of striking his body, fell clattering upon each other, and

he reached the first goal almost without receiving a blow. His return was made with equal fleetness, and he would have entirely escaped bodily harm, had not the Indians, disappointed in thus losing the sport which they had anticipated, closed their ranks, and commenced to belabor him in the most merciless manner. Finding that his appeals to their sense of honor and justice were vain, Moore determined to demonstrate still more effectively his prowess and bodily superiority; and, attacking his enemies with his feet, head, and right fist, kicked some and overturned and knocked down others, until those that remained were glad to fall back, and allow him to continue on his way to the goal in the usual manner. This he did amidst the shouts of the warriors, and, arriving at his destination, he was congratulated by his admiring enemies, and rewarded with the highest honors for the signal bravery which he had displayed.

Moore's stay in the Indian village was attended with little incident of an unusual character. He was peaceable and friendly, and not only was unmolested, but even enjoyed freedoms and privileges not often granted to prisoners of war. He was a great favorite of Cooh-coo-cheeh, to whom he showed himself very attentive and obliging; for, being a skillful workman, he made himself useful about her house, adding largely to its conveniences, and building a separate cabin for the accommodation of guests.

Mr. Moore's narrative afforded his young friend



WILLIAM MOORE RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.



A WAMPANOAG INDIAN IN FULL WAR PAINT.

great entertainment, and the exchange of stories of adventure and of observations on the habits and character of the Indian tribes, employed a few days very enjoyably spent.

About the middle of August, the interesting and peculiar ceremony of the "feast of green corn" was celebrated by the Indians of the neighboring villages at the cabin of Cooh-coo-cheeh. This ceremony or festival, said to be similar to that of "first fruits" among the Jews, had been observed each year, from time immemorial, by the more wealthy and influential of the savages, to testify their gratitude to the Great Spirit; and on these important occasions all of the prominent families were accustomed to assemble, spending the day in festivities, feasting principally on green corn, variously cooked, and amusing themselves with games and athletic sports.

After the usual salutations, the Indians seated themselves on the grass, and the pipe, according to custom, was passed several times around the circle. A venerable Indian then arose and addressed the company with great earnestness and solemnity. His discourse, as Mr. Ironside afterward informed young Spencer, was of the character of an anniversary sermon. He spoke of the favors conferred by the Great Spirit on his red children, the first and most honorable of the human race, and exhorted his hearers to give all praise and devotion to their benefactor. He bitterly reproached the young warriors for their pusillanimity in allowing the "pale faces" to encroach on the possessions of the Indian tribes, and declared

that it was their duty to expel their enemies from their shores,—at least to drive them south of the Ohio. After the conclusion of this address, which was listened to with very deep attention, the Indians sprang to their feet, uttered a loud and prolonged yell, and then proceeded to engage in the sports of the day.

The first of these was a foot-race over a straight course of one hundred yards. The principal competitors were Wawpawwawquaw, his two brothers, and another Indian, Captain Walker. Moore was not allowed to join, and with good reason, for, as he afterward declared, he would willingly have given any one of his adversaries twenty steps and beaten him in a hundred yards. The race was easily won by Wawpawwawquaw.

Next followed a wrestling-match, in which Captain Walker was the victor. It was now proposed that Walker, who had shown great strength and address in his previous contests, should wrestle with Moore, who had thus far been an inactive spectator of the sports. To this proposal Walker very reluctantly gave his consent, and advanced slowly to meet his antagonist. After a few feints and sleights, such as are usually employed by practised wrestlers to try one another's strength, the struggle became very earnest, and for some time the result appeared to be doubtful. At length, however, Moore, taking advantage of an unguarded movement of his opponent, tripped up his foot and threw him to the ground, although partially supporting him in his arms to

break the force of the fall. Another trial followed, in which Walker, stung by mortification, put forth all of his strength; but this time his success was even less than before, for Moore, by a powerful effort, raised him by the hip, pitched him head over heels, and threw him with great violence. The Indians greeted Moore's victory with an admiring *waugh!* and, as it was now about noon, the sports were suspended for a time.

In the feast which followed, provisions in the greatest variety and abundance were distributed, and the Indians, as was customary with them on all festal occasions, literally gorged themselves with food. After dinner, the warriors indulged for a time in the luxury of smoking, and each consumed a small measure of rum, when the festive games were resumed, and the rest of the day was passed in various sports and entertainments, followed in the evening by a drunken carouse.

During his captivity, Spencer had occasion to observe that the Indians were immoderately fond of strong drink, regarding it as the highest enjoyment of life to pass hours and even whole days in drunken revels. When in their intoxicated moods, they were extremely dangerous, quarrelsome, and violent, attacking both friends and foes with murderous fury. "At such times," he says, "it is peculiarly dangerous for prisoners (many of whom fall a sacrifice to the brutal barbarity of drunken Indians) to encounter them." On one occasion he saw in a canoe the body of a white youth of fourteen, who had been killed,

scalped, and mangled in the most horrible manner by his drunken master. He himself had several very narrow escapes from death at the hands of intoxicated savages, being frequently obliged, on hearing the dreaded sound of some marauding savage approaching the cabin, to spring from his bed in the middle of the night and take refuge behind the nearest log or tree, or throw himself in the snow. Once he very narrowly escaped being murdered in his bed. Black Loon, whom he had in some way offended, came into the cabin one night and inquired for the boy, who, hearing him approaching, had seized a blanket and run out of the house. Being told that his intended victim was absent, the Indian struck his knife several times through the skins on his bunk to satisfy himself of the truth of the statement, and then, being disappointed, and determined upon bloody revenge of some kind, seized a cat which lay sleeping on the floor and threw it in the fire, where he held it with his foot,—the poor animal squalling most piteously all the time.

About the middle of October, 1792, the Indians learned that the whites were strengthening their forces on the Ohio, ostensibly in preparation for another attack on the villages. A large band of warriors was accordingly mustered under the command of the chief Little Turtle, and about fifty of the best men in the Shawnee villages were sent to join it. Before setting out on their march, they halted at the cabin of Cooh-coo-cheeh, to consult her on their prospects of success. The answer was:

“Mechee! mechee! mechee!”—many scalps, many prisoners, much plunder; and the Indians departed in full expectation of complete victory. In the course of a month they returned, their confidence in the prophetic powers of the old woman in no degree lessened; for they had defeated a large body of Kentuckians near Fort St. Clair, taking many scalps, capturing many horses, and carrying off great quantities of baggage.

As time wore on, the young prisoner, hearing nothing from home, grew more and more reconciled to his lot. And, determined to make the best of all around him, he gradually found that the life of an Indian captive, though one of constant trial and often of extreme danger, was not without its amenities. The labor required of him was light. He had little to do but carry water, gather wood for cooking, and attend to other little household matters. Having plenty of leisure, he determined to render himself worthy of still greater consideration from his captors by gaining, if possible, a reputation for skill and daring in some of the manly exercises practised by the Indians.

He, therefore, asked one of the warriors for a bow and arrows, which, being promptly given him, he proceeded to put into use. In a short time he became very expert, frequently shooting birds and small animals, and on one occasion killing a very large rabbit, which he took home to the old woman, who received it with great pride and satisfaction. He was sometimes permitted to visit the trader's station

on the other side of the river; and here he was always received with marked kindness by Mr. Ironside and the other residents. He also occasionally met visitors from other parts of the country and prisoners at large; and, as we shall see hereafter, the opportunities which he thus enjoyed resulted in the end to his no small personal advantage.

One cold afternoon in December, he was sent by the old woman to cut and bring home an armful of wood. He took with him a sharp axe, and was accompanied by the faithful dog belonging to Cooh-coo-cheeh, a large and very powerful animal. Having chopped up some small limbs, and tied the wood into a bundle, he was about to return, when his attention was attracted by the dog, which was growling and barking furiously near a small tree. Picking up his axe, he went to the spot, and, looking into the tree, saw, on a limb, about sixteen feet from the ground, a large, grayish, cat-like animal crouched ready to spring. Ignorant of the nature of the animal, and not thinking of danger, he threw several sticks at it, one of which, striking it on the head, aroused its fury, and brought it to the ground. It was instantly seized by the dog, which battled with it for a few moments very courageously. But the animal fought so fiercely and savagely that it soon gained the advantage, and the dog, if left to itself, would ere long have been overpowered and slain. The boy now became conscious of the danger in which he stood, and, grasping his axe, dealt the beast a powerful blow on the head, which luckily

completely stunned it. To dispatch the animal was the work of but a moment, and Spencer carried it home in exultation. Reaching the house, he threw down his burden before Cooh-coo-cheeh, who, raising her hands in astonishment, exclaimed: "Waugh haugh-h! poo-shun!" and then loaded him with praises, saying that he would one day become a great hunter, and, pointing to So-to-ne-goo, told him that when he grew to be a man he should have her for his wife. The animal proved to be a large male wild-cat, measuring about four feet from his nose to the end of his tail, and being nearly equal in size and strength to a panther; and, had he encountered it alone, the boy, in spite of his courage, must inevitably have been killed.

The winter passed without any occurrences worthy of special note. It was extremely cold, in December and January in particular, and the lad suffered a great deal from exposure, being frequently obliged to go out in the snow and frost in his bare feet, and without clothing sufficient to protect him from the biting cold. He continued to grow in favor with the old woman, who, however, though kind and considerate in the main, had some not very amiable traits of character. She was very quick-tempered, and at times extremely vicious,—and when in her angry moods did not scruple to inflict summary punishment on the object of her wrath, often hurling sticks of wood, pokers, and heavy articles of household furniture at any one who chanced to provoke her; or, if these were not convenient, seizing

a knife, axe, or other weapon and threatening vengeance.

One evening toward the last of February a stranger called at the cabin, and, taking Cooh-coo-cheeh aside, communicated to her a piece of intelligence which evidently gave her great concern, for she sat for a time brooding in silence. After a while she became more cheerful and talkative, and, inviting the boy to sit near her and her guest, commenced to converse with him about his home and parents. She asked him many questions, chiefly relating to the history and rank of his family. To these he replied that his ancestors had come from a famous island on the eastern side of the great salt lake; that one of them had emigrated to this country and settled near New York, and that he himself, with his beloved father and mother, had several years previous come to the great West, hoping to live in peace, and gain, by honorable labor, a comfortable support.

When the boy had finished his narration, the old woman sat for a few moments silent and morose. Again resuming the conversation, she spoke in tones of deep melancholy of the misfortunes and wrongs of her own race. She told about the first landing of the pale faces from their monstrous white-winged canoes,—of their early settlements, prosperity, and wonderful growth in numbers and strength, and finally of their encroachments upon the Indian tribes, many of whom they exterminated. She said that the rightful owners of the soil had been gradually deprived of their possessions, and were now being

crowded to the extreme North to perish on the great frozen lake; or to the distant West, where the rifles of the white men would soon push their scattered remnants into the deep sea. All of these misfortunes she attributed to the anger of the Great Spirit, who had punished her race for their pusillanimity and crimes, and had passed the stern though righteous decree that the red men should ere long be destroyed from the face of the earth, and sleep in unknown and unhallowed graves.

At the conclusion of this melancholy relation, the old woman changed her tone, and, with a very animated countenance, proceeded to describe the pleasures in store for her race in the beautiful and boundless hunting-grounds set apart by the Great Spirit as their future abode. These, she said, lay beyond the western ocean, and were ten times as large as the whole continent of America, extending to the farthest limits of the earth. Here there were no extremes of heat or cold, wet or drought; no one suffered disease, and age and infirmity were unknown; all fruits of the earth grew in abundance without needing cultivation, and the woods were filled with every description of game. Pointing to a large poplar which grew near the house, whose trunk was five or six feet in diameter, and whose stem rose eighty feet without a limb, she said that the trees in the country of which she spoke were twenty times its size, and that their branches seemed to penetrate the heavens, bearing company with the stars. Every thing in this favored region was en-

dowed with eternal life and unfading beauty, and here the Indian was to be the sole possessor, undisturbed by the cruel and avaricious white man.

"No fiends torment; no Christians thirst for gold."

The Indian's wishes for the future, she said, were as simple as his expectations were ardent and confident.

"To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

The two listeners heard her glowing and eloquent description with great attention and intense admiration. The stranger, who was a Canadian Frenchman, gave expression to his wonder by frequent exclamations, but once or twice turned to the boy, smiling incredulously, and remarking: "Ma foi! dat is grand country!"

On the next morning, much to his surprise, young Spencer was taken apart by Cooh-coo-cheeh, and informed by her that his captivity had come to an end, and that he was to depart immediately on his home journey. He was not long in ascertaining the causes which had led up to this earnestly wished-for result. While visiting the traders' station on the other side of the river, he had one day met a Mr. Wells, a prisoner-at-large among the Indians, who, becoming interested in him, had inquired very particularly concerning his family, and shortly afterward communicated the intelligence of his safety to the commanding officer at Post Vincennes. By him it was conveyed to Colonel Wilkinson, at Fort Washington, who lost

no time in transmitting it to Mr. Spencer. Negotiations for the ransom of the prisoner were at once entered into, and these resulted in the dispatch of a messenger, by the Governor of Upper Canada, with the necessary purchase money, to release him and convey him to his home.

The preparations for the return journey were speedily made, and, full of joyful anticipation, the lad announced to his friends that he was ready to set out. He soon reproached himself, however, for his alacrity; for the old woman, gently taking both of his hands in hers, her voice trembling with emotion, and her eyes filled with tears, told him of the great pain which she felt at parting, since she had come to regard him almost as her own child. She spoke of the happiness of his friends, and particularly of the joy of his mother on his safe return, and concluded by requesting him to come and see her when he grew to be a man. So-to-ne-goo was no less affected, sobbing loudly as she took his hand; and the boy left his Indian friends with the grateful conviction that even in the wilderness the oppressed can gain an asylum, and that even among barbarians there can be found persons capable of generous and worthy emotions.

Leaving the cabin, young Spencer crossed the river in the company of his French conductor to the traders' station. Here he was kindly received by his friend, Mr. Ironside, who congratulated him on his release, and then introduced him to Colonel Elliot, a British Indian agent, and to Mr. Sharp, a Detroit merchant.

We have said that the purchase of the prisoner from the Indians was effected by Spencer's parents through the agency of the Governor of Upper Canada. This step was rendered necessary by reason of the fact that a deadly enmity existed between the Indians and the American settlers on the Ohio; whereas, the British in Canada were on very amicable terms with the savage tribes throughout this part of the country; and consequently all negotiations were carried on through them. The ransom-money had therefore been sent by way of Canada; and, on its receipt, Colonel Elliot had been dispatched from Detroit to bring the boy to that point.

Elliot received his young charge very coolly, and took an early opportunity to inform him that, although he was now out of the hands of the Indians, he must by no means consider himself at liberty. This language gave the boy much concern, which was greatly heightened when Elliot told him plainly that he had not been set free, but had merely changed masters, being his (Elliot's) property; and that he must govern his conduct accordingly.

The wife of Mr. Ironside now invited the boy to breakfast; but Colonel Elliot objected, and directed him to go over to the cabin of James Girty (the brother of Simon Girty), where a meal would be provided. This he did; and, sitting down to a table very bountifully provided, commenced to eat with great heartiness. He had hardly satisfied the first cravings of his appetite, when Girty came in, and, eying him sharply, said:

"So, my young Yankee, you're about to start for home."

"Yes, sir; I hope so," the boy replied.

"That," returned Girty, "will depend a great deal on your master, who, I think, intends to give you employment for two or three years in his kitchen as a scullion."

He then took a knife from his pocket, and, whetting it on a stone, said:

"I see your ears are whole yet, but I am greatly mistaken if you leave this place without the Indian ear-mark, in order that we may know you when we catch you again."

Without waiting to learn whether this threat was meant in jest or earnest, Spencer sprang from the table, leaped out of the door, and took refuge in the house of Mr. Ironside. Here he found Elliot, who heard his complaint with a sardonic laugh, and a look of ineffable contempt, ordering him to get ready at once for the journey.

Embarking on the Maumee, Elliot and Sharp proceeded with their young companion in the direction of Detroit. The first part of the voyage was made without incident, and with little conversation. On the first night, the party slept at a Wyandot village; and about the middle of the afternoon of the next day, landing a few miles from the mouth of the Maumee, Elliot and Sharp, having first contracted with some Indians for a gallon of rum to take the boy the rest of the way, bade him adieu, and left him once more to the tender mercies of the savages.

The Indians, eight or ten in number, immediately commenced to drink, carouse, and fight. Among them was a youth of about fourteen, who, seeing the boy standing quietly by a tent, came up to him, and proposed a wrestling-match. This challenge Spencer refused, on account of the great disparity in their years, size, and strength; but, being urged, he at length consented. The result was more fortunate than he had expected; for, being quite strong and active for one of his years, he proved more than a match for the young savage, and in a few seconds laid him sprawling on the ground. A second trial had the same issue; and the Indian youth was obliged to beg piteously for quarter before his antagonist would permit him to rise from the ground. Mortified and enraged, the unskillful wrestler now commenced to blackguard his victor; and, seizing him by the hair, and passing his finger around his head, declared that he would scalp him. This treatment naturally excited young Spencer's resentment, and, dealing the insolent youth a severe blow in the stomach, he compelled him to desist. Placing himself in an attitude of defense, he then gave his opponent to understand that any attack would be repaid with interest; and, so well had he maintained his ground, that he was left unmolested. Presently, however, having turned around and walked a few steps with the intention of sitting down, he was assailed from behind by the cowardly Indian, who struck him a dangerous blow in the back with a sharp knife, intending to inflict a mortal wound. At this point an old Indian interfered;

and, stripping off the boy's shirt, carefully dressed his wound, which bled profusely, and proved to be an ugly one, though not of a serious nature, about an inch wide, and three inches deep.

Early the next morning the boy was placed in a canoe, in charge of two old squaws, and started once more on his way to Detroit. Here he arrived on the evening of the 3d of March, and immediately after was delivered by the women to the commandant of the post, Colonel Richard England.

During his stay in this place,—where he was obliged to remain until Lake Erie, then closed by ice, should open,—young Spencer enjoyed the kindest and most hospitable treatment. He found Colonel England to be a man of great courtesy and very high worth of character, who manifested an interest in his welfare, and a solicitude for his personal comfort, which never passed out of Spencer's memory, and of which he speaks in his narrative in the most grateful and appreciative terms. Among the other officers of the garrison to whom he was greatly indebted, Mr. Spencer mentions Lieutenant Andre, a brother of the distinguished and unfortunate Major Andre of the Revolution. This man, Mr. Spencer says, was one of the handsomest that he ever saw; and his character and bearing were no less worthy of admiration than his person, being honorable, courteous, and open. His wife,—who, as she informed the boy, was a near relative of his mother,—was equally kind and amiable, and from her the poor outcast received a thousand friendly offices, all of which he

ever afterward held in the fondest and most grateful remembrance.

At the end of about four weeks Spencer was informed that the navigation of the lake was again open, and that he might safely resume his homeward journey. He took his leave from his kind friends with pain and regret,—emotions which were fully reciprocated, since he had endeared himself by his gentle and manly ways, and won not only the respect, but, indeed, the affection, of all with whom he had come in contact.

The voyage, made on the sloop *Felicity*, was extremely rough and even hazardous. The vessel, while in the middle of the lake, was overtaken by a tempest, and was at one time in imminent danger of wreck, being obliged to put back to port, and wait until the storm had passed. After a number of detentions, the ship arrived safely, on Wednesday, the 13th of April, at Fort Erie. Here the captain introduced his young charge, with a letter from Colonel England, to the officer in command, by whom he was sent, several hours after, to Fort Chippewa, and thence to Queenstown and Fort Niagara.

Shortly after his arrival at the last-named place, Spencer was taken to Newark, at that time the seat of the provincial government. Here he was courteously received by Governor Simcoe, who gave him in charge of Thomas Morris, Esq., a citizen of Canandaigua, New York, who had arrived at the town the day before, on his way home, and had kindly offered to take the boy with him. Horses were provided for

the first stage of the journey by Governor Simcoe. On reaching Niagara, Mr. Morris purchased two good animals and a stock of provisions; and, taking the road through the wilderness, set out with his companion for Canandaigua, about one hundred miles distant, where he arrived after two days' hard riding. At this place the boy remained until about the middle of June. During his stay, he was sent to school, and all his expenses were paid by Mr. Morris, who proved himself to be one of the most disinterested and generous of benefactors,—refusing afterward to receive the least remuneration for the heavy charge to which he had been put.

To trace each step taken by the lad on the rest of his journey home would be both tiresome and profitless to the reader. It will be sufficient to say that, after some delays, he arrived safely at New York, and was taken thence to his relatives in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he arrived on the third day of July, 1793, just one year after his departure from his home in Columbia.

The remainder of the story can be best told in the language of Spencer himself. We have chosen this means of bringing it to a termination, not only because it has been our aim to preserve, as far as possible, Mr. Spencer's own simple and beautiful forms of expression, but also because the extract which we now take from his book serves to illustrate the great and shining virtues of his character, and for its pathos and fervid piety, teaches a lesson of the highest interest and value to our young readers.

“At Elizabethtown,” says he, “I remained with my sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Halstead, for a little more than two years, a regular portion of all of which time was occupied by me at school; and on the 14th of September, 1795, being then fourteen years old, I set out on horseback, in company with a Mr. Crane and the late General Schenck, then on his first visit to the West, on my return home. We performed the journey to Pittsburgh in ten days; and there, putting our horses on a flat-boat, descended the Ohio, and arrived at Columbia about the middle of October. The joy of my parents on seeing me is more easily imagined than described; with tears and embraces they welcomed my return. The day was spent in affectionate inquiries about the past; and devoutly and gratefully that evening, around our family altar, did we join in thanksgiving and praise, with my pious father, to the Father of mercies, for all his past unmerited goodness,—particularly for my preservation and safe restoration to my home.

“Nearly forty years have since passed away.* Our rivers teem with commerce; their banks are covered with farms, with houses, villages, towns, and cities; the wilderness has been converted into fruitful fields; temples to God are erected where once stood the Indian wigwam, and the praises of the Most High resound where formerly the screams of the panther or the yell of the savage only were heard. ‘O!

*The reader should bear in mind that Spencer wrote his narrative about 1830, more than fifty years ago.

what hath God wrought?' But where are the friends and companions of our youth? Our parents, where are they? Mine have long since 'slept with their fathers.' Wawpawwawquaw, who only a short time since, had for several years paid me an annual visit, has gone to the land of his fathers; and almost all of those of whom in my narrative I have spoken are no longer dwellers upon the earth. We, also, will soon end our earthly pilgrimage, and enter that 'bourne whence no traveler returns.' May we, through divine grace, finish well our journey, that we may dwell where 'ever-during spring abides, and never-withering flowers'; in that healthful clime where 'sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are felt and feared no more,'—where there is 'fullness of joy,' and where there are 'pleasures for evermore.'"

SPY-LIFE.—ROBERT McCLELLAN.

THE life of a scout is, under any circumstances, one of peculiar responsibility, and calls into exercise not only the greatest daring, heroism, and physical endurance, but also the highest strategetic skill and tact. In civilized warfare, the spy is regarded as one of the most valuable agents of military success, and only men of undoubted bravery and known discretion are detailed to perform scout-duty. A general may possess the most surpassing military genius, and the army which he commands may be unequalled in point of numbers, discipline, and equipment; but unless heroic and sagacious men are sent out to keep a constant watch on the enemy, and to report concerning his strength, movements, and the disposition of his forces, the leader will often make mistakes in judgment, and the army will be likely to gain very little in prestige.

But, though the duties of the spy in civilized warfare are of a most difficult and responsible character, they can bear no comparison, either for difficulty or responsibility, to his duties in a war carried on by a civilized nation with a semi-civilized or barbarous one. In a war of this kind, success is dependent almost entirely upon the character of the scouting service, since the chief object to be sought is to guard against

surprise, and since, if this object can be accomplished, victory is a necessary consequence; for a body of civilized troops can nearly always successfully resist an equal or larger body of barbarians in a fair contest. In savage warfare, therefore, the safety or danger of a whole army depends greatly upon the service of the scout, who, if vigilant and active, can often avert an impending disaster; but who, if unsuited to the duties devolving upon him, is as frequently the indirect agent of irreparable calamity.

Some of the most interesting pages of American history are those which are devoted to the adventures of the brave scouts whose daring and prowess have been potent instruments in extending our frontiers. The deeds of these valiant men have been often told, but they can not be too frequently repeated. It is our purpose to give, in the present narrative, a brief account of one of the earliest of these adventurers, whose history, though now little read, has every feature of romantic interest, and whose performances should not be permitted to pass out of the remembrance of his countrymen.

Robert McClellan was the son of a pioneer farmer, who lived, at the time of the Revolution, in western Pennsylvania. Growing up to manhood in that wild and unsettled region, young McClellan was from his first years inured to all the hardships and dangers of back-woods life. Arriving at a suitable age, he chose the occupation of a pack-horseman, which he followed until a few years after the close of the war; when, led by a restless disposition, and an adventur-

ous spirit, he emigrated to southern Ohio, at that time a part of the far West.

Immediately upon his arrival, he applied to one of the military authorities commanding an important post on the Hocking River for employment in the capacity of a spy or ranger. His application was granted; and, early in the year 1790, he entered on the career of his choice,—a career which was destined to give him great credit and distinction.

The life which he selected was one to which he was in every respect most admirably adapted. Possessing a magnificent physique, powerful in build, straight as an arrow in form, rapid and agile in movement, and giant in strength, few men could stand against him in any bodily exercise or warlike contest. The most incredible stories are told of the feats of skill and strength which were accomplished by him almost without an effort; and yet, however fictitious these stories may seem, there can be no doubt that they are entirely truthful, since his remarkable athletic exploits were witnessed and attested by men whose veracity can not be questioned. One of his favorite feats was to leap over a tall horse; and, on one occasion, while passing along a narrow sidewalk in Lexington, Kentucky, with the late well-known Matthew Heuston, finding his path obstructed by a yoke of oxen, he, instead of walking around them, as his companion did, leaped over both at a bound. While with the army in Greenville, he was challenged to a trial of feats of strength by a number of soldiers and teamsters; but, not deigning

a reply, either by way of acceptance or refusal, he walked off a few paces, took a short run, and jumped over a wagon with a covered top, about eight and one-half feet high. He was very fleet of foot, and in a long race never met his equal. All of these physical qualities now became eminently useful to him, and enabled him to perform actions which gave him an almost unrivaled renown among the pioneers of the West.

Soon after his employment as an army spy, McClellan was sent, with a companion named White, on an important scouting expedition to the upper part of the Hocking Valley. Here, it had been learned, the Indians were gathering in great numbers with the intention of organizing to proceed against the frontier posts. The mission of the two spies was to ascertain, if possible, the strength of the Indians, and the intentions of their leaders.

Providing themselves with a store of jerked venison and corn bread, and arming themselves with knives, tomahawks, and pistols, they took their rifles in their hands, and set out on their hazardous enterprise. It was the last part of October, and the weather was very fine. Their course lay directly through the wilderness; and, with high spirits and undaunted resolution, they went forward, determined to succeed in this their first important undertaking, and gain the applause which brave men covet as the reward of heroism.

A few days' march brought them within sight of the Indian encampment. This lay in a broad and

beautiful valley, near the place where the town of Lancaster now stands. After making a reconnoissance of the enemy, the spies proceeded to examine the ground, and select a place of concealment.

At one end of the valley rose a remarkable prominence, terminating in a perpendicular cliff of rocks, several hundred feet in height. This cliff overlooked the plain below, and afforded not only a full view of the Indians, but also a position of great safety and strength, from which a few men could successfully resist a much larger body. Here McClellan and his companion concealed themselves, and set about to accomplish the objects of their mission.

The Indians in the valley were very numerous, and the most extensive preparations were evidently being made for proceeding on some warlike expedition. Every day witnessed some new accession to the strength of the savages; and, as each war-party arrived, terrible shouts were sent up, echoing and re-echoing in the distance, and enforcing upon the two listeners the conviction that their enterprise was indeed one of immense hazards.

Small detachments were frequently sent out by the main body to hunt for game; and some of these occasionally approached the place where the spies lay concealed. At such times, McClellan and his friend crept into fissures of the rock, and thus escaped discovery. On one or two occasions, however, they came very near being surprised, the savages coming within a few feet before they were aware of their presence: but, by alertness and agility, the spies suc-

ceeded in saving themselves, and in keeping their enemies in ignorance.

On account of their near proximity to so large a band of hostile warriors, McClellan and White did not dare either to shoot at game or kindle a fire. Their supply of food was, however, ample; and, as the nights were not excessively cold, they did not suffer much from exposure, since they were both hardy frontiersmen, and had been accustomed through life to privations of all kinds.

But, though their stock of provisions was large enough to satisfy every want, and though they did not suffer serious discomfort from the weather, they soon began to feel the pangs of extreme thirst. They had for a time drawn a sufficient supply of water from the hollows in the rocks, which were filled with rain-water that had recently fallen; but this supply soon became exhausted, and a new one had to be sought.

The emergency was one of great danger; but McClellan, who always insisted on being the foremost in hazardous undertakings, proved equal to it. Slinging two canteens over his shoulders, he took his rifle in his hand, and cautiously descended the cliff. Skirting the declivity of the hill, he kept under cover of a thicket of hazel bushes which grew between him and the Indian camp, and soon reached a beautiful grove (which he had noticed while reconnoitering the savages); and here he found a spring of clear, cold water. Filling his canteens, he returned with equal caution, and rejoined his companion.

The next day, as a new supply was needed, White volunteered to perform the duty. He, also, was successful; and it was now arranged that the canteens should be filled daily, the task devolving on the two men alternately. The third day the water was obtained, as before, without discovery; but, on the fourth day, the good fortune which had previously attended the adventurers was suddenly changed, and they were thrown into circumstances which afforded them as many opportunities as they could have wished for displaying their courage and audacity.

White had reached the spring without being discovered, and had filled his canteens to the brim with the pure and grateful liquid. Fancying himself secure, he had seated himself in the shade, and was watching the water as it bubbled from the earth and flowed away in a clear and beautiful stream. Suddenly his practised ear caught the sound of light footsteps; and, turning round, he saw two Indian women approaching. One of them, on discovering him, gave a loud whoop, and both turned and were about to fly, when White, instantly comprehending the situation, and concluding that his only recourse was to inflict a speedy and noiseless death, sprang forward, and, grasping them by the throat, thrust them quickly into the water. He soon succeeded in drowning one; but the other, who was young and very active, resisted him powerfully. The struggle was, however, brief; and he was about to submerge her, when, to his great surprise, she addressed him in English, begging for mercy. White relaxed his

grasp and demanded an explanation, when the woman informed him that she was not an Indian, but a white captive, who had been taken prisoner about ten years previous. The Indians had killed all the members of her family except herself and a brother, whom they had led into captivity. Her brother had succeeded in making his escape soon after his capture; but she had been carried away, and was now so thoroughly naturalized as to be regarded by her masters as one of their own number.

While the girl briefly told her story, White assured himself of the death of the old squaw; and then, directing his companion to follow him, took his gun and quickly set out to return to the place where McClellan lay concealed. Half of the distance was passed, and White congratulated himself that he should have ample time to reach the rock, apprise his friend of the danger in which they stood, and with him make good his retreat before the Indians should discover the dead body of the old squaw and raise the alarm. But, while pressing forward through the hazel thicket, he heard, to his great dismay, a shrill cry a short distance down the stream, followed by a number of whoops; and, looking through the bushes, he saw that the Indians in the camp were in the greatest commotion, and that several armed parties were about to set out, evidently for the purpose of scouring the forest for their enemy. White now ordered the woman to follow as rapidly as possible, and commenced to run at the top of his speed. They fortunately succeeded in gaining the cliff before

any of the Indians had discovered them; and, while the girl concealed herself, and took a survey of the ground, the men carefully examined their rifles, and laid their plans for defense.

The position which they occupied had been chosen by them with especial reference to securing themselves in case of an attack in force. The only means of reaching it in front was by a narrow pass, through which the Indians were obliged to proceed in single file. In the rear it could be commanded from a steep rock, which afforded a shelter to the attacking party, and from which they could fire without exposing themselves, and this the spies knew to be the chief point of danger. Their only hope of successful resistance was that the Indians, in their eagerness to secure their prey, would not perceive the more important position, but would advance from the front, thus rushing into the trap that had been set for them.

Soon the dark forms of the warriors were seen gliding through the trees and rocks, until every available avenue of escape was cut off, and the position of the spies was completely surrounded. The perpendicular rock in the rear was not, however, occupied as yet, and hope was not entirely abandoned. The Indians advanced with great caution, being ignorant of the strength of their opponents, and not knowing their exact position; but at length, guessing the place of retreat, they formed, and proceeded to dislodge their foes.

The first Indian had no sooner exposed himself than he fell dead by a bullet from McClellan's rifle.

The second and third savages each met with a like fate ; and, as the rest of the band advanced, the guns of the white men continued to deal destruction and death. Finding that they could not hope to retaliate successfully, the Indians at last gave up the unequal contest, and withdrew for a time to arrange new plans of offense.

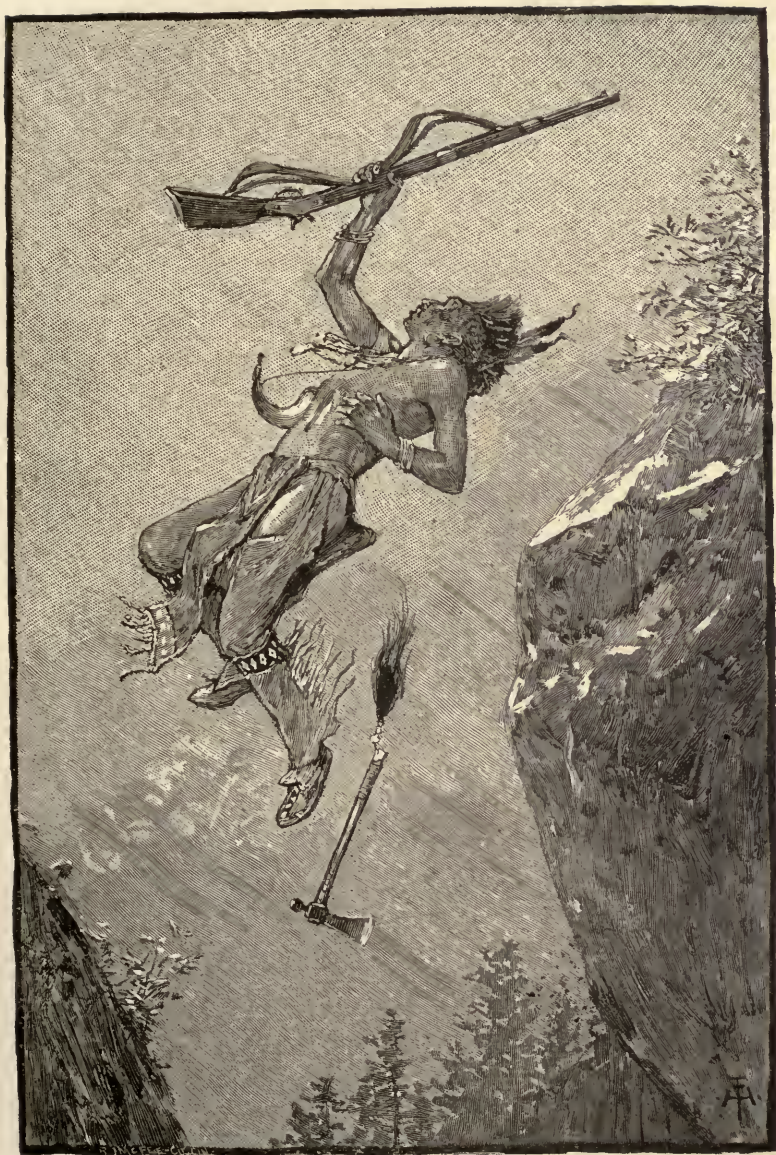
Their consultation was brief, for immediately afterward McClellan saw a number of warriors skulking behind rocks and trees toward the steep rock which commanded the position from the rear. Hope sank within the brave spies as they now perceived that the key to their situation had at last been discovered, and that capture or death was inevitable. But, though all the odds seemed to be against them, they determined to resist even more stubbornly than before, believing the death of the soldier on the field to be far preferable to the slow torture of the captive at the stake.

Their resolution was made in silence ; nor were they permitted to debate long. Keeping his eyes fixed steadfastly on the point of danger, McClellan saw a tall and powerful Indian preparing to spring from a bush so near to the rock that he could not fail to reach it in two or three bounds, when, clambering to its top, he would be able to have an unobstructed view of the place where his defenseless enemies lay concealed, and fire upon them. The distance intervening was eighty to one hundred yards, and only a few inches of the savage's body were exposed ; but McClellan determined to risk a shot and fell him, if possible. He therefore carefully adjusted the flint of

his rifle, raised his gun, and took a sure aim. He pulled the trigger, and the hammer fell; but, in spite of his precautions, his gun deceived him. The flint, instead of firing the powder, had been broken in many pieces, and McClellan knew that before he could adjust a second the Indian would have reached a place where no aim of his could avail. He went to work, however, with the greatest deliberation, to prepare for one more trial.

While he was thus engaged, McClellan heard a sharp report; and, looking up, could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the Indian, checked while in the midst of his leap by a bullet sent from some friendly, though unknown, rifle, turn a somersault in the air, and drop to the ground. McClellan's first thought was that the death-shot had been sent by his companion, White, but, turning to look at his friend, he saw him coolly at his post, watching the pass in front; and, on second thought, McClellan knew that the gun which was fired could not have been his, since the report came from some distance. The unfavorable issue of the Indian's attempt was followed by a terrible shout from his companions in the valley below, who not only were disappointed at his poor success, but who also deplored his loss, as he evidently was one of their favorite warriors.

Before McClellan had time to conjecture on the nature of the mysterious agency which had interposed in their behalf, another Indian cautiously and swiftly advanced to the covert, and prepared to make the leap. He paused a second, and then jumped;



THE WHITE SQUAW'S SHOT.



ATTACK UPON FORT KING BY THE INDIAN FORCES OF OSCEOLA.

but once more the friendly rifle was heard to sound, and the Indian fell headlong. The enemy now suspended the attack to counsel with one another upon the means which were to be employed, but evidently despairing of success that evening, as it was growing late, they determined to retire until the next morning.

Left to themselves, the two spies now had time to look around, and devise means for the continuance of their defense on the following day; or, if possible, for effecting their escape in the dark. While talking over the events of the day, they suddenly perceived that their new companion, the young girl, was missing; and, concluding that she had left them and returned to the Indians, to whom, as they supposed, she would betray their position, and give information respecting their weakness, they bitterly reproached themselves for sparing her life.

It was now earnestly debated whether, under the circumstances, it would be advisable to attempt to pass through the enemy's lines, or to continue to lie in concealment, depending upon the good fortune which had thus far attended them to give them the advantage in the contest of the next day. While discussing this important question, the night came on; but the spies did not relax their vigilance, fearing that the Indians might take advantage of the darkness to steal upon them.

A slight rustling in the bushes, and the tread of soft footsteps, soon confirmed their fears, and they were instantly on the alert. Immediately afterward a form was seen gliding toward them through the

darkness. The rifles were aimed, and McClellan was about to shoot, when a voice, which White recognized as that of the young white woman whom he had mercifully spared, addressed them in English, telling them not to be afraid. The suspicion which they had entertained of her treachery was now strengthened to certainty; for they were convinced that the Indians, availing themselves of her knowledge of their position, had commanded her to lead the way to the place where they were concealed, and that she, presuming upon her fancied familiarity with them, had consented to engage them in conversation, thus hoping to throw them off their guard. White, therefore, sternly commanded her to desist, telling her that they were aware of her motive, and were prepared for the attack. This language evidently gave the girl great concern, and with a tremulous voice she assured them that their suspicions were unfounded, and earnestly requested them to permit her to rejoin them. Her words and motives seemed so sincere that her request was at last granted, and she came forward, carrying a gun in her hand.

McClellan and White now listened to a very remarkable recital. The young woman whom they had reproached with treachery proved to be their deliverer. It was she who had fired the two shots which had saved them at their most perilous moment. Upon arriving with White at the spies' retreat, she had made a careful examination of the ground; and, perceiving that the steep rock was the point from which the greatest danger was to be feared, had

determined, at any risk, to protect her friends from attack from this quarter. But, as she had no rifle, and no means of securing one, she was for some time in doubt how to proceed. During the heat of the contest, she saw an Indian fall at some distance from his companions. Here, thought she, was her opportunity. Stealing from her friends, who were too busily engaged to notice her movements, she crept to the place where the warrior lay, secured his gun and ammunition, and, cautiously making her way through the underbrush, gained the fatal rock, concealed herself in a position where she could see every hostile movement of the Indians, and waited until the critical moment before risking a fire. After killing the first Indian, she quickly re-charged her gun, and took a sure aim at the next one, with the result already told. The death of this second savage was to her a source of double satisfaction; for it not only insured the present safety of her companions, but also afforded her high personal gratification. This Indian was the most warlike and bloodthirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and it was he who had led the band which had made the midnight attack on the dwelling of her parents, killed her mother and sister, and taken her and her brother captives. Thus, after ten years' time, during which she had vainly watched and prayed for an opportunity of retaliating, she was made the instrument of avenging justice,—so true is it that there is no human power that can evade the search and vigil "of him who treasures up a wrong."

When the girl had related the part which she had

taken in the day's adventures, her companions hailed her as their preserver, and expressed their sorrow for casting suspicions so unjust on her conduct. After a brief consultation, it was decided that the only hope which they now had was of stealing away under cover of the darkness, passing the enemy's outposts, and gaining the forest. Slight as this hope was, they determined to base all their calculations upon it; and it was accordingly arranged that the girl, who was thoroughly familiar with the nature of the country, and therefore with the probable positions held by the Indian guards, should take the lead, while the men should follow, subject to her direction and orders.

The darkness of the night and the inclemency of the weather both favored their enterprise. During the afternoon the sky had been overcast, and now the rain came down in torrents, while the thunder rolled heavily, thus preventing those who were on watch from catching the sound of their retreating steps.

The party had not gone more than one hundred yards when, immediately in front of them, they saw the dark form of an Indian sentinel. The girl gave a low whist, and the men sank silently to the ground. Their guide now went forward alone; and, a moment afterward, McClellan and White heard her conversing in low tones with the Indian warrior. The conversation ceased; and the spies were about to rise, thinking that the girl, having succeeded in throwing the man off his guard, would instantly return, and give the order to proceed. They looked for her, however,

in vain. Many minutes passed, and still the girl did not appear. The most ominous apprehensions now began to take possession of their minds, and the doubts which they had formerly entertained of her good faith returned with added force. These, however, were once more removed; for, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, their companion appeared, and gave the signal for them to rise and go forward. Her long absence had been occasioned by delays due to the difficulty which she had had in removing the Indian sentinels, two of whom stood directly in their route.

Resuming their flight, they proceeded for about half a mile, in profound silence, without meeting any of their foes. Suddenly the furious barking of a dog close at hand gave them new cause of concern. The men raised and cocked their rifles, supposing that the trial had at length come, and that discovery was inevitable; but their director whispered to them that, as long as they preserved absolute silence, and followed in her footsteps, they were safe, since they were now in the midst of the Indian village, where no watch had been set, and where, unless some unforeseen accident should occur, their presence would not for a moment be suspected. The barking of the dog continued, and soon afterward a squaw came out of one of the wigwams; but, finding that it was the white girl who had occasioned the disturbance, she returned without making any particular inquiries. In a short time the village was cleared, and the girl informed her friends that the

greatest danger had been passed, and that they might proceed with more expedition. The forest was quickly gained; and the three adventurers, knowing that every thing depended upon haste, set out on a run, never stopping until noon of the next day, by which time they were confident that they had placed a sufficient distance between themselves and their pursuers. They reached their destination in safety; and, as the event proved, their daring enterprise and successful escape so greatly discouraged and worried their enemies that the contemplated expedition was abandoned. The woman to whom the spies owed their delivery, and whom they now restored to her friends, was the sister of the brave Colonel Washburn, so distinguished in the early history of the West as the spy of Simon Kenton's famous "Bloody Kentuckians."

The heroism and address which McClellan displayed in this undertaking gave him an immediate reputation throughout the West, and obtained for him constant employment in a scouting capacity. In 1791, he removed to Fort Washington, and, in the spring of the following year, he went to Fort Hamilton, where he engaged for a time in the commissary department of the army; but, wearying of this peaceful occupation, he soon gave it up, and entered the scouting service in the army of General Wayne, at that time quartered at Fort Greenville, in preparation for a final campaign against the Indians.

The company of spies to which McClellan now attached himself was commanded by the brave and famous Captain William Wells, whose familiarity with

the character of the Indian tribes, and their modes of warfare, made him a most valuable ally. He had been taken prisoner by the savages when very young, and had been raised by them to manhood, thus gaining a thorough knowledge of the various warlike arts practised by them, and an acquaintance with several of their languages. The band of spies, of which he was the leader, numbered four besides himself; and of these Robert McClellan was recognized by him, as well as by his companions, to be the most efficient and reliable. Next to McClellan, in the estimation of Captain Wells, stood Henry Miller, who, with a younger brother named Christopher, had been led into captivity in early youth. Henry made his escape when about twenty-four years old, and returned to his friends; but Christopher had become so attached to the free and lawless life which he led with the Indians, that he could not be induced to give it up, but continued to reside with them after his brother's departure.

A full history of the adventures of this daring band would require many pages; and even a partial account of them would occupy a space entirely out of proportion to that which can fairly be given for the purpose in the present work. It will be sufficient to relate, for the entertainment of our readers, a few of the more interesting incidents connected with their scouting expeditions.

In the month of June, 1794, the company of Captain Wells received instructions to march into the forest, and bring into camp, in the course of a few days, an

Indian prisoner, in order that General Wayne might, by means of close questioning, gain some information concerning the intentions of the enemy. Taking with him Robert McClellan and Henry Miller, Wells proceeded to execute the commands which he had received; and, marching through the Indian country, soon reached the Auglaize River, and advanced into the territory of the Shawnees.

The spies proceeded for some distance without perceiving any signs of the enemy; but at last discovered, a short way ahead, a small cloud of smoke, rising, no doubt, from an Indian camp-fire. They dismounted, and, advancing cautiously, soon saw three Indians seated around a fire on an open spot of ground. Reconnoitering the position of the enemy, they found that it would be very difficult to approach within a sufficient distance to bring them in range; for a considerable space intervened in which there were no trees that would afford shelter. There was, however, one large fallen oak; and it was determined to creep along the trunk, conceal themselves in the branches, and then fire.

The tree-top was gained, and the spies were now within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The plan of attack was quickly laid. It was determined to kill two of the Indians, and take the other prisoner. The shooting was to be done by Wells and Miller; while McClellan, who was the swiftest of foot and most agile, was to give chase to the third, bring him to bay, and hold him until his companions should arrive.

The Indians were seated around the fire, smoking and laughing. One was on the right, another was on the left, and the third was in the center. The third man was pointed out by McClellan as the one who was to be spared; and, without further ado, Wells and Miller raised their rifles to their shoulders, and, at the signal given by McClellan, fired. Without waiting to see the result,—for he knew that his friends never needed to shoot twice,—McClellan bounded off, tomahawk in hand, in pursuit of the fugitive. The Indian gave a loud cry, and ran down the river; but, seeing that his enemy would soon head him, turned and made directly for the stream. This he reached at a point where a bluff, about twenty feet high, made a precipitous descent; and, without waiting to consider the consequences of the leap, plunged into the stream below, sinking, as he did so, up to his waist in the thick mud. Immediately after, McClellan arrived, and he also jumped without hesitation into the river.

Before he had time to recover an upright position, the Indian made a savage thrust at him with his knife, but this was parried; and, raising his tomahawk, McClellan ordered his enemy to surrender, swearing that, in case of a refusal, he would instantly bury the weapon in his head. Incapable of further resistance, the Indian threw down his knife, and gave himself up; and McClellan then quietly awaited the arrival of his two companions.

Wells and Miller soon reached the bank; and, dragging the captive from the mud, washed his body,

and bound him securely. To their great surprise, he proved to be a white man; and, upon a more narrow examination, Miller was struck with amazement and mortification to see that he was his brother, Christopher, whom he had left about two years before with the Indians. He was very morose and refused to speak, but, upon being called by his name, he instantly turned round; and, recognizing after a few moments the man who addressed him to be his brother Henry, became more communicative, and proceeded with his captors more cheerfully. Upon arriving at Fort Greenville,—at that time the station of the army,—he was placed in the guard-house. General Wayne, Captain Wells, and Henry Miller frequently interviewed him, soliciting him to leave his present disreputable life and join his countrymen; and, though he was at first indisposed to comply, he finally consented, joined Wells's company of rangers, and fought bravely and faithfully until the close of the Indian war.

It will be remembered that Captain Wells, the leader of the band of spies of which McClellan was a member, had been taken prisoner by the Indians while a youth, and raised by them to manhood. Although a man of the most desperate character in enterprise or battle, possessing very few of the softer feelings, he still had many noble impulses, and on several occasions showed a forbearance and generosity which proved him to be as humane as he was courageous.

While on one of his scouting expeditions on the

banks of the river St. Mary, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the stream in a small canoe. Intending to kill the men of the party, and take the women and children prisoners, he ordered his companions to conceal themselves in the underbrush, and wait for the signal which he agreed to give. He then went to the bank and hailed the Indians, requesting them to row to the shore. This they did without hesitation; for Wells was dressed in Indian costume, and the party in the boat had no suspicion of the presence of an enemy in that part of the country. The canoe reached the shore; and the spies, who were lying in wait for them, raised their guns in momentary expectation of the preconcerted signal. But, instead of ordering his comrades to fire, Wells suddenly turned round and called to them to desist, swearing that the man who should attempt to injure any one of the party should instantly receive a ball through his head. This unexpected address gave his companions great displeasure; and, coming forward, with their rifles still leveled, they demanded the meaning of his singular order. Wells then informed them that, the moment the boat struck the shore, he had discovered that its occupants were his Indian father and mother and their children. That father and mother, he said, had "fed him when he was hungry, clothed him when he was naked, and kindly nursed him when sick; and in every respect were as kind and affectionate to him as they were to their own children." He added that though he could perform the bloodi-

est deeds without the slightest compunction of conscience, and shoot or tomahawk the most defenseless savage without mercy, he had not the heart to injure these poor creatures; but, on the contrary, would at all times, and under all circumstances, protect them with his life. His motives and conduct were commended by his companions, who threw down their guns; and, going to the canoe, shook hands with the trembling Indians, assuring them that they had nothing to fear, and telling them that they might continue on their journey unmolested.

In all of their scouting excursions, Wells and his men were provided with the best horses which the army could afford, and were allowed by their superior officers the greatest possible liberty of action, being permitted to come and go at pleasure; and, on their return to camp, being rewarded with the highest honors and extended the greatest privileges which soldiers can enjoy. When on their hostile expeditions, they were always dressed and painted after the Indian fashion; and, as each of them was thoroughly familiar with the Indian tongues and customs, they frequently passed, even among the shrewdest Indian warriors, as natives. They therefore had numerous opportunities of imposing upon their enemies, and thus gaining information of the most valuable character.

On one occasion, toward the close of General Wayne's memorable campaign against the Indians, they were dispatched with orders to bring in an Indian prisoner. The army had arrived at the place

now known as Fort Defiance; and the surrounding country was known to be filled with bands of warriors, hastening to join the main body of Indians, which had gathered to oppose General Wayne's march. The expedition of the scouts was, therefore, a peculiarly venturesome one, since, in hunting for stragglers, they were in great danger of meeting with parties which would prove too strong for them.

Taking their way down the Maumee River, they came to an Indian village, into which they rode boldly, pretending that they had just come from a British fort some distance above and were on their way to take a part in the fight which was now near at hand. They were painted and dressed in full style; and, occasionally stopping to talk with the inhabitants, who came out to look at them, they passed along with the greatest apparent indifference, boasting and swaggering in true Indian fashion. No suspicion was aroused, and they soon left the town and continued on their way.

Immediately after their departure from the village, they met an Indian man and woman returning on horseback from the hunt. Closing around them, they obliged them to surrender; and, securing their prisoners, they set out on their return, highly elated with the success of their adventure.

Riding rapidly in the direction of Fort Defiance, but keeping at the same time a sharp lookout for bands of hostile Indians, they came, shortly after dark, to a large encampment. The prisoners were now given to understand that they must preserve

the most implicit silence, or receive the punishment of instant death. After making a partial circuit of the camp, the adventurers rode off in the homeward direction about half a mile, when they dismounted; and, taking their prisoners, gagged and bound them. A consultation on the course which they should pursue followed, when McClellan, who was loath to return without some enterprise of a more stirring nature, proposed that they should ride boldly into the midst of the Indians, provoke an altercation, shoot an Indian apiece, and then fly for their lives.

This proposition was no sooner made than it was agreed to. The spies put spurs to their horses; and, dashing into the camp, halted, laid their rifles across the pummels of their saddles, and engaged in friendly conversation with the Indian warriors, who were sitting peaceably around their fires smoking their pipes. McClellan and Wells asked them many questions regarding the supposed strength of General Wayne, his probable intentions, and the preparations which had been made to resist him; to all of which the Indians replied very fully, volunteering much useful information. As the warriors became more communicative, the spies grew more inquisitive and boisterous; and finally the suspicions of the enemy were awakened, and some of the braves arose and went for their rifles. At this point an old Indian, who had been watching them closely, was heard to remark, in an undertone, that he fancied that these men were bent on mischief. Instantly Captain Wells gave the signal for attack; each man leveled his gun,



THE RANGERS RIDE INTO THE INDIAN CAMP.



A BLOODY BATTLE WITH INDIANS.

and four Indians fell dead. Lying down on the backs of their horses, the spies rode swiftly away, and were soon out of the light of the camp-fires. Their indiscretion had, however, been so great, that some of the Indians were apprised of their purpose, and were on guard; so that, before they had time to get out of range, they were overtaken by a volley of bullets. McClellan received a serious wound from a ball which entered his body under the shoulder-blade and came out at the shoulder; while Captain Wells was shot through the arm, and his wound was so sharp and painful that he was obliged to drop his rifle. The horse of one of the party (Mr. May) slipped on a smooth rock and fell with its rider, who, before he could rise, was overtaken by the Indians, carried to the camp, and the next day tied to a tree and shot dead.

The three remaining spies made good their escape; and, reaching the place where they had left their prisoners, quickly unbound them, and pursued their retreat. The distance to Fort Defiance was over thirty miles; and, as McClellan and Wells both suffered a great deal from their wounds, it was determined to dispatch the man who had escaped sound to head-quarters for a surgeon and guard. The messenger departed, arrived at the fort, and made known his want to General Wayne, who immediately granted the request, and sent a skillful surgeon with a body of dragoons to relieve his two favorite scouts. The wounds of McClellan and Wells were soon bandaged, the retreat was made in safety, and the prisoners were

turned over to General Wayne, who questioned them narrowly, and obtained from them much valuable knowledge respecting the strength, position, and designs of the enemy.

This incident occurred a short time before the decisive battle which put an end to the Indian struggle. With the crushing defeat of the savages by General Wayne, our account of the adventures of Wells and McClellan and their brave companions terminates; for, so complete was the victory gained by the whites, that Indian warfare in this part of the country became a thing of the past, and consequently the adventurous scouts, who had contributed so much to bring about the fortunate result, were obliged to seek new fields of enterprise. The company was disbanded, and the paths of the men who had composed it diverged. Captain Wells continued his adventurous life for a time, and then settled with his wife and family on a spot of ground, granted him by the government, in southern Indiana; but, falling back into his former ways, he became for awhile an Indian agent; and finally, at the outbreak of the second war with Great Britain, was killed while bravely resisting, with a very inferior force, an Indian attack. The subsequent life of McClellan is so interesting, that the following short account of it has been written for these pages.

ROBERT McCLELLAN ON THE PLAINS.

ON the 12th of September, 1806, Captain Clarke, while descending the Missouri, on his return from the famous Lewis and Clarke expedition to the Pacific coast, met a large boat containing twelve men, who, as he learned, on questioning them, were going up the river to trade with the Maha Indians. Standing in the middle of the craft he recognized the stalwart and intrepid ranger, Robert McClellan, with whom he had many years before, while a lieutenant in the army of General Wayne, formed a familiar acquaintance. Saluting his old friend, Clarke inquired of him regarding the news from the States; and, after the interchange of a few words, both parties put to shore, and the two men spent the evening in relating the experiences which they had passed through since they had fought with Wayne in his memorable campaign.

McClellan informed his friend that, after the disbandment of the scouting corps with which he had been connected, he had returned to civil life, and engaged for some years in mercantile occupations. Looking sharply to the main chance, he had, early in 1801, opened a trading station on the Ohio River, about twenty miles from its mouth, and, succeeding beyond expectation in his business, had determined to go farther West and continue it on a larger scale.

To this end he had purchased a boat, stocked it with merchandise, and was now on his way up the Missouri, to once more begin a life which he hoped would this time prove a peaceable one with the Indians.

In reply to McClellan's inquiries concerning the Western tribes, Clarke said that he would find some of them well disposed, but that, on the whole, they were a set of very rascally, deceitful, and turbulent fellows; and he assured him that he would not have to penetrate far into the Western country before he should find plenty of room for adventure. Taking leave of his friend the next morning, Clarke continued on his homeward voyage, while McClellan, with his eleven companions, pushed forward on an enterprise which, as the event proved, was to yield a series of the most stirring adventures, and from which he was destined never to return to his home.

The trade with the Indians in this part of the country was carried on chiefly by a number of wealthy Frenchmen of St. Louis, who naturally looked with jealousy on the enterprise of their young competitor, and did not scruple to throw every obstacle in his way, secretly encouraging the Indians to acts of hostility. But McClellan, knowing that his right was legally good, determined to maintain perfect independence, and return all opposition with interest, governing his course by the maxim, eminently characteristic, to "strictly observe the letter of the law and fear no d—d rascals."

In 1807, while on a trading expedition to the upper

tribes, in company with Mr. Ramsay Crooks, with whom he had formed a business partnership, an opportunity offered for testing the resolution which he had adopted. While passing through a wild region of country, occupied by the warlike tribes of the Sioux, the voyagers suddenly heard a succession of terrific yells proceeding from the cliffs overhanging the bank of the river, and, looking up, they saw a multitude of hostile warriors, armed with tomahawks, bows and arrows, and other weapons, threatening opposition and menacing attack. McClellan's band was about forty strong, and to invite a conflict would therefore have been extremely unwise. A parley followed, and the result was that the traders were obliged to abandon their enterprise and land at a point lower down the stream. Here they were permitted to erect a station, and, leaving six or eight warriors to watch them, the main body of the Sioux returned to their village. They had no sooner departed than McClellan and Crooks again launched their canoe and set out for their original destination, determined not to be hindered in their object. By hard rowing they soon placed themselves beyond the reach of their savage enemies, and, arriving at the place which McClellan had chosen, built a traders' hut and opened traffic. This momentary hinderance to the success of their enterprise was due, as McClellan afterward learned, to the machinations of one Manual Lisa, a Spaniard, one of the "d—d rascals" whom he had determined not to fear; and, so incensed was he at the cowardly methods employed by his unscrupulous

pulous rival, that McClellan declared that, if he ever met the villain, he would not hesitate to shoot him on the spot.

Although the traders had succeeded in outgeneralizing the Sioux, they were not destined to carry on their traffic unmolested. After conducting their trading business for some years, with varying success, they were one day surprised by a large party of Sioux warriors, who, surrounding the cabin, disarmed the men, broke into the store-room, and appropriated to themselves the goods with which it was stocked. At the time of the attack McClellan was absent, hunting for deer. Returning about dusk, he found a number of the rascally fellows busily engaged in finishing the work of plunder, and, walking in among them, he commanded them to desist and restore what they had wrongfully taken. The Indians, knowing it was very dangerous to provoke his fiery temper, discreetly complied, and returned every thing in their possession; but, unfortunately, the value of what they turned over amounted to only a small part of that carried away, and McClellan found, on calculation, that he had sustained a loss of fully two thousand five hundred dollars.

Sharing what he had left with his men, McClellan abandoned his business, once more launched his boat, and set out on his return to St. Louis, determining to give over his project of Indian trading, and engage in occupations in which he should have fewer "d—d rascals" to deal with. This determination was, however, soon surrendered. At the mouth of

the Nodowa River McClellan found a party of adventurers, under the command of Wilson P. Hunt, who had come to the West in the interest of the Astor American Fur Company; and, finding in this party his old friend Ramsay Crooks (with whom he had dissolved partnership some time previous), he was easily induced to join it, and, by the purchase of a few shares, obtain an interest in the profits of the enterprise.

The expedition under the command of Mr. Hunt was one of two sent out by John Jacob Astor to trade with the Indians and explore and develop the great North-west. The destination of both expeditions was the mouth of the Columbia River. The first had been sent by sea, and was in charge of Captain Jonathan Thorn. The second, whose remarkable history while on the western plains we are now about to trace, left New York in July, 1810, proceeded west by way of Montreal, and, after some difficulties in the way of obtaining men to join it, reached St. Louis; and, leaving that point on the 21st of October, started on its long and adventurous overland journey. It reached the mouth of the Nodowa in November, where it encamped for the winter, and where, as we have stated, it was joined by McClellan. In the following spring Mr. Hunt left for St. Louis to obtain recruits and an interpreter; and, on his return, the camp was broken up, and the party, consisting of about sixty persons, of whom forty were Canadian "voyageurs," a number hunters, and the rest men of various occupations, embarked in four boats (one

of which was very large, and mounted a swivel and two howitzers) for the Upper Missouri.

As this period marks an important epoch in the life of Robert McClellan, it will be well, before resuming the narrative, to indicate in his own words his motives and feelings upon embarking in this memorable enterprise. Writing to his brother William, under date of December 20, 1810, he says :

“Six days ago I arrived at this place from my establishment, which is two hundred miles above, on the Missouri. My mare is with you at Hamilton, having two colts. I wish you to give one to brother John, the other to your son James, and the mare to your wife. If I possessed any thing more except my gun, at present, I would throw it into the river, or give it away, as I intend to begin the world anew to-morrow.”

The party struck camp on the 21st of April, and, continuing their voyage, were favored for a few days with fine weather. Soon, however, the elements grew less auspicious; the wind and current became adverse, and delays were frequent. As they approached the country of the Sioux they proceeded with caution, although pushing forward with all possible rapidity; for they had been advised that the Spanish trader, Manual Lisa, who had so unscrupulously thrown obstacles in the path of McClellan and Crooks, was following, with a number of boats and a large force, close in their rear, with the intention of overtaking and passing them, hoping to gain the country beyond and monopolize the trading business

there. They were aware that Lisa was in league with the Sioux, and that, if possible, he would induce these tribes to oppose their progress; and they therefore kept a sharp lookout, expecting attack.

Shortly after they reached the country of the Sioux they were overtaken by a messenger bearing a letter from Lisa, in which it was proposed that they should halt until his arrival, in order that the two expeditions might proceed through the hostile region together. An evasive answer was sent in reply, and Hunt and his companions pressed forward with all dispatch.

The encounter with the Indians, which they looked for with so much dread, came at last, and the worst fears of the voyagers were realized. On the morning of the 31st of May, while preparing their breakfast, the alarm was suddenly sounded. Two Indians had been seen on a bluff directly ahead of them, and from their suspicious looks and mysterious movements it was supposed that they meant no good. Halting at this point the men breakfasted, although keeping a vigilant watch and being ready to assume the defensive at a moment's warning. After a short absence the two Indians reappeared on the bank; and, gesticulating in a very excited manner, commenced to harangue the voyagers. Mr. Hunt permitted them to talk for awhile, apparently regarding them with indifference, but finally taking with him his Indian interpreter, he rowed to the shore in order to ascertain their meaning. Instantly one of the Indians ran swiftly away, but soon after reappeared on horseback,

riding at full speed, in a north-easterly direction, over the bluffs. The other Indian engaged in conversation with Mr. Hunt, but from his frantic gestures, violent demeanor and abusive language, the men in the boats became convinced that very serious trouble was brewing.

Hunt returned; and, giving orders for each man to prepare instantly for combat, as an encounter with a vastly superior force of the Sioux was inevitable, commanded that the boats should proceed. For some distance the view of the bluffs was obstructed by a large island; but, immediately upon rounding the upper point of this island, the voyagers saw, to their terror and dismay, the whole north-east bank of the stream literally black with hostile savages, whose numbers were being constantly increased by multitudes pouring down from the high bluffs. Upon catching a glimpse of the boats, the warriors set up a prolonged yell; and, crowding along the bank, stood with their weapons in readiness, awaiting the approach of their victims.

Hunt now held a brief consultation with his officers upon the plan to be adopted. Some were for returning, others proposed a halt, and a few thought the only recourse to be battle. The folly of attempting to escape was, however, soon evident to all; for the current of the stream was so swift as to oblige the voyagers to keep close to the bank, which, being in places extremely steep, gave the Indians the advantage, enabling them to approach, fire a volley at the fugitives, and then retire without receiving in-

jury. Preparations were, therefore, made for the battle which all supposed to be imminent.

Under the direction of McClellan, Hunt, and Crooks, all the arms were put in complete order, and the boats were rowed slowly up the stream until they came nearly within range of the enemy. When in plain view of the Indians, the men in the large boat, containing the swivel and howitzers, arose, and very ceremoniously proceeded to load these formidable pieces. They first charged them with powder alone; and, applying the torch, fired them simultaneously. The tremendous report which followed evidently caused the Indians great consternation; but when, instantly reloading the guns, and firing them a second time, the soldiers in the boat demonstrated their ability to pour volley after volley in swift succession into the midst of their enemies, the Indians were thrown into total confusion. The guns were charged once more, this time with powder and ball, and Hunt ordered the boats to advance.

The Indians now abandoned all offensive preparations; and, putting away their weapons, spread their buffalo robes before them, indicating that they had no hostile intentions, and desired a parley. A number of the chiefs came forward, descended to the edge of the river, and, sitting down on the sand, formed a part of a circle, and made preparations for kindling a fire, in order to light the pipe and smoke the calumet. The whites were invited by signs to land; and Hunt, taking with him McClellan and five others, rowed to the shore, first commanding his men

to still maintain an offensive attitude, and be ready to fire in case of treachery. The party was received in a friendly manner; and, after smoking the pipe, Mr. Hunt rose and addressed the chiefs through an interpreter, stating that he and his companions had come from the great salt lake in the east, and were on their way to see some of their brothers in the west, for whom they had been crying many moons; that for want of their brothers their lives had become miserable; that they would rather die than not see their brothers, and that they would kill every man who should attempt to frustrate their design. He said that he had heard that his Indian brothers were bent on doing him and his friends harm, but that he did not wish to believe it. He concluded by earnestly expressing the great love which he felt for his red brethren; and assured them that, when he had planned his journey, he had not been unmindful of their wants, but had provided himself with some presents for them, which he trusted they would receive in token of his friendly feeling and intentions. A supply of tobacco and corn was then brought from the boats, and piled up on the shore near the "great chief."

The offering was received, and the Indian chief, rising, said that he was in war with several tribes who lived a little further on, and that he had been afraid that his white brothers, if allowed to proceed, might take guns and ammunition to them; but, knowing now that his white brothers had no such intentions, he was sorry for what he and his braves had

done. He said that he, too, had absent brothers whom he loved, and for whom he had been crying many moons; and that, out of consideration for the feelings of his white friends, he would permit them to continue on their way to the great western salt lake. He added, however, that his young men were not so considerate, and not mindful of the affection which he bore his white brothers, but were inclined to be wild, and might become troublesome, and so concluded by advising Mr. Hunt to encamp on the other side of the river.

Observing the spirit rather than the letter of this recommendation, Hunt, re-embarking, gave the word to proceed, and the boats were rowed as swiftly as possible up the stream. During this day and the next one, the party saw no sign of danger; but, on the succeeding day, they once more were called upon to exercise every precaution, and prepare for sanguine and stubborn battle.

Shortly after daybreak, two Indians were seen on the bluffs; but these, instead of making violent demonstrations, commenced to throw their buffalo robes, and make signs of peace. The voyagers at once landed; and the Indians, running to meet them, went up to McClellan and Crooks, threw their arms around them, and embraced and caressed them in the most fulsome manner. These actions were not very much to the liking of the rough soldiers, particularly when they recognized in the savages the chiefs who had led the war-party which had attempted to obstruct their progress several years

before; and who, fearing retaliation, had now come to beg for clemency.

The pipe of peace was smoked with the chiefs, and a few presents were given them. The Indians took their departure, and the boats were pushed forward. In a short time the tramp of horses was heard, and two Indians, riding up to the bank, hailed the party, and demanded, in a very loud tone and peremptory manner, that some gifts, such as had been received by their companions, should be presented to them. This demand Mr. Hunt refused to comply with; and he ordered the Indians to be off, declaring that he would treat every one who came to him in so insolent a way as his enemy.

This refusal and threat threw the Indians into an ungovernable rage; and, after a few passionate exclamations and maledictions, they rode furiously off, vowing vengeance.

Fearing that the savages would execute their threat, and bring a large force of warriors to attack them, it was determined to make every preparation for a conflict, and then advance cautiously in battle array. The men were armed, and the boats proceeded up the stream. Mr. Hunt, with McClellan and a few trusty companions, took the lead in the large boat, and rowed along one side of the river, while the remainder of the party followed in the canoes on the other. Their object in thus separating their forces was to be able to command a full view of the bluffs and distant hills, which could not be seen from one side alone. It

was agreed that, as soon as Indians were discovered, a signal-gun should be fired, and the boats should instantly rejoin each other.

While pulling around the lower end of a sand-bar, which he had followed up for some distance until his boat had run aground and he was obliged to retrace his course and steer into deeper water, Hunt heard the alarm sounded from one of the canoes; and, looking toward the shore, saw a band of armed Indians running toward him, evidently with the purpose of cutting off his escape, and, after massacring him and the rest of the men in the boat, securing their craft, and then directing its guns against the remainder of the party.

The men in the other three boats, seeing the danger of their comrades, strained every effort to intercept the Indians in their design. But, on account of the delay caused Mr. Hunt by the sand-bar, they had got some distance in advance, and they knew that before they could reach the opposite bank the Indians would have gained the point, and rescue would be no longer possible.

Meantime, the warriors had gathered in great force, and were waiting at a point on the shore for Hunt to come opposite them. The emergency seemed to be a fearful one; but, just as Hunt was about to give the signal to fire, McClellan checked him, and told him with a smile that there was nothing to fear. While his comrades had been busily preparing for the combat, McClellan, coolly surveying the Indians, had discovered that, though they

were thronging to the shore in great numbers, and were all completely armed, they showed no desire to fight, and evidently did not think of an encounter, but stood looking at the whites with an expression more of friendly expectation than of hostile design. The boat was accordingly rowed toward them; and, as soon as it came opposite the point, some of the Indians, throwing down their arms, jumped into the river and swam to it, seeking to shake hands with its occupants; while the rest ran along the bank, and, making for the other boats, crowded around them, offering the same friendly token.

These Indians, it now appeared, belonged to the Arickara nation, one of those with which the Sioux were at war. Far from opposing the whites, they welcomed them with joy, knowing that they could secure from them, by trading, a quantity of firearms and ammunition. The voyagers encamped that night as the guests of the savages. Provisions were furnished, partly from the boats and partly from the stores of the war-party, the evening was devoted to feasting, the greatest hilarity prevailed; and, following the festivities, the whites were entertained until after midnight by the songs and dances of the warriors.

The hope of carrying on a successful and lucrative business among the tribes was, however, speedily dissipated. On the following morning an Indian came running into the camp, and communicated the very unwelcome information that a boat was coming up the river. This Mr. Hunt and his



A CONVIVIAL MEETING



INDIAN SCALP DANCE.

party knew to be one of the crafts of their rival, Manual Lisa, whose company they had previously declined, and whom they were very anxious, particularly at the present time, to avoid.

The boat, on its arrival, proved to contain Mr. Lisa and a detachment of his party. He immediately sought an interview with Hunt, who received him with coldness and distrust. During the interview, McClellan, who had not forgotten the outrage put upon him several years before by Lisa, stood regarding his enemy with very black looks, and several times felt impelled to carry his former threat into execution; but, reflecting that it would not be wise to provoke, on account of a merely personal grievance, an outbreak in which both bands must inevitably become involved, he forebore to abide by his hostile intention, though still resolving to do his utmost to injure the credit and prevent the success of this unscrupulous knave.

After a short conference between the leaders, a compromise was effected. It was agreed that the two parties should proceed together, and that each should have equal privileges with the other. They accordingly remained with the Arickara warriors until the arrival of the rest of Lisa's boats, when, taking again to their barks, they pushed on to the villages of the Arickara tribe.

The ill-feeling which existed between the leaders was fully shared by the men of both parties, and several disputes arose. Lisa was very dogmatic and domineering, and, on one occasion, made him-

self particularly offensive. He attempted to seduce the interpreter of Hunt's party, Pierre Dorion, threatening him with prosecution on account of an old whisky debt, and offering him inducements to join his expedition. This attempt naturally aroused the anger of Mr. Hunt and his companions. McClellan, in particular, was highly enraged; and, taking up his gun, he addressed a few emphatic words to Lisa, swearing that, unless he conducted himself more decently, he would blow out his brains, and offering to fight him in single combat whenever he felt so disposed. The difficulty was bridged over, the voyage was continued, and, soon after, the Arickara town was reached, where both parties landed and engaged in traffic with the inhabitants.

In accordance with a plan which had been formed, the Hunt party here abandoned their boats, and made preparations to perform the remainder of the journey overland. Their first care was to secure horses for the carriage of provisions, baggage, etc., and for the convenience of the men, who, if obliged to march on foot, must necessarily have had a slow and painful progress. But, though all the animals had been purchased which could be obtained, Mr. Hunt found that the number was insufficient, and he therefore was compelled to accept a proposition made by Lisa, who offered, in exchange for the large boat of the party and a stipulated quantity of supplies, to furnish a certain number of horses. In discharge of his agreement, Lisa set out with

Mr. Crooks and a part of Hunt's company to one of his posts, about one hundred and fifty miles up the river; and, after an absence of a fortnight, returned with the number of animals specified.

The expedition had now proceeded one thousand four hundred and thirty miles from the mouth of the Missouri. Their journey thus far, though not unattended with trial and danger, had been accomplished in safety and with comparative comfort. No men had been lost, and the enterprise, on the whole, had been quite successful. The most venturesome part of the undertaking was now to be accomplished. An unknown, wild and hostile region of country, one thousand miles in extent, was to be traversed. Fatigues and dangers, such as always attend an expedition through an unexplored territory, were to be endured; and though the men who composed the party were all brave and fearless, they looked forward to their enterprise as one which was peculiarly uninviting, and in which their prospects of success were at least doubtful.

Provided with eighty-two horses, nearly all of which were heavily loaded with Indian goods, beaver traps, ammunition, Indian corn, corn-meal, and other provisions and necessities, the party, numbering altogether sixty-two men, set out, on the 18th of July, 1811, on their long journey. Very few of the men were mounted; for, in spite of all his efforts, Hunt had been barely able to procure enough horses to serve for the transportation of the effects of his companions and stores.

Pursuing a north-east course, which they afterward changed to almost a north-west, the adventurers traveled for a few days very slowly, owing to the sickness of a number of the men, and the exceedingly rocky nature of the ground. At the end of five days, they came to an encampment of Cheyenne Indians, and were received by them in a friendly manner, being invited to rest and recruit. This invitation was accepted. The travelers halted for about two weeks; and then, with forty additional horses, which they had obtained by purchase from the Indians, they went forward on their journey, with spirits raised by the hospitable reception which they had met, and the favorable prospects which they now fancied were opening before them.

Penetrating a broad prairie region, they crossed a number of small streams, and following the course of one of these, reached, in about a week's time, the foot of the formidable Big Horn Mountains. Here they fell in with a band of the Crow Indians, a quarrelsome, malicious and rascally lot of fellows. Although the Indians did not exceed the whites in number, and had no chance of standing against them, they were very aggressive and insulting, and it was all that the travelers could do, consistently with proper independence and self-respect, to avoid a sanguinary termination of their intercourse with them. As several of their horses had become lame, and as the men were in no plight to perform the journey on foot, McClellan proposed that they should effect an exchange with the Indians, if possible, for better-conditioned

beasts. This was agreed to, and McClellan was deputed to negotiate.

The Indians at first refused to entertain any proposition, thinking that, as the animals were too lame to go much further, the travelers would soon turn them loose, when they could capture and appropriate them without being obliged to give an equivalent. McClellan offered the savages some ammunition and provisions in addition, but they still refused to listen to terms. Finally, guessing their motives in declining so advantageous a proposal, McClellan ordered that the whole number of animals which he wished them to take should be led out, and then, calling a party of men, he commanded them to load their guns, and, when he gave the word, to shoot the beasts on the spot. This stroke of policy had the desired effect; the Indians requested him to desist, and then came to an agreement, giving him good horses in return for the poor ones, and for the supplies which had been offered in addition.

Leaving these unfriendly and ill-disposed Indians, the travelers proceeded. Their course now lay through a rugged, mountainous country, extremely difficult to pass through, and, in places, very dangerous. Many days were consumed in climbing the crags and passing down the precipitous descents of this dangerous range. Finally the plains of the Mad River were reached. This region was scarcely less inviting, for they found the country through which the stream flows very rough, and to proceed by water was out of the question, for the current was swift, and the

river, at places, was scarcely eighty yards in width, forming a roaring torrent.

Tracing the course of the Mad River, the travelers reached, in a few days, a broad stretch of comparatively level country filled with great herds of buffalo. Encamping, they divided themselves into hunting parties, and spent about a week in shooting these animals and drying their meat, hoping to provide themselves with a quantity sufficient for the remainder of the journey.

After breaking up their encampment they journeyed slowly and with difficulty. It was now nearly three months since they had left the Arickaras; the fall season was far advanced, and the weather grew cold and very inclement. A number of horses had been lost on the way; the remainder were, for want of forage, half-starved; the men, obliged now, for the most part, to journey afoot, were weak and discouraged, and the prospect was gloomy in the extreme. The greater part of the distance had been accomplished, but the travelers knew that, before reaching their destination, the navigable waters of the Columbia River, they had a region of country to traverse which presented far greater obstacles to progress, and which was far more dangerous than any they had yet passed through.

Foot-sore, exhausted and despairing, they arrived, on the 8th of October, at a post on the Mad River, which had been established a year previous by a Mr. Henry, but which had been abandoned by him early in the spring. Taking possession of the de-



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.



THE HOME OF THE RED MAN.

sented log-huts which formed the post, they remained at this place for about ten days, and then, leaving their horses in charge of two Indians, they embarked in fifteen canoes which they had made, and started down Snake River, a stream formed by the junction of Mad River and Henry's Fork, hoping to accomplish the greater part of the remaining distance by navigation.

For a distance of about a hundred miles their voyage was made with fair expedition. But soon, to their dismay, they found that the river, instead of being navigable throughout its course, formed numerous rapids, and that the voyage could not be prosecuted without imminent danger. But, rendered desperate by the circumstances in which they were placed, they resolved to continue, thinking that they would before long pass the rapids and come to a point where the navigation would be safer and more convenient.

Pursuing their resolution, they found that fortune was still against them. Discouragements and disasters followed close upon one another. As they proceeded the rapids became more frequent, and where these were absent, the current was so swift as to render it extremely perilous to follow the stream. In shooting one of the rapids, a canoe struck a rock and was wrecked, one of the men being drowned. Another canoe, which they sought to pass down by means of a line, was swept away by the current, and three more stuck so fast among the rocks that they could not be extricated. Finally a whirling vortex,

forming a fearful abyss, brought the voyagers to a stand, and, exploring the stream beyond this for about forty miles, in the hope that it still might be found navigable, they discovered that, instead of a river, it was a raging torrent, and rushed in a channel, only twenty or thirty yards wide, through precipices rising hundreds of feet, and that in places it descended in rapids and falls ten and twenty feet high.

To continue the voyage was impossible, and, since they were now three hundred and fifty miles from Post Henry, to return for their horses was out of the question. The only alternative was, therefore, to strike through the wilderness on foot, steering a course for the Columbia River.

The provisions of the travelers were by this time well-nigh exhausted, only five days' allowance remaining of the large supply of buffalo meat which had been dried for the journey. Starvation was imminent, and, as it was reasonable to suppose that the men would have greater chances of subsisting on the product of the wilderness if they proceeded in small detachments than if they advanced in a body, it was determined that the wisest step which could be taken was a division of the forces.

Mr. Hunt, accordingly, selected a number of his bravest and most trustworthy men, and, dividing them into parties of from three to five each, placed them in charge of three of his associates in the expedition—Robert McClellan, Ramsay Crooks, and Donald McKenzie. The instructions which he gave were

explicit. If they found that they could do no better, they were to march direct for the Columbia, and make the best of their way to Astoria. If, however, they chanced to fall in with friendly Indians within a reasonable distance, they were to secure horses and provisions, and return to the starting point, where Hunt agreed to wait with the main body until their arrival, or else until, from protracted absence, all reasonable hope of their return should be abandoned.

The party of which Crooks was the leader, consisting of five men besides himself, set out up the river, intending to retrace the course which had been pursued, and return to Post Henry, where they were to secure the horses which had been left with the Indians, obtain, if possible, a quantity of supplies, and return to Caldron Linn, the camp (so-named from the raging whirlpool in the river at this point), with all dispatch. The party, headed by McKenzie, consisted of five men, and, starting due north, made direct for the Columbia River.

Robert McClellan and his party, composed of three brave and tried men, taking with them a small quantity of provisions, followed the course of the Snake River, having in view the same ultimate object as the band led by McKenzie. They journeyed for several days over rugged and barren mountains, finding no trace of life of any kind, and consequently failing in their purpose of obtaining relief for their companions. Indeed, so fruitless was their search that, after their scanty stock of supplies had become exhausted, they found barely enough on which to

subsist; and, weary and dejected, they began to realize that starvation and death in the wilderness was their final destiny.

Clambering over the high and craggy peaks of the mountains, they met, some days after their departure, the band of McKenzie. This was, for the moment at least, a fortunate encounter, for McKenzie and his company had been more successful, having killed some game; and they were able, therefore, to afford temporary relief to their half-famished comrades.

By the unanimous voice of the men, McClellan was chosen leader of the party, and, under his command, a northerly course was followed up Snake River. The heroism, endurance and fortitude possessed by McClellan in so eminent a degree, now served a very useful purpose, for, in the perilous journey which was about to be undertaken, only the highest qualities of leadership could be of successful avail.

As the party advanced, the difficulties of the enterprise increased. The peaks and precipices grew steeper and more barren, and the defiles narrower and more dangerous. Although it was not yet the middle of November, the adventurers were subjected, from the high altitude of the country, to the extremes of cold, and snow-storms were frequent and very violent. Fuel was scarce, and they were often obliged to sleep at night in the snow, or take shelter in the crevices of the rocks, without a fire.

Every one has read of the strange optical illusion occasionally experienced by sojourners on the Afri-

can desert. A party of wayworn travelers, famished with hunger and perishing with thirst, wearily journeying over the burning sand, suddenly descry, in the distance, a beautiful green spot, shaded by palms and watered by flowing streams. They rush forward, overjoyed with the thought of at length finding relief from their sufferings. As they advance, they find that they had at first miscalculated the distance, for the inviting spot still appears far ahead. They proceed, hoping to reach it, but their hope at length turns to despair, for they perceive that what at first seemed to be an oasis is only an illusion of the sight, finally disappearing in air as it came.

Disappointment which is caused by the sudden extinction of sanguine, though ill-founded, hope is indeed great; but the shock is soon over, and resignation or renewed desire succeeds. Far different, however, is the result when, after a long-continued prospect of certain fruition and an unceasing effort to gain that which is constantly within sight, though never within reach, the conviction becomes inevitable that success is out of the question, and that the future offers nothing but an unending series of disappointments.

Although McClellan and his party never departed far from the river, and could at any time see its roaring waters, they suffered from nothing more than thirst. So acute were the pangs which they endured

ran many hundreds of feet below them, and could not be approached, while the country was almost wholly devoid of brooks and springs.

The torments which they suffered from hunger were equally unendurable; and, as they came well-nigh perishing from thirst in a region where water flowed in abundance, so also they were left to hunger for food where game was not unfrequently seen in great plenty. On several occasions they observed large herds of buffalo on the opposite side of the river, and the distant tramp of these animals, mingling with the thunder of the torrent, combined to awaken in their minds a sensation of the profoundest despair.

Being able to procure no game of any kind, and reduced at length to the verge of starvation, they cut several beaver-skins which they had with them into small pieces. These were broiled before the fire, and dealt out by McClellan in scanty allowances. Finally, even this wretched means of support failed, and, growing feebler and feebler, the men, after struggling vainly for several days through a raging snow-storm, during which time they tasted no food, lay down under a rock to await the death which all knew to be speedily approaching.

Three of the men were faint and emaciated, apparently past all hope of recovery, and nearly all the rest were so weak as to be scarcely able to move a limb. McClellan, whose sturdy frame and iron constitution had thus far borne him up, was the only one of the party who was at all suited to continue the march, and even he was in a most pitiable plight.

Surrendering themselves to the fate which they regarded as inevitable, the men lay in the drifting snow with their useless weapons scattered around them. McClellan himself, who had thus far kept up his spirits, and encouraged his comrades to persevere in the hope of soon finding relief, now gave up in despair; and, offering his gun to one of his companions, requested him to aim it at his heart, and mercifully terminate his miserable existence.

While the unfortunate travelers lay in this distressing condition, lamenting that they had ever been born into a world in which trial and suffering seemed to be their only portion, McClellan, accidentally looking up, saw, through the driving snow, an immense buffalo sheltering itself under a rock on the side of a hill. He instantly seized his rifle, and, carefully examining its priming, noiselessly crept up the hill. Making a circuitous route, he arrived, in a few moments, without being seen, within shooting distance. He leveled his gun, while his companions watched him from below in breathless suspense, knowing that the issue of the adventure was to them a matter of life and death.

In a moment the report of the rifle was heard, and the buffalo fell dead. The success of McClellan's shot was greeted with a shout by his comrades, who arose, and, throwing their hats in the air, and embracing each other, laughed and wept by turns. McClellan lost no time in rolling the carcass of the animal down the hill, for his companions were so feeble that they could not clamber

over the rocks. The body was instantly cut to pieces, and the men were about to satisfy their appetites by devouring the flesh raw, when McClellan sternly ordered them to forebear; and, kindling a fire, melted a quantity of snow in an iron pot. He then deliberately cut the flesh from the bones; and, throwing the latter into the water, made a thick soup, which he gave to his companions in small quantities, telling them that starving men must exercise a control over their appetites, and informing them, besides, that, since they had been reduced to such straits, they must now take care to provide for the future, contenting themselves with scant repasts.

This fortunate supply of food soon restored the spirits and strength of the men; and, after resting for a few days, they once more took up their march. By exercising the greatest self-denial, frequently going for whole days without eating a morsel, they succeeded in making their stock of provisions hold out during the rest of their passage through the mountains, which consumed twenty-one days. At the end of this time, they reached a small tributary of the Lewis Fork of the Columbia; and, following it to its mouth, obtained two canoes from a friendly tribe of Indians, and embarked. They reached Astoria early in January, 1812, about six weeks before the arrival of Mr. Hunt, with the main body, and nearly four months before Mr. Crooks.

We have said that, besides the expedition which had been sent overland under the command of Mr.

Hunt, another one had been fitted up under the auspices of the Company, and dispatched by sea. This had been given in charge to Captain Thorn, of the vessel *Tonquin*. The voyage to the Pacific coast was made in safety; but, before proceeding to Astoria, Captain Thorn determined to cruise along the shore, and trade with the natives. While coasting north of the Columbia River, he was induced by a tribe of treacherous Indians to enter the mouth of a small stream; and here, as the water was very shallow, the vessel ran aground. The Indians then surrounded it in boats; and, attacking it in great force, soon succeeded in boarding it, and overpowering the crew; and so complete was their success, that not one man escaped to tell the story of the massacre.

On his arrival at Astoria, about the middle of February, 1812, Mr. Hunt, learning of the disaster which had befallen Captain Thorn and his men, resolved to send an expedition across the country with dispatches to John Jacob Astor, at New York, informing him of the state of affairs.

Accordingly, on the 22d of March, 1812, a party, under the command of Mr. John Reed, the clerk of the company, set out from Astoria on this important mission. Although McClellan was not requested to join it, since he was one of the partners in the enterprise, and since his services were needed more at the settlement, he resolved to accompany it. This resolution was due to a misunderstanding which had arisen between himself and Hunt. Discontented

with the comparative insignificance of his interest in the profits of the expedition, he had applied for a larger number of shares; but had been refused, on the very good ground that he had already purchased his quota, and could not reasonably expect an increase. McClellan, rash and self-willed, upon this refusal, inconsiderately severed his connection with the company, and united with Reed's party.

That a man in his sober senses, just after having escaped, with so much difficulty, a death in the wilderness, could, from so trivial a cause, voluntarily return to an adventurous life, seems almost incredible. But McClellan never looked at consequences; and, in matters which concerned his personal welfare, was always controlled by a headstrong will, and acted from first impulses.

The party, composed of three separate companies, one of which was to make the journey to the East, and the other two to perform certain missions of a comparatively easy character, and then to return, numbered seventeen men. They embarked in canoes, and rowed up the Columbia River until they reached its falls, where they disembarked, and proceeded to carry their boats and goods by land until they should reach a point where it would be safe to again take the river.

While preparing to make this transfer, they were suddenly surrounded by a war-party of about four hundred Indians. Fearing attack, they assumed a defensive stand; but the Indians, after pausing a moment to deliberate, instead of assailing them,

came forward and assured them of their amicable intentions.

The designs of the savages were soon discovered; for, making very free of their friendly professions, they offered to carry the canoes, with the merchandise and supplies of the party, to the head of the falls. Rightly guessing that the object of the Indians, in making this proposal, was to have an opportunity to plunder, the offer was declined; but, fearing lest they should be put out of humor, Reed allowed them to carry the canoes, with the promise that, if they behaved themselves, they should be permitted to transfer the goods the next morning.

About the middle of the night, McClellan, determined to thwart the designs of the thievish Indians, arose, and, awaking the men, proposed that they should take advantage of the night, and transfer their stores at once. As the moon was shining, they could easily see to make their way; and, as most of the Indians had gone to the other side, and had set no watch, there was little fear of discovery.

They would probably have succeeded in their design, and been on their way before their absence was discovered by the Indians, had not the day dawned before the transportation was effected. McClellan, who, with Mr. Reed, guarded the rear, was about to set out with the last loads, when an Indian discovered him, and sounded the alarm. In an instant several canoes, containing a hundred or more savages, pushed out from the opposite shore; and crossing, leaped on the river bank, and rushed forward to secure the goods.

McClellan raised his rifle, and coolly stood guard, when one of the Indians made a thrust at him with his knife, attempting, at the same time, to hood-wink him with a buffalo robe. But, springing back, McClellan avoided both the blow and the motion; and, leveling his gun, shot him dead. Instantly wheeling, he discharged one of his pistols at an Indian who was about to shoot at him; and his second enemy also fell to the ground.

By this time the rest of the party had come up. Their arrival was very opportune; for, though McClellan had thus far stood his ground, he fought against great odds, and would soon have been overpowered. His companion, John Reed, had been knocked senseless by a war-club in the hands of a powerful Indian, who now stood over him, with his tomahawk raised, ready to bury it in his head. Seeing the danger of their leader, the men rushed forward, and one of them, leveling his rifle, fired just at the critical moment, felling the savage, and saving the life of his intended victim.

Following up their advantage, the men formed; and, with a shout, charged the Indians, who, thrown into confusion by the vigor of the attack, fled precipitately.

Mr. Reed was now raised from the ground, and his wounds, which were very severe, were dressed. The voyage was resumed; but, before they had proceeded far, it was found that, during the skirmish with the Indians, the tin case in which Reed carried the dispatches to Mr. Astor had been lost. The object of the expedition was, therefore, frustrated; and, after

proceeding to the post of Oakinagin, some distance further on, to which they had received instructions to carry a quantity of supplies, they turned round and retraced their course, arriving safely, in a few days, at Astoria.

As it was highly important that Mr. Astor should be informed of the result of the expedition sent out by him, Mr. Hunt, who acted as his representative, determined to send a second party with dispatches. He accordingly chose Mr. Robert Stuart,—a man of signal courage and daring,—to perform the mission; and, selecting four brave and tried men to accompany him, dispatched the party, on the 25th of June, 1812, on their long and perilous journey.

Still adhering to his resolution to return home, Robert McClellan signified his desire to join the expedition. His request was reluctantly granted; and, with his old comrade Ramsay Crooks, who also had become dissatisfied with Hunt's management, he bade adieu to his friends at Astoria, and embarked in the enterprise.

Ascending the Columbia River, they arrived, in about a month, at the mouth of the Walla-Walla; and here they left their canoes, purchased horses, and set out through the wilderness in the direction of the Snake River, intending to visit the camp at Caldron Linn, and secure a quantity of merchandise and baggage which had been secreted among the rocks by Mr. Hunt the year before.

Before reaching the rough and barren mountains, they had to pass through a parched and sandy region,

totally devoid of vegetation, and unwatered by streams of any kind. The sun shone with a burning heat; their march was slow, and, before they had traversed half of the distance, their supply of water became exhausted. Far in the distance rose the peaks of the mountains; and the travelers knew that their trials, though already great, had in reality but just begun. But, though they suffered intensely, they still pushed forward with alacrity, determined to own no such word as failure.

After journeying for twenty-two days, they reached in safety, though much exhausted, the banks of the Snake River. By following the route across the desert, they found that they had gained one considerable advantage. The distance had been greatly lessened, and some of the most formidable peaks of the mountains had been avoided; and, being familiar with the nature of the country bordering the river, which they struck at a point where it was comparatively easy to follow, they were enabled to proceed with greater directness, and choose their ground at once without stopping to make explorations.

Caldron Linn was reached on the 29th of August. To their disappointment, they found that most of the valuable merchandise, stores, and ammunition, which had been deposited by Mr. Hunt, had been found by the Indians and carried off. They secured the remainder, which consisted of a quantity of ammunition, a few dry-goods, and a number of beaver-traps, and then resumed their march.

It will be recollected that Mr. Hunt and his party

had made the journey down the Snake River, as far as the camp at Caldron Linn, in canoes. Remembering the hardships which had attended that dangerous passage, the travelers determined to perform the return journey by land; and, hoping to make better progress, instead of following the course of the stream, they left its banks, and struck out through the mountains in the direction of Bear River.

Their supplies had by this time given entirely out; the country afforded no game, and they were again reduced to the verge of starvation. Their only means of subsistence was by angling for fish in the streams, and this afforded them but a precarious existence. So great were their necessities, that they were obliged to scrape the fur off of some of the beaver, buffalo, and bear skins that they had in their packs and devour the hides. Occasionally they came across deserted Indian lodges, and in these they would sometimes find dogs and small quantities of dried salmon, which they ate eagerly. Finally, after wandering aimlessly for many days, they reached a stream which they supposed to be Bear River; and, following it and its branches, they came, in the course of a few days, to a country which was more open, though still very barren and uninviting.

To their great disgust and terror, the travelers now found that they had arrived in the region occupied by the hostile and rascally Crow Indians. One evening on their return to their camp from a fishing excursion, they perceived two or three Indians (whom McClellan easily recognized as belonging to the Crow tribe),

lurking in the neighborhood, and the following day they received a visit from a large band of these malicious fellows.

Remembering the unpleasant experience which they had had among the Crows on their march the year before, the travelers determined to maintain a strict watch and keep constantly on their guard. They succeeded in impressing the Indians with an idea of their strength, and thus preserving themselves from attack, for these Indians were as cowardly as they were insolent. In spite, however, of the watchfulness of the travelers the thievish Crows got the better of them. They succeeded in pilfering a number of small articles from the baggage, and finally, after following in the rear of the band for six days, entered the camp one night and stole and drove off all of the horses.

Even with the best conveniences for traveling, their march must now necessarily have been attended with difficulty and privation. The distance to be accomplished was two thousand miles; the nature of the country was entirely unknown to them, and, since they had no stores, existence must have been precarious in the extreme. But the dangers of the journey, now that they had lost their horses, were increased tenfold. Obligated to travel on foot, their progress could not but be wretchedly slow; and, as they had no means of transporting provisions in quantity, they knew they must depend for their support upon the game which they should chance to kill from day to day. Even should they have a success-

tul hunt the prospects were that it would avail them only for the time being, for they were already burdened with ammunition and blankets, and could not carry much in addition.

Keeping up their spirits as bravely as possible under the circumstances, the men went about to prepare for their long tramp. Selecting all that they needed from their packs, they carefully deposited the rest in *caches*, or holes dug in the ground, for the concealment of goods, and then shouldered their knapsacks. But, just as they were about to start, one of the men, returning from examining the traps which had been set the night before for beavers, reported that he had seen two Indians watching their movements from behind a rock, evidently hoping to discover where they were hiding their merchandise. At this information the goods were instantly unearthed, thrown in a pile, and burned, for the travelers, bent on revenge of some kind, determined that, though the knavish Crows had gained the advantage of them in the matter of the horses, they should be disappointed in their scheme of securing the surplus baggage.

Pursuing their march, they journeyed for about ten days with fair dispatch and comparative comfort. They had the good fortune to meet with success in hunting, for they managed to kill an elk or two and trap a beaver. Reaching the Mad River, they made part of the journey on rafts, and, leaving the stream on the 29th of September, they again took their way through the wilderness, skirting the southern slopes of the mountains.

Once more good fortune changed to ill. Before they had gone far they found that they were on the borders of the country occupied by the Blackfeet Indians, a tribe scarcely less dangerous than the Crows. A halt was called forthwith, a consultation was held, and after some discussion, it was decided, in spite of the remonstrances of McClellan, that instead of going round the mountains, thus placing themselves in danger of discovery by straggling parties of Indians, they should take the route directly over and across them.

Thoroughly disgusted at what he regarded the pusillanimity of the men, who chose to climb the steep and rough peaks of the mountains rather than go fearlessly forward, McClellan very sullenly accompanied his comrades. The ascent of the mountains was begun at once, and, to show their spirit and ardor, the travelers, most of whom were young in years, not more than half the age of McClellan, each mounted with alacrity, striving who should reach the top first. McClellan, who was in no mood for this friendly competition, soon fell behind. His spirit was one which could brook no rivalry, and, irritated beyond measure, he suddenly stopped short, and, jerking the beaver traps, which had been given him to carry, down the slope, he swore that he would go no further with such craven cowards. Mr. Stuart expostulated with him, and, handing him a pack of dried meat in place of his former burden, ordered him to go forward. McClellan disdainfully threw this on the ground, saying, derisively, that whoever needed it

might take it up, but he, for his part, would depend for his support upon his rifle. His temper was now thoroughly aroused, and, with a few contemptuous words, he bade adieu, descended the mountain, and set off in the direction which he had originally proposed.

His comrades stood looking after him a few moments with emotions of admiration and wonder, not unmingled with a sense of deep mortification. Their first impulse was to follow, overtake, and accompany him, but prudential considerations prevailed; and, knowing that it was useless to attempt to persuade him to recall his resolution, they finally resumed the ascent of the mountain. Reaching the top they again turned round, and saw McClellan still pursuing his solitary journey, apparently unmindful of any thing but placing a distance between himself and the cowardly fellows who preferred climbing rocks to fighting Indians.. A moment after they began the descent of the opposite side, and lost sight forever, as they thought, of the brave man who had so long been their comrade and fellow-sufferer.

For eleven days the adventurers continued their weary progress through the mountains. Fearful lest the noise of their guns should inform their enemies of their presence, they did not venture to shoot game, but depended for food on their beaver-trap. Soon they reached a country wholly devoid of animal life of any kind. Not even a wolf was to be seen. Water and fuel were equally scarce, and the whole aspect was extremely discouraging and gloomy. The

moccasins of the travelers were worn out, and they were obliged to make their way over the sharp rocks in their bare feet, which were swollen with bruises and bleeding with cruel gashes. The painful experience of the previous fall and winter was now suffered over again: hunger and thirst, and the acutest bodily anguish, were once more endured, and once again death seemed to be the only relief which the future could offer.

Suffering and distress had, by this time, overcome the dread of the Blackfeet, and the wanderers looked anxiously for traces of Indians, believing that even hostile barbarians could not treat them more inhospitably than the unfriendly wilderness. One evening, having halted for the night, they perceived a cloud of smoke at a distance, rising, evidently, from some camp-fire, and, in hopes of finding Indians who would give them relief, one of the party was dispatched to the supposed encampment to negotiate.

The next morning, as he did not return, they went forward. After proceeding for some distance, they perceived a man approaching, and, on coming nearer, they found him to be their messenger of the night before. In answer to the eager inquiries of his comrades, he replied that he indeed had news, although what he had to communicate would scarcely reassure them. The smoke, he said, had risen from the camp-fire, not of the Indians, but of their late companion, McClellan, who, after wandering for twelve days, almost without a morsel of food, had, at length, given up in despair and lain down to die.

This intelligence for awhile drove all other thoughts from their minds, and they determined to go quickly to the place where their unfortunate friend lay, minister, if possible, to his necessities, and encourage him to once more take up his journey. They knew, two or three days before this, that they were on his trace, having found the embers of camp-fires which they judged to have been his, since they perceived tracks which were undoubtedly the prints of his feet; and since, on one occasion, they found the remains of a miserable wolf, which could not have been slain by Indians, as it had evidently provided some starving man with a supper.

Reaching the place where McClellan lay, they found him stretched on the ground, his face hollow and deathly pale, and his once sturdy frame reduced almost to skin and bones. They spoke to him, and lifting his head, he feebly returned the salutation, saying that he was rejoiced to see them, and begging for food. He was told that they too, were starving, and that to relieve him was, therefore, out of the question at present; but they urged him to rise and go with them, in order that all might live or die together.

"It is of no use," said McClellan, shaking his head; "we are all doomed to perish, and it is better that we should meet our fate here than that we should drop down, one by one, on the desert."

The truth of this melancholy answer was felt by all, but his companions still spoke in a hopeful strain, and, lifting him from the ground, led him forward a

few steps. Once on his feet, he became more resolute, and finally said, with determination, that they had but to lead and he would follow. Cheers and other demonstrations of enthusiasm greeted this characteristic reply. His comrades hailed him as a hero, and, sharing his rifle, knapsack, and other effects among them, they aided him forward, swearing that he should yet live to be, as he had been so many times before, their preserver.

This day they traveled seventeen miles over a level, sandy plain without tasting any food. Encamping, they perceived, at a distance, a herd of antelope, and McClellan, seizing his rifle, ordered all the men who were able, to follow him. His will, however, was stronger than his capacity, for, after running a few yards, he fell fainting to the ground. Two or three of his companions, who were in better case, advanced, hoping to get a shot at the animals; but, just as they arrived within range, the whole herd took sudden flight and ran off like the wind.

This evening the party went to bed supperless. None of them had satisfied their hunger for forty-eight hours, and McClellan had eaten nothing, except the vile flesh of the wolf which he had killed, for many days. Rendered savage by want, one of the men, a Canadian, approached Mr. Stuart, the leader of the party, and, with a wild expression and a despairing voice, proposed that, as it was vain to hope for rescue, and as the only alternative was the certain death of the whole party, one man should be killed in order that the rest might live. He expressed

a willingness to cast lots in order to fix upon the one who should be sacrificed, whispering to Mr. Stuart that he, as the leader of the expedition, should be exempted.

In reply to this demand, Stuart seized his rifle, and, pointing it at the Canadian, commanded him to be silent, threatening to blow out his brains in case he ever ventured to renew so shocking a proposition. The request was not repeated, but, had it been, to the credit of the rest of the party be it said, it would not, for a moment, have been seriously entertained, since no extremity could have justified, in their sight, recourse to means so barbarous, and so unworthy of men truly brave.

The next day, fortune, so long adverse, once more became favorable. An old run-down buffalo bull was killed by one of the party, and thus the terrible wants of the travelers were for a time alleviated.

The meat of the buffalo lasted them for several days. By the rarest good fortune, just as they had exhausted this supply, they arrived at the camp of a party of Snake Indians, a poor, though very hospitable and friendly tribe. Here they were given plenty to eat, and, after they had rested for a few days, they were sent on their way with a store of buffalo meat and other provisions. They also received a quantity of thick leather for moccasins, which they lost no time in cutting up and making serviceable, for their feet were sorely blistered. Another prize which they obtained from the friendly Snakes was an old horse, which they put to use, loading it with their supplies.

Setting out once more, the travelers made all speed. It was now the latter part of October, snow commenced to fall, and the weather grew very chill. But, after the severe privations which they had so recently suffered, they thought nothing of the ills of their present lot, but went along in high spirits, laughing and shouting as they trudged through the snow.

As they proceeded, they gradually came to a country more inviting and better stocked with game. Although the bodies of the men had been severely shattered by fatigue and hunger, it did not take long to recruit. McClellan regained his strength and vigor in an astonishingly short time, and was soon able to hunt with the rest.

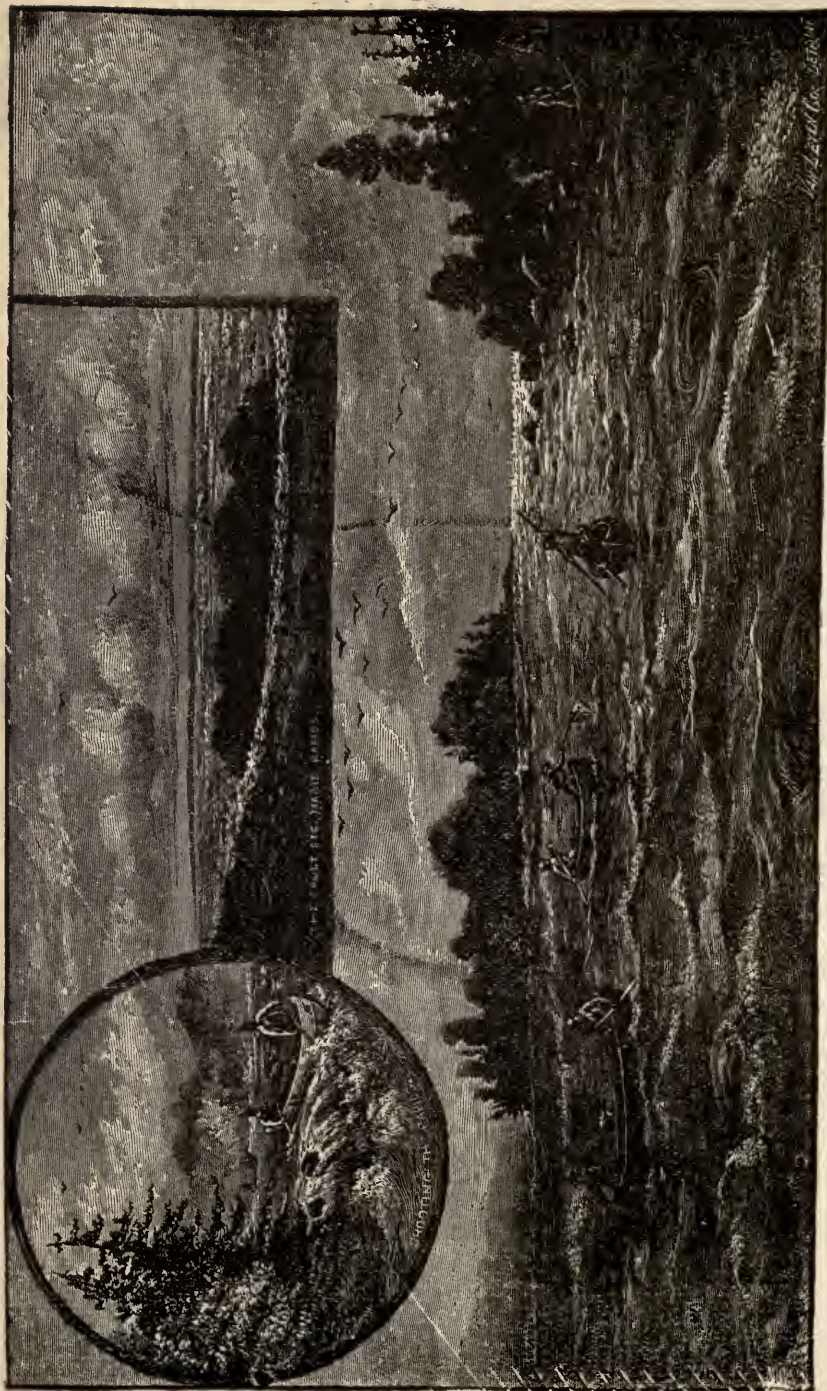
On the second day of November the party encamped at a beautiful spot on the Platte River; and, as the surrounding country abounded in game, they determined to erect a hut at this place and remain through the winter. Previous to carrying this purpose into execution, they set about to lay in provisions. They met with the most uncommon success. In two days' hunt they killed thirty-two buffaloes, and, shortly after, shot fifteen more.

A comfortable cabin was built, and the travelers, well-provided with every thing necessary for the enjoyment of their new life, occupied their quarters for some weeks without any thing occurring to disturb their repose.

One morning, however, they were rudely aroused from their dreams of security and comfort by a terrible

CAMPING IN THE FAR WEST.





INDIANS SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

yell, repeated several times, and, looking through the cracks between the logs of their habitation, they saw, to their great alarm, a number of Indian warriors, hideously painted and completely armed, emerging from behind trees and bushes, and approaching the hut, evidently with hostile intent.

The men sprang for their weapons, and, quickly loading their rifles, stood silently awaiting the orders of their leader. McClellan, who was now in his element, was not slow to grasp the situation, and, while he put together his rifle, which he had taken to pieces the evening before, proposed that the mud should be knocked out from between the logs, so as to afford a view of the enemy and enable the men to fire with precision.

Although it was not thought that peaceable conclusions could be reached, it was decided to hold a parley before firing. Accordingly Mr. Stuart, taking with him one companion, left the cabin, and, holding his gun in one hand, extended the other in token of peace. Contrary to his expectations an Indian stepped forward, grasped his hand and shook it heartily. The rest of the party, numbering about twenty, followed the example which he had set, and the whites were soon on friendly terms with their visitors. The savages were made welcome, and for two days were liberally feasted, when, receiving an abundance of supplies and a quantity of ammunition, they took their departure.

Although the warriors conducted themselves with tolerable decency, their fierce appearance, as well as

the ugly disposition which they manifested at times, were far from reassuring. Besides, they had communicated a piece of information which caused the travelers renewed concern. They were on their way, they said, to make war against a neighboring band of Crows, who had attacked one of their villages during their absence and stolen large quantities of provisions and a number of horses.

Thus exposed to attack from two dangerous tribes, the adventurers concluded that a longer stay in their quarters would be attended with great jeopardy, and they therefore decided to break up their encampment and proceed. Loading their pack-horse with all that it could carry, they set out with heavy hearts on the 13th day of December, 1812, proposing to march for a week or two, and then settle once more for the winter.

After wandering, for about fourteen days, through deep snows and over bleak prairies, they encamped in a fine alluvial bottom on the Platte River, erected a cabin, laid in a stock of game, and prepared to enjoy themselves in this their second chosen habitation. Fortunately, they were now left undisturbed; and they led a peaceable and happy life during their stay in this pleasant place.

On the 8th of March they struck camp, and embarked in two canoes which they had hollowed from the trunks of trees. Provided with plenty of every thing needed for their journey, they dropped merrily down the stream for some distance; but it was not long before they found that continued navigation was

hopeless, since the river was, in places, extremely shallow, and was often obstructed by sand-bars. They accordingly landed, and went on foot, still accompanied by their faithful pack-horse.

The country through which they marched was remarkably fertile, and was filled with game in amazing variety and abundance. Flocks of wild-geese and waterfowl crowded every stream, or peopled the air, so as almost to darken the heavens, while immense herds of buffalo tramped over the boundless plains in such numbers that the ears of the travelers were constantly filled with the roar of their echoing hoofs. The adventurers remembered their former distress in the desolate wilderness; and, contrasting their present situation with their past, wondered at the mysterious ways of Providence.

After various adventures, they reached one of the villages of the Otto Indians, on the lower Platte. Here they met two white traders from St. Louis; and from them they learned, for the first time, that war existed between the United States and Great Britain. At this point they were provided with a large canoe; and, taking once more to the river, they went on their way. Their passage was easy and agreeable. The Missouri was reached in the course of a few days; and, shortly afterward, the party arrived, in excellent health and spirits, at St. Louis.

The remainder of Robert McClellan's life is soon told. Shortly after his return to St. Louis, he purchased a stock of goods, and opened a trading-station

at a place named Cape Girardeau. In consequence of the great hardships to which he had been subjected, his health became seriously impaired; and, continuing to fail, he died, at his establishment, toward the close of the following year. Thus terminated the checkered career of this brave and famous adventurer.

THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN McCULLOUGH.

JOHN McCULLOUGH was born, about the year 1748, in Newcastle County, Delaware. A short time before the beginning of the French and Indian War, his parents removed to one of the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, where they purchased a tract of land, and settled with their family. By thrift and industry, they soon succeeded in placing themselves in easy circumstances, erecting a comfortable habitation, clearing the country around them, and rendering their ground cultivable and highly productive.

The family had not occupied their new home long before the growing aggressiveness of the French and their Indian allies spread alarm and terror throughout the British settlements. Depredations became numerous, many lives were lost, and the whole country lay at the mercy of the savages. Alarmed for the safety of his family, Mr. McCullough determined to fly from so dangerous a neighborhood; and accordingly removed, with his wife and children, to a part of the State which was more remote from the Indian country, and which, being more thickly settled, was regarded as comparatively secure.

In the spring of 1756, the year after the memorable defeat of General Braddock, Mr. McCullough, learn-

ing that the hostile spirit of the Indians had subsided somewhat, concluded that it was safe to return; but he had no sooner reached his frontier home than the alarm was again spread, and he was once more compelled to flee. This time, he remained until the beginning of the harvest season, when, solicitous for the safety of his crops, he started home for the second time, taking with him his family and effects. But, fearing lest the Indians should learn of his return, and lie in wait for him, he did not think it prudent to take his family the whole distance; but, leaving them in a cabin several miles from his home, went on alone to garner the crops, with the promise to return at the end of each day.

On the 26th of July, 1756, Mr. McCullough, with his wife and eldest daughter, set out, early in the morning, for the farm, intending to pull flax. They were accompanied by a neighbor, Mr. John Allen, who was on his way to a fort at some distance, and who proposed to meet them in the evening, and return with them.

Mr. Allen went with the McCulloughs to their field; and, leaving them at work, continued his journey. He had gone about two miles, when he saw a man running toward him at break-neck speed from an adjoining wood; and, stopping his horse, he waited until he came up, and then asked what was the matter. When the man had time to recover his breath, he said that he had been working with a companion in the field, about a mile and a half from the McCullough farm, when a shot was fired by an Indian from a

neighboring thicket. His companion fell dead; and he, also, would doubtless have been killed, had he not betaken himself to flight; and so escaped.

Without waiting to learn more, Allen turned round; and, taking a circuitous route, in order to avoid the Indians, whom he supposed to be in the neighborhood, set out for his home. Arriving at the dwelling temporarily occupied by the McCulloughs, he called to Mr. McCullough's little boy, John, who, with his younger brother, was playing in the road; and, informing him that a man had been killed a few hours before by the Indians, and that his father, mother, and sister had probably shared a like fate, told him to go immediately into the house, and then rode off to arouse the neighborhood.

John McCullough was, at this time, about eight years old. For one so youthful, he possessed singular resolution, courage, and discretion; and, instead of following Mr. Allen's advice, and seeking his own safety, his thoughts were occupied with concern for his parents; and he accordingly set his mind to work to devise some scheme for obtaining their rescue. The men of the surrounding country soon gathered in a body; and it was determined that, since an Indian attack was imminent, they should proceed, with their families, to a fort about a mile distant, and there take shelter. Young McCullough endeavored in vain to induce them to march to the relief of his parents, or else to send a messenger to inform them of their danger. They told him that his father and mother had, by this time, doubtless, been murdered;

and concluded by instructing him to get ready and join them in their proposed march to the fort.

Finding that no one would undertake to go to the place where his parents were at work and inform them of their peril, the boy resolved to perform the duty himself. He therefore went into the house, kissed his little sister, who lay sleeping in her bed, good-bye, barred the door; and, climbing out through the window, rejoined his brother, and started with him, unnoticed by any person, in the direction of his father's home.

Running as fast as possible, the two boys soon came within sight of the house; and, rejoiced at the thought of having succeeded in their design, commenced to sing and halloo. But, when within fifty or sixty yards of the cabin, they were suddenly startled by a rustling in the bushes on their right; and, casting a fearful glance in the direction from which the noise came, they almost sank to the ground in fright when they saw six Indians, hideously painted and grotesquely clad, gliding noiselessly toward them.

To capture the boys was the work of but an instant; and, stifling their screams, the Indians started off with them at full speed. John, who was quite large and stout for his age, was made to keep pace with the party; but his brother, a child of five years, was taken up and carried by one of the savages.

Skirting the field where John's parents were at work, the Indians ran swiftly and silently, occasionally stopping to listen. Soon they heard the voice of Mr. McCullough, at a distance, calling his children,

whose screams he had heard, and whom he had gone to look for. After a moment's consultation among the Indians, two of them, cocking their rifles and stealing silently through the bushes, set off in the direction from which the voice was heard, while the other four continued their flight with renewed speed.

The savages traveled with their prisoners all day, allowing them scarcely a moment for rest. Toward evening it commenced to rain. The water fell in torrents, but the Indians did not slacken their speed. Darkness came on, and still they proceeded without a halt; and it was not until very late that they finally stopped and prepared for rest. The two boys spent a very unhappy and restless night, lying without a covering on the bare damp earth.

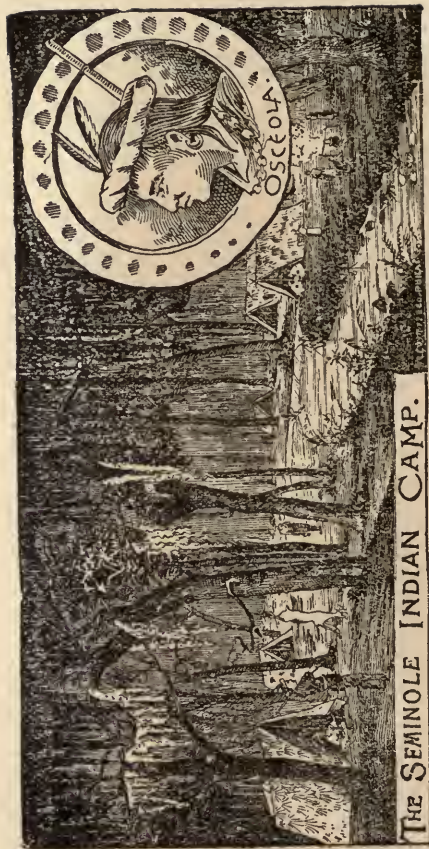
The following day, the Indians proceeded with equal expedition, and did not stop even to take food. On the morning of the third day, they made a bountiful repast on some game which had been killed,—the first morsel which either the savages or their captives had eaten since they commenced their flight. While sitting round their fire, a loud whoop was heard in the valley below. The Indians arose, and listened intently. The cry was repeated; and, apparently satisfied, the four savages set up an answering yell. In a few moments, two warriors were seen approaching; and, on a nearer view, young McCullough recognized them as the Indians who, on hearing his father's call, had started off, as he feared at the time, in search of a new victim.

Closely scrutinizing these men, the boy saw, to his unspeakable horror, that one of them carried in his belt a scalp which he had taken, apparently, a day or two before. And, casting a fearful glance at this bloody token of savage barbarity, his horror changed to despair when he discovered that the hair, which was long, bushy, and very black, closely resembled that of his father. Wishing to assure himself beyond a doubt of the correctness of his suspicions, he approached the Indian, and was about to examine the scalp more narrowly, when the savage, drawing his tomahawk from his belt, and uttering a fiendish yell, raised it in the air, and then let it fall swiftly, apparently with the intention of burying it in the boy's head. But, quickly changing his purpose, he checked the weapon, restored it to his belt, and then, clutching the youth by the hair, seized his knife, and passed its sharp point dexterously around the scalp. Paralyzed with terror, McCullough sank fainting to the ground. On reviving, his ears were greeted with a series of sharp, short yells; and, venturing to look at the Indians, he saw them rolling on the ground, convulsed with merriment, and giving utterance to the most extravagant bursts of laughter.

The rude treatment which he had received from the facetious Indian did not encourage the boy to seek another opportunity of ascertaining whether his fears were well or ill-grounded. He was, however, fully persuaded that the scalp which the savage carried was that of his father; and, thoroughly disheartened by this dreadful conviction, he gave up in despair,



McCULLOUGH DEFENDING HIS CHILDREN.



THE SEMINOLE INDIAN CAMP.

fearing that a similar fate would soon be his own portion.

Toward the close of this day, the party crossed a broad road, in sight of a waste house, and, proceeding about a quarter of a mile further on, they ate their supper, and encamped for the night. Immediately after passing the road, the thought suddenly flashed across the mind of young McCullough that they were in a country occupied by white settlers; and that, if he could succeed in getting away, he might, by following the highway, soon find protectors and friends.

Filled with the idea of fortunate escape and happy return, he waited until the Indians were asleep; and then, gently awakening his brother, who lay by his side, whispered to him to rise and prepare for flight. But, to his great astonishment and disgust, the child refused to stir, saying that the Indians would certainly discover and kill them both. Remonstrance and entreaty were vain; and the adventurous youth, finding that his brother would not be persuaded, resolved to make the attempt alone.

Lying perfectly silent for a few moments, he listened with breathless anxiety, seeking to ascertain whether the Indians were all sleeping, and revolving in his mind what plan he should adopt in case of detection. By the fitful light of the fire, he saw that the savages lay between him and the open space beyond the camp, and that he should have to step over their bodies before he could begin his flight. They seemed to be in deep slumber, for they breathed

heavily, and lay absolutely motionless. The boy rose silently from the ground; and, taking a survey of the sleeping men, was about to make a step forward, when one of the savages, rolling in his sleep, muttered a few unintelligible words in Indian. McCullough instantly sank to the ground. In a few moments, as the Indian did not stir, he again arose; and, advancing cautiously, stepped over the form of one of his captors without awakening him. With the utmost silence, he continued to make his way, and finally arrived on open ground a few yards from the fire.

Thinking that he had not been perceived, he fancied that all that now remained was to make the best of his escape; but he had no sooner prepared to run, than one of the Indians, rising from the ground, sternly asked him, in broken English, where he was going? Although this unexpected address filled the boy with dismay, he was not unprepared for the emergency, and he returned an answer which quieted the suspicions of his interlocutor, who, saying merely, "Make haste; come, sleep," again lay down. The boy now knew that escape was hopeless; and in a few moments he returned to the camp, and took his place on the ground next to his brother.

The destination of the Indians was Fort Duquesne, the French head-quarters, situated on the present site of Pittsburgh. They traveled with great speed, and young McCullough was obliged to make the entire distance on foot. Besides suffering a great deal from privation and fatigue, he was several times sorely beaten by his cruel and malicious captors, who threat-

ened him with death the instant that he showed any sign of giving up.

A short time before they arrived at Fort Duquesne, the Indians pulled all of the hair out of the heads of the two boys, excepting a small tuft on their crowns, to which they tied several hawk's feathers; and then, painting the faces of their captives in a most ugly and barbarous manner, they raised the war-halloo, and marched into the town. After the customary greetings had been exchanged, the two boys were taken to a French house, where they found a number of Indians sitting on the floor. They were received and treated with very little ceremony; for, immediately on their entrance, one of the warriors, apparently a chief, took the younger lad by the hand, and, leading him to the door, gave him to a Frenchman, who stood waiting. He next turned to John McCullough, and, after a few words, led him to an Indian who sat smoking on the hearth; and, presenting the boy to him, made a brief address, evidently by way of instruction. Though McCullough could not understand a word that was spoken, he knew that he was now to regard the warrior as his master, and he therefore sat quietly down by his side, waiting for him to speak.

After the chief had finished his exhortation, the Indian, taking the youth between his legs, told him in English that he was glad to see him. He saluted him as his brother, saying that the Indian braves had several times before brought young white boys into camp; and that about a year since a white youth had

been taken by them, and had been given to him as his brother. But, he added, his young white brother had not behaved himself properly,—he evidently did not love his red brethren, and his conduct was so bad that it had been found necessary to kill him. The Indian said that he was very sorry; and he expressed the hope that his new brother would be more tractable, and, instead of being killed while young, would some day become a hunter and brave.

This savage was very communicative, and appeared to be more intelligent and better disposed than most of his tribe. He said that he had lived for many years among the whites, having, indeed, been raised by them, and taught to read and write. He spoke tolerable English, and could repeat the letters of the alphabet, although, farther than this, his attainments were not very extensive.

After a brief conversation the Indian took the youth by the hand and led him out of the house toward the river. Embarking in a canoe, they crossed the stream to a point where a number of Indians were encamped. Here, while his master made merry with the rest of his people, young McCullough was given to two youths, who, stepping into the canoe, and placing him between them, paddled about forty yards from the shore. They then stopped, and, seizing the boy by the wrists, plunged him into the water, where they held him until he was almost strangled. Drawing him up at the end of a minute or two, they permitted him to breathe, and then repeated the process a number of times. Thinking

that their object was to drown him, he pleaded so piteously for mercy that one of the youths finally quieted his fears by saying: "Me no killim; me washim,"—an assurance which he followed up by again plunging the boy over his head in the water. When the ablution was completed, the boat was rowed to the shore, and young McCullough was given a new ruffled shirt and a pair of trowsers, and informed that he was now to appear and act as an Indian. A day or two after, the young man, whom he regarded as his master, bade him adieu, and he was taken to a town called Shenango, at some distance, and placed in an Indian family.

He now found that the savage who had addressed him as his brother, and given him so much good advice, was a nephew of the old man whom he was henceforth to regard as his Indian father, and consequently that the relationship which he was to bear him was, indeed, that of a brother.

The first few months of his life at Shenango were passed by the boy with little incident. His new relations lost no time in acquainting him with the duties of Indian domestic life. He was obliged to work hard; and, in order that his physical education might be made as complete as possible, he was frequently required to give proof of his spirit and prowess by contests with youths of his own age and size. The Indians evidently had very little faith in the efficacy of the methods of raising and training children prevalent among the whites; and young McCullough was therefore obliged to go through what may be termed

the process of "hardening" before he was looked upon by his Indian father and brothers with any other emotions than contempt and pity.

Early one morning, about the end of October, he was aroused from his sleep by the old Indian, and told to get out of bed immediately. He obeyed, and was about to put on his clothes, when the savage checked him, and, opening the door of the cabin, commanded him to leave the room and go ahead of him to the river. Not daring to protest, he did as he was ordered, and, issuing from the hut, walked, without a garment to cover him, in the chill morning air, toward the stream. Arriving on the bank, he sat down, waiting for the old man to come up. For nearly fifteen minutes he sat shivering on the cold earth, and then, as the Indian did not appear, arose, and was about to return when he saw his master coming leisurely toward him, smoking his pipe. The old Indian, on arriving where the boy sat, suddenly stopped, and then, turning round as if he had forgotten something, retraced his steps to the cabin. In a few moments he reappeared, carrying a thin, flat board in one hand. He came up to the boy, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, pointed to the water, and ordered him to wade into it and sit down. Indignant at the treatment which he had received, McCullough, who was very spirited and rebellious, refused, and, turning round, was about to run, when the Indian seized him by the throat, and, grasping his paddle, commenced to thrash him unmercifully. After administering a severe punishment, he repeated

his order, and the boy, fearing lest his master should beat him to death, complied, and, walking into the river, sat down in the cold water. The Indian expressed himself satisfied, and stood for awhile looking at the youth, smoking his pipe in the meantime with great complacency.

After he had sat for about ten minutes, McCullough was told that he might come out, and accordingly left the water. The Indian then hit him a smart blow, and ordered him to run around till his flesh should be perfectly dry. The boy obeyed, and, when he had taken the proper exercise, was permitted to return to the house, clothe himself, and sit by the fire. The next morning he was put through the same ordeal, and each successive morning was taken from his bed, and compelled by the old man to sit for a few minutes up to his chin in the water. So fixed was the Indian's determination to "harden" the youth by this stern process, that, when the frosts of winter closed the stream, he would take an axe, break the ice, and send him into the freezing current as before, never permitting him to go near the fire until his flesh had been dried by chafing or swift running.

In consequence of this cruel treatment it was not long before the boy was taken very ill. Having no one to care for him but an Indian woman, a careless, slovenly creature, he became worse and worse, and fell into an almost hopeless condition; but, receiving after awhile kinder attention and more skillful nursing, he gradually commenced to gain, and, finally, recovered.

As it was now spring, McCullough's Indian father, thinking, no doubt, that the warmer temperature of the water would have an enervating effect, did not continue the hardening process. He kept the boy, however, at hard work, and obliged him to fight and wrestle, in order that he might become active and obtain good muscular development. In all the duties imposed upon him the youth showed himself to be very faithful, and, by the address which he displayed in his sparring and wrestling matches, soon gained the favor of his masters and associates, by whom, instead of being looked down upon as the puny white boy, he was now praised and respected as the active and dexterous Indian youth.

During the summer young McCullough was taken by the savages to a council of the Indians at Presquile, held for the purpose of effecting a treaty with the French. While on their way the party stopped at a trading-station to barter for goods and ammunition. At this place, an old Frenchman, seeing the boy, and admiring his strength and activity, proposed to purchase him from his Indian masters. A dispute with regard to terms followed. To the intense disgust of the Indians, the trader, instead of offering them provisions, rum, and powder and ball, went to his canoe, which was fastened to a stake on the shore, and, taking from it an old rusty spade, wanting the handle, returned and offered the implement in exchange, saying that the bargain would be a most advantageous one to them, and threatening, unless they agreed to his terms, to call his comrades and

take the youth from them by force. Overhearing this proposition and threat, young McCullough, deeply incensed, came up to the man, and asked leave to examine the tool, remarking, at the same time, that the offer was a fair one, and should be accepted. The Frenchman handed him the spade, when McCullough, grasping it with both hands, raised it in the air and dealt him so powerful a blow that he fell senseless. The alarm was at once raised, and the wounded man's comrades hastened to the rescue, hoping to apprehend the Indians; but the latter, quickly taking to their canoes, escaped up the river.

At Presquile, McCullough was left with an old squaw, by whom he was very well used, until the fall, when the Indian who called himself his brother came to take him back to Shenango. Upon his arrival he fell dangerously ill of the pleurisy, and, although he received kind and attentive treatment, it was nearly a month before he rose from his sick-bed.

After his recovery, the life which he had previously led continued with little variation. He remained for about two years and one-half in Shenango, and then removed with the family to Salt Licks, on the Beaver River. As time advanced, he became, by the force of circumstances, gradually transformed into an Indian youth, both in manner and appearance.

During his stay with the family of his adopted parents, he met with a number of very serious misadventures. On one occasion he came very near being drowned, and was saved only by the timely

aid of an old squaw, who discovered him floating on the water, and raised the alarm. Her husband came to the rescue, dragged the youth to the shore, held him for a few moments head downwards, and finally succeeded, though with great difficulty, in resuscitating him. He was several times cruelly beaten and maltreated; and some of the stories which he relates in his narrative of Indian malice and barbarity are peculiarly revolting. One of these will serve to show the lengths to which punishment for trivial offenses was carried by the more brutal of the Indian tribes.

The Indian youth among whom McCullough was thrown, were much addicted to thievishness, lying, and all kinds of petty villainy. Watermelon and cucumber-patches were never safe from their depredations, and mischief of every sort was committed by them so frequently that it was exceedingly rare that a day passed without some one being severely chastised.

In order to render crime odious in the sight of the youth, by making its punishment summary and terrible, one of the Indians invented an instrument of torture which, when once used on the body of an offender, was but poorly calculated to induce him to invite a second chastisement. This instrument was made of the long, bony bill of the gar, a fish exceedingly abundant in the Western waters, and was formed by projecting the sharp teeth of the animal through a wet rag. When an offense was committed which merited punishment with the

instrument, the unfortunate youth was stripped naked, his flesh was thoroughly dampened, in order to prevent it from tearing, and he was scored from his hip to his heel, three or four times on each leg. When his offense was peculiarly odious, he was scored cruelly all over his body, often from the top of his shoulders to his heels, and thence on the soles of his feet to his toes, and sometimes on his breast and belly, and even on his face.

The man who first brought this terrible instrument into use had a boy who was very mischievous and quarrelsome, and who, on account of his wicked ways, was often punished by his father with such extreme rigor that his back, arms, thighs and legs were constantly lacerated and raw. Not satisfied with being in trouble himself, this boy was frequently the means of causing his companions disgrace and chastisement on account of offenses for which he was responsible, or of which he was the agent.

One day, young McCullough was sent by the wife of his Indian brother on an errand to the cabin of this man. He performed the message with which he was intrusted, and then started to return, when the mischievous Indian boy, running up to him, addressed him a few insulting words, and then, stooping to the ground, picked up the putrid entrails of a turtle, and throwing them in his face, started to run. Provoked beyond measure, McCullough seized a stone, and, pursuing the young Indian, hurled it with such force that, striking him on the head, it knocked him senseless and bleeding to the ground.

Terrified at the effect of the blow, and fearful of receiving severe punishment for the part which he had borne in the quarrel, young McCullough, after striving in vain to raise his wounded adversary, ran to one of the out-houses belonging to the cabin, and concealed himself among some bales of deer-skins and furs. He had not lain long before he heard a bustle in the yard, followed by the sound of angry voices. Venturing to look through a crack in the side of the building, he saw the father of the Indian boy stalking around in a furious rage, and inquiring with oaths and violent demonstrations for the offender.

He was told by one of his children, who had been a quiet spectator of the affair, that the deed had been committed by the white youth, who had immediately made off and concealed himself in the thick bushes bordering a neighboring creek. The enraged Indian, on receiving this information, ran to the place which the child indicated, and made a careful search; but, being unsuccessful, returned in a still more savage mood. Determined on making an example of some one, he seized the child who had given the false information, and, stripping it naked, quickly scored it from head to foot with his barbarous instrument. This done, he glared fiercely round, and, swearing that he would treat every one of the family in the same way, laid hold of the other children, and was about to inflict a second dreadful punishment, when young McCullough, knowing that he would soon be discovered, and being too generous to allow the inno-

cent to suffer for his offense, came from his place of concealment.

He was instantly pounced upon by the savage, who, grinding his teeth with rage, and grinning with malicious joy, ordered him to strip and stand up by a post, which he pointed out. The unfortunate youth obeyed, and the Indian, dashing over him a bucket of water, took his dreaded instrument, and grasping his victim by the throat, drew it quickly across his back from his shoulder to his hip, and then scored him a number of times on each thigh and leg. In his eagerness to finish the work of punishment he took very little care to prevent the flesh from tearing, and the consequence was, that when he finished the operation, his victim was almost senseless from loss of blood, and his body was so lacerated that, in some places, great pieces of skin had either been torn completely off, or else hung loosely. McCullough did not recover from the effects of this brutal treatment for many months, and he bore the marks of it to his grave.

In spite of the ill usage which he received on several occasions, and his dread of the malicious and revengeful disposition of the Indians, the boy grew very much attached to his life, and had no desire to return home. He had two or three opportunities of communicating with his friends through white traders, but, strange as it may seem, he did not avail himself of them, preferring to remain among his savage captors. Every tie which had connected him with his early home was now severed. He had long since

given up all hope of again seeing his father or mother, for he believed both of them to be dead. He had also lost sight of his younger brother, whom he had not seen or heard of since parting from him at Fort Duquesne. His appearance and actions were those of an Indian, and he spoke the Indian tongue fluently, almost without the suspicion of an English accent.

When he had been with the savages for about four years, he one day received a visit from a white man, who, from the emotion which he manifested on seeing him, and from the earnestness with which he scrutinized his features, evidently felt for him the deepest concern and interest. The stranger, when he could command his voice, asked the boy his name, and inquired of him regarding his previous history, his parents, and his hopes and intentions for the future. To these questions young McCullough answered in Indian,—for he no longer spoke his mother tongue,—through an interpreter. He was very reticent, and said that he had nothing of importance to tell; that he had once been a white boy, but that he was now an Indian; and, finally, that he was content with his present lot, and would some day be a great warrior. The stranger again questioned him about his home, asking him if he would not be rejoiced to hear that his parents were still living, and that there was a possibility of his returning to them. The boy shook his head, and replied that he was better off among his red friends, adding, that his parents would not know him nor he them. At this the man burst into tears,

and, embracing him, told him that he was his father; that he still loved him; that, learning of his whereabouts, he had come a long distance to see him, and that he would soon come again to redeem and carry him home. Young McCullough did not speak, and manifested little feeling, and in a short time his father took his departure, very sorrowful and downcast.

This incident occurred while the boy was living at Mahoning, to which place he had been taken from the Salt Licks. About six months later his father, accompanied by a friend, came again, and, after a brief negotiation, the youth was given up to him and informed that he was to return to his white friends.

This intelligence, which, as one would suppose, would have been most welcome, was received by the youth with every demonstration of grief. He clung to his Indian brother, begging him to refuse the ransom money, and to send the white men away as they came; but he was told that the agreement had been made, and that he must prepare to leave. He wept bitterly, and spoke words of rage and scorn, but it was all to no purpose, and he was finally placed on the back of a horse and ordered to proceed. He threw himself from the animal, and tried to escape; but he was soon overtaken, replaced on the steed, and his legs tied under its belly. In this helpless condition he was carried off, in spite of his remonstrances, by his father, who, though rejoiced at having recovered his long-lost son, went forward with a very sad countenance and a heavy heart.

After riding for about fifteen miles the party, composed of Mr. McCullough, his captive son, and a guide, dismounted and prepared to camp. Fearing that the boy, who had joined him with so much reluctance, and who, during the journey, had evidently been brooding over his wrongs, might try to run away, Mr. McCullough took the garters from his legs, and with them tied his arms behind his back. He then lay down, placing John between himself and the guide. When his two companions were asleep, the boy quickly loosed the cord with which his arms were bound, rose from the ground, and, stepping over his father, ran silently and quickly away. He had not gone more than a hundred yards when, stopping to listen, he heard the barking of a dog which belonged to the guide, accompanied by a noise in the bushes behind him as of men in pursuit. Knowing that the dog would certainly track and overtake him, he stopped short and climbed a tall tree. He had no sooner concealed himself among the branches than the dog came up, and stopping at the foot of the tree, ran around it several times, and then went ahead. Mr. McCullough and the guide appeared a few moments later, following the lead of the dog, and cheering him on. They hunted for the boy several hours, and then returned, very much dejected.

After a sufficient time had passed, the fugitive descended from his place of concealment, and ran through the forest until he came to the road by which the party had come the day before,

when, taking his course in the direction of Mahoning, he traveled for about three miles, and then, fearing lest he should be devoured by the wolves, which kept up a hideous howling all around him, and several of which brushed past him as he journeyed along the road, he mounted another tree and remained in its branches until daybreak. Resuming his flight, he soon arrived among his Indian friends, and was received by them with great delight, being congratulated on the shrewdness which he had displayed in escaping from his watchful father, and assured that he would be given concealment and protection. A few hours afterward Mr. McCullough arrived at the camp, but the Indians told him that nothing had been seen of the boy, and he was therefore forced to make the journey alone.

During the next few years young McCullough grew rapidly in strength and activity, and, though he was yet a mere boy, was permitted by the Indian warriors to accompany them on several of their hunting excursions. As he became older, he grew more thoughtful, and, though he still loved the freedom and excitement of his adventurous life, he began to regret that he had sent his father home in disappointment. Reflecting on the uninviting character of his future, he determined that, if another opportunity should offer, he would take advantage of it; and the desire of return finally took such strong possession of his mind that he resolved to seek the good fortune which

he hoped was in store for him rather than to await it. Circumstances proved favorable.

In the fall of 1764, Colonel Boquet made an expedition against the Indian tribes. He met with complete success. A large body of savages surrendered at discretion, and were taken to Pittsburgh—the name given by the English to Fort Duquesne, which had fallen into their hands some years before—and placed in confinement. Among the prisoners was McCullough, who, thrown once more among his own people, easily found means of communicating with his parents. Arrangements for setting him at liberty were soon effected, and he returned home in December, 1764, after an absence of eight years, four months and sixteen days.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY.

THIS noted spy and ranger was born in 1758, in the town of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. He was of Irish extraction—his grandfather, Hugh Brady, having emigrated to America early in the eighteenth century. His father, John Brady, fought bravely and with distinction in the French and Indian war, receiving a captain's commission as a reward of meritorious conduct; and throughout the border troubles with the Indians he rendered active and very efficient service as a frontiersman of marked courage, and as a scout of enterprise and intrepidity.

In 1775, at the age of seventeen, Samuel Brady enlisted in a volunteer rifle company, commanded by Captain John Lowden. In the various engagements of the Revolution, in which he participated, he bore, for one of his years, a most conspicuous part; and it was not long before the value of his services received substantial recognition, for he was promptly raised to a lieutenancy. Promotion followed rapidly; and, before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he was placed in command of a company in the regiment of General Broadhead, and dispatched for duty in the West.

Soon after his arrival at Pittsburgh, in April, 1779, he received the news of the murder of his father by the

Indians. A few months before, his younger brother, James Brady, had been cruelly butchered. The deaths of his father and brother, following so close upon one another, and occurring under circumstances so terrible, made a profound impression on Samuel's mind; and the spirit of retaliation was so deeply aroused within him, that he took a solemn oath that he would devote the remainder of his life to avenging the wrongs of his people, and waging an exterminating warfare against all Indians.

The army commanded by General Broadhead, quartered at Pittsburgh, was intrusted with the defense of the frontier. The country to the north and west of the Alleghany River was held by the Indian allies of the British; and as it was highly important that the enemy should not be permitted to come beyond the border, General Broadhead found it necessary to send out numerous scouting expeditions to watch their movements, and obtain information respecting their intentions.

Early in 1780, he received instructions from General Washington to dispatch a competent officer to Sandusky, with orders to examine that place, and ascertain the strength of the British and Indians assembled there. Without waiting to consult any of his aides, General Broadhead summoned Captain Brady to his presence, showed him Washington's letter, gave him a rough chart or map of the country, and, commissioning him to perform the service, told him to select the men whom he wished to accompany him, and be off without delay.

Highly gratified at the confidence reposed in him by his superior officer, Brady was not long in making his preparations. Choosing a number of soldiers for his companions, and selecting four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Alleghany River, and advanced into the enemy's country.

Few persons can have an adequate idea of the dangers incurred by the early adventurers. To lead an expedition against the fierce and warlike savages, or even to engage in such an expedition under a brave and tried leader, must, indeed, have required a bold spirit. Success, when once achieved, was decisive, and brought its certain reward; but the odds which had to be met were correspondingly great. In time of war, the Indians were constantly on the watch for intruders; and often the slightest trace, such as an unwary movement, or the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, was followed by discovery and attack. To give the Indians the least advantage was to invite certain death; for, when once alarmed and prepared, nothing could surpass the vigilance of the savage warriors, or the skill with which they laid an ambush, and carried their offensive plans into execution.

Attired in the full war dress of an Indian, and well prepared to act the part of the skillful strategist, Brady set out with his band early in the month of May, 1780. The season was very wet, and every stream was swollen to nearly twice its ordinary size. The country afforded no houses for shelter, and no roads or bridges for passage; and, what added greatly

to the inconveniences of the march, the chart given to Brady by General Broadhead was so defective that the party several times lost their way. The supplies which had been taken were inadequate, and the adventurers were obliged to depend for support, in great part, upon provisions picked up on the way, while they crept, rather than marched, through the wilderness by night, lying concealed in the branches of trees by day.

After a journey of several days, the party arrived in the neighborhood of the Sandusky towns without seeing a single hostile Indian. Approaching the villages, Brady advanced with caution; for he knew that the savages were encamped in great force, and that straggling parties were, therefore, to be met at almost every turn.

While carefully making his way toward the Indian encampment, Brady suddenly heard, a short distance ahead of him, the sound of soft voices. Signaling his men to halt, he went forward alone, rifle in hand, to make observations. He soon perceived a faint, glimmering light; and, advancing noiselessly toward it, discovered two squaws sitting by the embers of a camp-fire. Too brave to take advantage of the weak and defenseless, he left them unharmed, and returned as he came.

He found his comrades lying quietly where he had left them; but, by their dark looks, and sharp, surly answers, he judged that some unpleasant incident had occurred. Concluding that they were dissatisfied with something, and that they would soon make their

troubles known, he did not think it prudent to question them too closely; and, sitting down unconcernedly, busied himself in putting his rifle in order. This done, he commanded them to hand him their powder-horns and pouches, in order that he might divide the remaining powder and ball equally among them.

Instead of obeying this command, the men looked at each other for a moment in silence, and then, grasping their rifles, flatly refused. Brady demanded an explanation, when one of the soldiers, acting as the spokesman of his comrades, asked him whether he had seen or heard any thing of the Chickasaw guides; and told him, if he had not, that he would probably see or hear of them shortly, and in a manner not much to his liking. He then informed his leader that, while he had been absent reconnoitering the camp, the Indians had stolen away, taking with them all of the remaining provisions. It was now evident, he said, that the treacherous guides had gone over to the enemy; and that, in the course of a very short time, they would lead an overwhelming force to the place of concealment, when death or capture would be inevitable. He added, that the only recourse of the party was to retire as rapidly as the darkness of the night would permit; and declared that he and his comrades had resolved upon immediate flight, whatever might be the determination of their leader.

When he had finished speaking, Brady very calmly asked him what preparations had been made for the

journey. For his part, he said, he was in a much better plight to meet hostile Indians than to brave starvation in the wilderness; and then, taking his powder-horn from his belt, he handed it to one of the men, requesting him to turn it upside down, and see how much powder it contained. An examination proved that there was not a grain left; and Brady informed his companions that the last charge was in his rifle. But, he added, with an oath, instead of keeping his last shot for defending himself from the Indians, he would use it for maintaining his authority; and, raising the gun to his shoulder, he asked them whether they preferred that he should discharge it at one of them, or that he should wait until necessity demanded that he should employ it for his own and their protection.

This signal instance of resolution on the part of their leader put the men to confusion and shame; and, signifying their acquiescence, they told him that they were content, and would follow wherever he might lead. Brady commended their devotion; and, selecting one man to accompany him, he concealed the rest in a ravine which afforded good means of protection from an attacking force, and then set out toward the villages to accomplish the object of his enterprise. He reached the river, waded it to a small island opposite the town, and, hiding himself with his comrade in some thick bushes, waited anxiously for morning.

The day dawned with a heavy fog which obscured every thing but objects immediately at hand. It did

not clear off until about noon, when the sun suddenly came out very bright, revealing the whole position of the enemy, which was so conspicuous and open that the spies had every opportunity of making observations.

The Indians numbered about three thousand, and had just returned from an expedition into Kentucky or Virginia. They had captured a great many horses, and were very gay and frolicsome, riding the animals at full speed over a long race course. The antics of the Indians afforded Brady and his companion a great deal of amusement; and, from the good humor in which they appeared to be, it was evident that they had received as yet no information of the presence of an enemy in the neighborhood, and consequently that the Chickasaw guides had deserted from some other motive than that of treachery.

Leaving the island in the evening, Brady waded to the shore, and lost no time in rejoining his companions. Before setting out on his return march, he determined to make another visit to the camp which he had observed the night before. Taking with him two of his men, he approached it slowly and cautiously. He found the two squaws still there; and, rushing suddenly toward them with his tomahawk raised, he compelled them to surrender, bound them, and, returning to his comrades, gave the word to proceed.

As the Chickasaws had stolen all of the provisions, the adventurers were reduced to great extremities from hunger. Their ammunition was nearly ex-

hausted, and they consequently could not spare much for shooting at game. As Brady was the best marksman of the company, his comrades, by mutual consent, left the hunting to him. He succeeded in killing an otter, but its flesh was so tough and unwholesome that it could not be eaten. For many days they subsisted almost entirely on strawberries. Journeying on, they finally came to a country where neither game nor fruit was to be found. The powder-horns were by this time entirely empty, and there was only one of the party whose gun was charged. By the unanimous voice of the men, the loaded rifle was given to Brady, and the forlorn march was resumed.

While casting their eyes around, looking for some trace of game, Brady discovered, to his great joy, the track of a deer. Leaving his companions, he followed it, thinking, from its freshness, that he would not have to go far before he should overtake the animal. Suddenly he heard a slight noise in the bushes, and a large rabbit crossed his path. He might easily have killed it, and satisfied his own hunger, but he knew that it would furnish but a poor meal for his famished companions, and he therefore permitted it to pass. Continuing to follow the track, he soon came in sight of the deer. He raised his rifle, and pulled the trigger; but, to his intense disappointment, the powder flashed in the pan, and immediately after the deer bounded off.

Brady now sat down and picked the touch-hole of his gun. This done, he arose and started on, to pursue the animal, and, if possible, get another shot;

but, before he had gone far, he heard the tramp of a horse, and the sound of voices, and, concealing himself in the underwood, he soon discovered a party of Indians approaching along the path. They were led by a tall, powerful savage on horseback, who carried a white child in his arms. A woman, evidently the child's mother, sat behind him. The warriors, about ten in number, were all completely armed, and were doubtless returning from some hostile expedition, for they had several scalps, and carried a quantity of provisions.

Once more examining his rifle, Brady paused a moment to deliberate; and then, advancing to the edge of the bushes, waited for the Indians to come up. His purpose was to lie concealed until the party had passed, shoot the hindmost savage, secure his ammunition; and then, before the rest of the warriors could recover from their surprise, make off through the forest, and rejoin his comrades. But, while he lay in wait for his enemies, carefully watching their movements, and studying the situation, he discovered that the woman on horseback had been most brutally used by her savage captors. Her face was cruelly scratched, her dress was torn in shreds, and one of her arms hung limp and powerless, evidently from the effect of a blow. Brady's sympathies were excited; and, forgetting his own danger in his desire to alleviate the sufferings of a fellow-creature, he resolved to use his best endeavors to free the captive.

When the Indian on horseback had come within a

few rods, Brady leveled his rifle, and touched the trigger, ready to shoot. He was about to let the hammer fall, when the Indian, catching up the child, which had dropped asleep, shook it violently, bidding it to wake up. The agitation caused by this act destroyed Brady's aim; and, before he could take another, the horse had passed, and the form of the woman was thrown between him and the savage. Gliding silently from his hiding-place, he ran swiftly ahead, and again concealed himself. As he did so, one of the warriors, who was more alert than his companions, suddenly stopped; and, stepping cautiously to the bushes, carefully examined them, in order to ascertain whether they contained a lurking foe. He returned to his comrades apparently satisfied, merely saying that he had heard a rustling in the leaves, but that it was only a squirrel or rabbit.

As his enemy approached, Brady again raised his gun and took a careful aim. He fired, and the Indian dropped dead from the horse, the mother and child falling with him. Instantly springing forward, Brady uttered a terrible yell; and to deceive the warriors with regard to the strength of his party, waved his tomahawk over his head and shouted to his comrades to surround the enemy and take them prisoners. The Indians were thrown into the direst confusion, and, dashing their arms to the ground, stood huddled together, waiting for the appearance of their foe, and begging for quarter. In an instant Brady had reached the fallen Indian. Seizing his

powder-horn, he tugged vigorously at it, but, in spite of all his exertions, it would not come off. His next care was to rescue the mother and child, but, as he was dressed as an Indian, the former at first mistrusted his motive, and asked him reproachfully why he had shot his brother. This inquiry he answered by another yell to his men, exclaiming that he was Captain Brady, and that he would rescue her if she would follow him. He seized the woman's hand, caught up the infant, and ran swiftly away. The brief delay, caused by his efforts to detach the powder-horn of the Indian, enabled the warriors to recover, in a degree, from their confusion, and, picking up their rifles, they fired a volley at the fugitive. But, as most of the shots were discharged at random, they fortunately had no effect, and Brady was soon out of range. As the Indians dreaded an ambuscade, they did not pursue him; and, making the best of his escape, he arrived the next day with the woman and child at Fort McIntosh, a post some distance in advance. Here he found his men, who, hearing his whoop, and knowing that he had engaged a party of Indians, had made off, fearful that, if they remained, they would be massacred, for they had no ammunition, and were totally defenseless. Brady was far from pleased at the conduct of his men, but his displeasure was increased to wrath when, inquiring for the two squaws whom he had left with them, he was told that they had stolen off in the panic, and made their escape. Thoroughly disgusted, Brady told them that they were a lot of d—d cowardly fellows,

and tauntingly told them to remain where they were, while he returned to Pittsburgh and dispatched a guard to bring them home; but, after awhile his mood changed, and he begged their pardon for his ungenerous language, giving them credit for their faithfulness and bravery under trying circumstances, and assuring them that he would render a favorable report of them to General Broadhead.

After resting for a few days at the fort, Brady returned by water with his men to Pittsburgh. He was received with military honor. Minute-guns were fired from the time he came in sight until he landed, and he was conducted to head-quarters by a military escort. General Broadhead complimented him highly on his success. He informed him that the Chickasaw Indians had returned to camp with the report that the party had been cut off, and every man murdered. The General added that, on receiving this information, he had done him great injustice, saying that he was an aspiring young man, and had solicited the command; but he now made full reparation, and acknowledged to his officers that the Captain had accepted the commission with great diffidence.

About a week after Brady's return from Sandusky intelligence was received that the Indians were gathering at a point on the Alleghany River, with the intention, as it was supposed, of marching against the settlements on the Susquehanna. In order to obtain definite information regarding their strength and purposes, Brady was dispatched, with a companion named Phouts, to reconnoiter their position, and, if possible,

bring in a prisoner. Setting out about two hours before daybreak, the two men took the road through the wilderness, and, marching without stoppage, came, toward the close of the next day, to a small creek, where they determined to encamp for the night. They halted and built a fire. Covering it with wet leaves and brush, in order to keep it in, they took their rifles and went out to hunt. In a short time they came to the mouth of a run, on the banks of which there was a lick apparently much frequented by deer, and, placing themselves in readiness, they waited patiently for the animals to come in to drink. Their watchfulness was soon rewarded. In a few moments two deer came to the lick. One of them was shot and quickly skinned and quartered. The flesh was carried to the fire and "jerked," and in the morning a sufficient quantity of the meat was shouldered, the remainder was hung up on a tree, and the journey was resumed.

Towards evening of the second day, Brady discovered a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees near the bank of the river. Telling his companion that he suspected that there were Indians in the neighborhood, he halted to prepare for a reconnoissance.

Although Phouts was anxious to go at once and ascertain whether the conjecture was well-founded, Brady restrained him, saying that such a step would be very imprudent, and telling him that the best policy would be to hide themselves until dark, when, if there were really Indians in the neighborhood, their

position would be indicated by their camp-fires. They accordingly concealed themselves until about ten o'clock, when they ventured from their hiding-places to make observations.

Walking cautiously toward the river bank, they soon discovered a twinkling light at the distance of a few hundred yards. Whispering his companion to remain where he was, Brady started towards it, but Phouts instantly rejoined him, saying that it would not be wise to part company, since, from appearances, the enemy was encamped in force.

Making their way with all care, Brady and Phouts soon came close to the fire. Greatly to their surprise they found it was the camp, not of a war-party, but of a single old Indian, who was sitting beside a tree mending a pair of moccasins.

At this discovery, Phouts, who thought more of blood and scalps than of policy or consequences, gave a low chuckle, and, raising his rifle, prepared to shoot. Brady, perceiving his design just in time, seized him by the throat and swore that, unless he desisted, he would choke him to death instantly. He then made a circuit of the camp, and, rejoining his comrade, set out to return, motioning him to follow. Phouts obeyed, though with great reluctance, for he was still bent on murdering the old Indian.

When they had gone about a hundred yards from the camp, Brady stopped and told his companion that he judged that the fire had been made by a band of Indians who had departed on some warlike expedition, leaving the old man in charge. He said that he

supposed they would come back soon, and, therefore, that it would be best to lie concealed until morning. If they did not return by that time the camp should be visited again, and the old Indian disposed of.

They accordingly climbed a tree and waited for the approach of day. When the first streak appeared in the East they descended and went to the fire. The old man was still there. He lay on his back fast asleep. There was no trace to indicate that any of the band had returned or were in the neighborhood, for his only companions were a dog and a horse.

Wishing to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better, Brady made a quick examination of it. He found, a short distance up the river, a large trail, and, from its freshness, he concluded that the Indians had gone up the Alleghany a few days before on some warlike enterprise.

The two spies now returned to the camp. The Indian was found, as before, lying on his back. Phouts again raised his gun, but Brady again restrained him, saying that the old man should not be harmed, since he would make a good prisoner. He ordered his comrade to remain where he was, and not to fire unless the Indian's dog should show fight, in which case he was to shoot the dog.

When every thing was arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, with his tomahawk lifted in the air, crept toward the sleeping savage. Arrived within a few feet, he made a sudden bound, and, with a yell which echoed in the distance, grasped his enemy

by the throat, at the same time planting his knee firmly on his breast. Resistance was useless, and the Indian quietly surrendered. His dog was equally tractable, and Phouts came forward to bind the prisoner with a very woe-begone look, inwardly reproaching himself for not having followed his own impulse, and shot the Indian where he lay.

When the savage was told that he was to be taken to Pittsburgh, and would be kindly used, he went to a clump of bushes and drew out a canoe. The party then embarked, and paddled, without stopping, until they came to the mouth of the creek on which they had encamped the night before, when they landed, made a fire, and lay down to sleep.

In the morning, Captain Brady, leaving the prisoner with Phouts, went up the creek, intending to secure the pieces of jerked deer's meat which had been left hanging on the trees. He had not been gone five minutes when he heard a murderous yell, followed instantly by the loud report of a rifle. His first thought was, that his friend had been shot at, and, perhaps, killed by some lurking savage; and he accordingly turned round and went back, determined to wreak vengeance on the attacking party.

Peering cautiously from behind the trees, Brady saw, to his surprise and unspeakable disgust, that his comrade had taken advantage of his absence to shoot the prisoner, and was now sitting composedly on his dead body. The Captain instantly came from his hiding-place, and stalking up to the place

where he was sitting, asked him in language more expressive than choice, what he had done. Phouts looked up mildly, and, showing a hole in his bullet-pouch belt, which had evidently been made by a rifle-ball, said that he had just had a very narrow escape, and then related the story of his adventure.

The old Indian had, during the voyage and through the night, behaved himself with such decency and quietude, and had appeared so perfectly harmless in disposition, that Phouts had given him his entire confidence, and instead of growing more vigilant with each new instance of the prisoner's extreme humility, had become more and more disposed to extend him privileges. The Indian had noticed the friendly and good-natured disposition of his captor; and, craftily laying his plans, he determined to take the first opportunity of making it work to his advantage.

Immediately after Brady's departure, the savage, heaving a deep sigh, complained bitterly of the pain which he suffered from the tightness of the cords on his wrists, and requested Phouts to loosen them, or, if he would be so good, to take them off altogether for a minute or two. This request was granted with alacrity. The old man very gratefully returned his thanks; and, sitting down on the ground, meekly folded his hands, watching Phouts as he busied himself preparing breakfast. The latter kept an eye on the prisoner for a few moments; but, seeing that he made no suspicious movements, and evidently had no other feeling than that of the liveliest gratitude, he did not regard it necessary to keep a constant watch,

and so continued his work with very little concern for any thing else.

While piling a heap of wood on the fire, Phouts suddenly heard the sharp click of a rifle; and wheeling, as by instinct, he saw the innocent and humble old Indian standing by a tree, with the gun raised and pointed, ready to fire. Dodging to one side, Phouts drew his tomahawk; and, giving a loud whoop, made a rush at his enemy. The savage fired, and the ball passed through his assailant's belt, doing no further harm. Instantly the white man's tomahawk accomplished its work, and the Indian sank to the ground lifeless.

Taking the dead man's scalp, Brady and his comrade embarked, and resumed the voyage to Pittsburgh. They arrived safely; and the Captain, informing the General of what he had done, advised him of the departure of the warriors up the Alleghany on their expedition against the Susquehanna settlements. He favored dispatching a force to overtake them; his counsel was accepted, and a large band was sent out forthwith. The enterprise was successful, and the Indians were thwarted in their design.

The success of Captain Brady in his scouting enterprises made his services very valuable, and he was never detached to perform duty except on occasions of the greatest moment. No particular region of country was assigned him; nevertheless, he was often sent,—especially at very dangerous times,—to examine and re-examine ground which he had already

explored; and the Indians, seeing that his visits had in this way come to be almost periodical, carefully studied his movements, determined to entrap him, if possible. Two or three times, he came very near being drawn into Indian ambuscades; and probably no man ever had so many hair-breadth escapes from capture.

On one occasion, Captain Brady was dispatched to examine a strip of country which, from the great numbers and the savage character of the hostile bands which occupied it, was regarded by General Broadhead as peculiarly dangerous. Brady returned from his mission with complete success; and, as a great deal depended upon keeping this dangerous territory under constant watch, he was frequently sent to it afterward.

One day, while marching through a thickly-wooded and very rocky part of the country, along the banks of the Beaver River, he struck, toward evening, a fresh trail, evidently made a few hours before by a large war-party. He followed it with all speed until dark; and, starting betimes the next morning, he had the good fortune to overtake the warriors while they were seated around their fires eating breakfast.

Brady's party numbered five men. The strength of the Indians was at least six times as great; but, without the slightest hesitation, the brave leader of the spies determined to attack them, and depend on the courage of his men and the advantages of his position for victory. He accordingly posted his comrades, and, giving the signal of attack, fired. Instantly three

Indians dropped dead; and, in the midst of the confusion which followed in the camp, the spies reversed their guns, and prepared to reload for another volley.

Just as Brady was emptying the powder into the muzzle of his gun, one of his men gave a quick warning cry; and, before he had time to apprehend its meaning, or give orders, a dozen rifles opened fire from the rear on him and his companions. Two of the rangers dropped lifeless, and Brady himself narrowly escaped—his tomahawk being shot from his belt. The men who survived sprang to their feet, and placed themselves on the defensive just in time to see a band of savages emerge from cover in the rear, and, with their tomahawks raised, advance at full speed to attack them, and intercept their flight.

Captain Brady now realized the peril of his situation. It was evident that a trap had been laid for him, and that he had been enticed to pursue the first party in order that the second might pursue him; and, while he was laying his plans of attack, surround his band, and so render capture or extermination inevitable. He was between two fires; and, as he had every reason to believe, was completely hemmed in on all sides. Resistance would have been fool-hardy, for the most fearful odds were to be encountered. Flight seemed to be equally out of the question, since the Indians were as eager to capture the spies as they were to escape. Surrender could not be entertained for a moment; for these brave men could not endure the thought of captivity and torture, regarding instant death as far preferable.

Without waiting a second to deliberate, Brady, carrying his empty rifle in his left hand, and flourishing his knife in his right, dashed off in the direction of a small creek which flowed through a chasm a short distance beyond. Seeing his purpose, both bodies of savages raised a shout of exultation, for they knew that his capture was now as good as accomplished; since, on reaching the creek, he would be obliged to turn round and look for some other avenue of escape, as its bank was in no place less than twenty-five feet in height, and as he could not, therefore, venture a leap without, as they thought, certain death. Throwing down their rifles, and brandishing their tomahawks, the whole band started in hot pursuit, entirely disregarding, in their eagerness to secure their arch-foe, Brady's three companions, who accordingly made good their escape.

As Brady rushed forward, an Indian, who lay in wait for him behind a tree, attempted to bar his progress; but a dexterous thrust from the knife of the brave spy compelled him to give over his design, and laid him bleeding on the ground. A few yards further on, a second savage emerged from behind a tree, and struck at the fugitive with his tomahawk; but, as Brady had espied the fellow, he was prepared for him, and easily dodged the blow. Making straight for the bank, he was not slow to comprehend that the intention of his enemies was to surround him while he paused on the brink of the chasm, and there bring him to bay; and, determined that he would never be made a captive by the Indians, he boldly resolved to

plunge directly over the bank, and trust to fortune for the rest. Rushing forward with the greatest impetuosity, he reached the creek at the most precipitous point of its bank; and, leaping without the slightest hesitation, he cleared the stream, and was soon safe on the opposite side. The Indians set up a cry of mingled despair and admiration, but still continued to flock to the bank. Without stopping to breathe, Brady drew his ramrod, and commenced to charge his rifle, determined, before seeking a place of safety, to exchange a shot with his enemies. But, before he had finished loading, a tall, powerful savage, who had been foremost in the pursuit, appeared above. Knowing that he had Brady in his power, he deliberately raised and aimed his rifle; but in a moment he let the muzzle fall, evidently hesitating to take so cowardly an advantage. He raised it a second time, and a second time hesitated,—until finally, generous motives prevailing over brutal instincts, he planted the stock on the ground, and expressed his approval by exclaiming, in a loud voice and tolerable English: "*Blady make good jump!*" Immediately after, he turned round and ran away, while Brady coolly finished loading his piece, and then resumed his flight. Repairing to a place which had been appointed as the rendezvous in case of separation, he found his three surviving companions. The party at once took up the homeward march, and arrived soon afterward safely at Pittsburgh.

In this connection, the following tribute to the bravery and daring of Captain Brady, and the repu-



BRADY'S JUMP.



OLD FRONTIER FORT.

tation which he achieved by his remarkable performances, written by a well-known local historian, may be of interest to our readers:

“Beaver Valley,” he says, “was the scene of many of Captain Brady’s stirring adventures. We have recently visited some of the interesting localities, celebrated as Brady’s theater of action, and heard from many of the old citizens their accounts of his thrilling exploits. They speak in unbounded terms of admiration of his daring and success; his many hair-breadth escapes ‘by field and flood’; and always concluded by declaring that he was a greater man than Daniel Boone or Lewis Weitzel, either of whom, in the eyes of the old pioneers, was the very embodiment of daredevilism.”

The following brief account of incidents in the life of Captain Brady, while scouting in the Beaver Valley, is by the same writer:

“On one of their scouting expeditions into the Indian country, the spies, consisting at that time of sixteen men, encamped for the night at a place called ‘Big Shell Camp.’ Toward morning, one of the guard heard the report of a gun; and, immediately communicating the fact to his commander, a change of position was ordered. Leading his men to an elevated point, the Indian camp was discovered almost beneath them. Cautiously advancing in the direction of the camp, six Indians were discovered standing around the fire, while others lay on the ground, apparently asleep. Brady ordered his men to wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down, while he

kept watch. Two hours thus passed without any thing material occurring. As day began to appear, Brady roused his men, and posted them side by side, himself at the end of the line. When all were in readiness, the commander was to touch, with his elbow, the man who stood next to him, and the communication was to pass successively to the farthest end. The orders then were, the moment the last man was touched, he should fire, which was to be the signal for a general discharge. With the first faint ray of light, six Indians rose, and stood around the fire. With breathless expectation the whites waited for the remainder to rise; but failing, and apprehending a discovery, the Captain moved his elbow, and the next instant the wild-wood rang with the shrill report of the rifles of the spies. Five of the six Indians fell dead; but the sixth, screened by a tree, escaped. The camp being large, it was deemed unsafe to attack it further, and a retreat was immediately ordered.

"Soon after the above occurrence, in returning from a similar expedition, and when about two miles from the mouth of Yellow Creek, at a place admirably adapted for an ambuscade, a solitary Indian stepped forward, and fired upon the advancing company. Instantly on firing, he retreated toward a deep ravine, into which the savage hoped to lead his pursuers. But Brady detected the trick; and, in a voice of thunder, ordered his men to tree. No sooner had this been done, than the concealed foe rushed forth in great numbers, and opened upon the whites a perfect storm of leaden hail. The brave spies returned

the fire with spirit and effect; but, as they were likely to be overpowered by superior numbers, a retreat was ordered to the top of the hill, and thence continued until out of danger.

“The whites lost one man in this engagement and two wounded. The Indian loss is supposed to have been about twenty in killed and wounded.”

With one more incident in the life of this truly remarkable man, the present history will be brought to a close.

While traveling, with four companions, through a thick and gloomy wood in Western Pennsylvania, Brady came one day to a deserted Indian camp. Every appearance indicated that the savages had left the spot only a few hours previous. The fire was still burning, and the hind-quarters of a deer, which had been killed not long before, were found lying in the grass. Examining the ground carefully, Brady discovered two trails, one of which led toward the fire, and the other away from it. They had both been made, evidently, by the same party of Indians, whose numbers, Brady concluded, did not exceed five or six. He determined to pursue, overtake, and attack them; but, as he and his comrades were very hungry, having eaten nothing since the previous evening, he readily complied with the urgent requests of his men, and ordered that the fire should be rekindled, and the remains of the deer be cooked for their dinner. In a few moments the spies were seated on the ground, eagerly devouring the meat which the Indians had providentially left for them.

Suddenly stopping, while in the midst of his meal, Brady remarked to one of his comrades that he began to suspect that the savages were too kind by half, and had either poisoned the deer, or else left it there with some design. He had no sooner spoken than he saw the flash of a rifle from the branches of a neighboring tree, and the next instant twenty or thirty guns were heard to sound, all of them being fired by Indians concealed in the tree-tops. Brady's four companions dropped dead. He himself was unhurt, but he knew that his enemies had spared him only to devote him to a more wretched and dreadful death; and, grasping his rifle, he instantly sprang to his feet and bounded quickly off through the woods.

Although he ran with all the swiftness of a man who knows that successful flight alone can save him from unavoidable and horrible death, he soon saw that the Indians had laid their plans of capture with the greatest care. He had gone but a few rods when he saw, immediately in front of him, a party of a dozen burly savages emerging from a thick covert, and preparing to surround him. He changed his course, but his enemies soon intercepted him; and before he had time to turn and choose another direction, the Indians in the rear, who had by this time descended from the trees, came up, and closing around, soon overpowered him, and obliged him to surrender.

Binding their prisoner tightly with thick cords, the Indians returned to the camp, scalped the four white men, and then set out for their village. During the

march they shouted and screamed in exultation, but did not beat or otherwise misuse their captive, since they preferred to keep him sound and unharmed until their friends could share in the enjoyment which his torture would afford. He was watched vigilantly at night, and each time he opened his eyes he was greeted by a large Indian who stood over him, with a prod and a savage declaration that, if he offered to make a movement, his brains should instantly be blown out.

Arriving, at length, at the Indian town, Brady was exhibited by his captors to the inhabitants, who received him with every demonstration of excessive joy. When the first expressions of delight were over, the warriors ranged themselves in two long rows, and the prisoner was led forth to run the gauntlet. The trial was brief, though very severe. He was clubbed and thrashed so mercilessly that his flesh was pounded to a jelly. His head was beaten almost to a shapeless mass, and one cheek was laid open by a cruel blow made by a sharp stick of wood. When the gauntlet race was over, Brady was led to a stake, around which a pile of fagots had been heaped, and preparations were made for putting him to the torture.

Before tying him to the stake the Indians, stripping him naked, unloosed his hands, and placed him near the pile. They then kindled a fire and drew him directly up to it, in order, no doubt, that he might have a foretaste of the torments which were to follow; and, while he stood in the blistering heat,

they formed a circle and commenced to dance around him. Every one in the village joined in this ceremony, and as they performed the dance, the warriors gave utterance to the most fiendish threats and yells, while the squaws and children, occasionally leaving the circle, struck him with clubs and switches, and endeavored to push him over into the fire.

During these ceremonies, Brady stood calm and motionless, meeting every threat and blow of his tormentors with a fearless eye and an unyielding resolution. He knew his fate was sealed, but he determined to die like a brave man, and, if need be, resist savage cruelty with savage fortitude.

While the dance was at its height, and the yells of the Indians were loudest and most fearful, a woman, whom Brady knew to be the squaw of one of the chiefs, seized a ponderous war-club, left the circle, and advanced toward the prisoner. She carried a young child on her arm, which, as soon as its mother came within the intense heat of the fire, set up a piercing cry. As the woman came nearer, a terrible thought suddenly flashed across Brady's mind, and he made an instinctive movement, but, recovering himself, he once more stood quiet, and received the blow, which she dealt him, without relaxing a muscle. The squaw rejoined the circle, and the company danced around the captive with still greater fury.

A moment afterward the woman again left her companions, and, still carrying the child, advanced to give Brady another blow. Indignation and resentment were now so strongly aroused in the un-

fortunate prisoner, that they held uncontrolled sway, and, the moment that the club was raised, he pounced upon his tormentor, seized her by the throat, and, tearing the child from her arms, quickly threw it into the flames. At this action the Indians, horror-stricken, suddenly stopped, and each person in the crowd, starting forward, as by one thought, ran to the rescue. Anticipating this confusion, Brady was not slow in taking advantage of it. He instantly darted through the circle, overturning all that stood in his way, and, running with the utmost fleetness, made for the adjoining wood. A host of Indians gave chase, but, finding the fugitive too fleet, all but a few stopped, and sent a shower of bullets after him. The remainder continued the pursuit, but Brady distanced them all, and, when out of sight, concealed himself among some laurel bushes in a deep ravine. He remained in his hiding-place until night of the next day, when he ventured forth and resumed his flight. As he was familiar with every part of the country, he succeeded in making his way to the settlements, and, obtaining some clothing at a farmhouse, set out for Pittsburgh, where he arrived after five days' journey.

JOHN AND JAMES BRADY.

CAPTAIN JOHN BRADY, as we have stated in the preceding narrative, lived at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, where his two sons, Samuel—afterward the noted Captain of the Rangers—and James were born. In 1768, he removed, with his family, to Northumberland County. Here he remained for a few years, and then settled, with a number of other pioneers, in a region on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, which had been obtained by purchase from the Indians at the close of the French and Indian War. At this place he lived until 1776, when he accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, and, with his son James, took the field for active service. Both father and son were severely wounded in the battle of Brandywine, and being unable to perform duty, were permitted to return home.

In order to defend the surrounding country from the Indians, who, toward the beginning of the Revolution, grew very aggressive, Fort Augusta had been erected on the river, a few miles from the settlement in which Captain Brady lived. This Fort was garrisoned by about fifty men, under the command of Major Hunter, a meritorious officer.

Previous to his departure for the wars, Captain

John Brady had rendered very effective service to his brother settlers as one of the most intrepid of the soldiers stationed at the fort. On one occasion he was selected as a commissioner to effect a treaty with the Seneca and Muncie Indians. He visited the villages of these tribes, and was received by the warriors in a friendly manner; but, not being able to arrive at satisfactory terms, he requested them to come to the fort, saying that conclusions could be reached better on a second interview. The savages accepted his invitation, and a few days later paid the whites a visit.

As it was customary to give the Indians presents on occasions of this kind, the warriors came expecting gifts. The whites were, however, too poor to bestow any thing of value, and the Indians therefore stubbornly refused to treat. But, though they would not consent to enter into an alliance, they left the fort in apparent good humor, assuring the garrison that they had no hostile intentions, but, on the contrary, earnestly desired to live in peace. Immediately after their departure, Major Hunter summoned his officers, in order to consult with them upon the plan which should be pursued; for, although he did not suspect the warriors of want of faith, he knew that the country was menaced by a large war-party of the Delawares, and he feared that other tribes might be induced to join the hostile expedition.

At the instance of Captain Brady, Hunter determined to send detachments of soldiers to the points which were most exposed, and to dispatch messen-

gers to all the neighboring settlements for the purpose of informing the inhabitants of the state of affairs, and advising them to arm; and the various parties accordingly set out. Late in the day, Brady remembered that one important post, a trading-station, occupied by a Dutchman named Derr, had been forgotten, and, mounting a horse, he set out himself to carry the information.

As he approached his destination, Brady saw the canoes of the Indians moving backward and forward over the stream, at a point near the station. Coming nearer, he discovered that the boats were paddled by squaws, who were using their utmost endeavors. Making his way as cautiously as possible, he reached the bank without being perceived, and, from his point of observation, he saw that the women on the opposite side were busy in loading the canoes with the rifles, tomahawks, knives, and private effects of the warriors, and that, on landing, the women who rowed the boats carried the freight into the bushes and concealed it.

Guessing that something was wrong, Brady tied his horse, and, watching his opportunity, jumped into a canoe, and rowed swiftly across to the station. Entering the yard, he saw the whole party of Indians stretched on the ground, brutally drunk. A barrel of rum, about half empty, was standing near the door, while the proprietor, Frederick Derr, sat in a chair, smoking his pipe, as if nothing had happened. Going angrily up to Derr, Brady demanded what he meant by permitting the Indians to conduct themselves in so

bestly a manner. The Dutchman replied, that the savages had come to his trading-house with the complaint that the soldiers at the fort had given them no treat; and with the threat that, unless he gave them liquor, they would break open his establishment and obtain it by force. He had accordingly complied with their demand, and rolled out a barrel of rum, telling his unceremonious guests to help themselves.

While Derr was speaking, one of the drunken Indians rose from the ground; and, staggering toward the door, was about to dip a vessel into the rum, when Brady interfered, and, overturning the barrel, spilled its contents. The Indian, though too much intoxicated to prevent the action, resented it savagely; and, eying Brady fiercely for a moment, told him that he should one day regret what he had done. Repeating his threat with still greater fury, he threw himself once more on the ground, while Brady, after exchanging a few words with Derr, took his departure, crossed the river, and returned to the fort.

Captain Brady was too well acquainted with the Indian character not to know that the spirit of revenge, when once aroused in the heart of the savage, can be extinguished by death alone. He was, therefore, conscious that the threat of the Indian was not an idle one; but that, if he ever had it in his power, he would punish the offense by taking the life of the offender. For several years afterward, Brady accordingly kept constantly on his guard; but, as he was not attacked, he finally concluded that his enemy had forgotten the occurrence, and that, if they ever

chanced to meet, the savage would not recognize him, or else would let him pass. How correct he was in this conclusion, our readers shall presently hear.

On the return of John Brady from the army, after the battle of Brandywine, he was given the command of a fort which had been built at the mouth of Muncie Creek, near the place where Pennsboro' now stands. This command he had held for a few months previous to his departure for the regular service; and his reinstatement was, therefore, a matter of course.

James Brady, the second son of Captain John Brady, accompanying his father home from camp, was given by him an important position at the fort. Though under twenty years, he possessed uncommon strength and bodily skill, having, indeed, very few equals among the grown men of the neighborhood. His ambition was to become some day an accomplished soldier, and, above all, to gain distinction as an Indian fighter; and he was never so well pleased as when he was chosen to bear a part in some daring enterprise. He had conducted himself with no small credit during his brief experience with the army, and had received a painful wound in the right leg at the battle of Brandywine. Soon after his return, his brother Samuel, at that time on his way with General Broadhead to Pittsburgh, paid a visit to his home; and James, emulous of following his example, and of deserving a reward of merit similar to that which had been conferred on him, determined that, as soon as his wound healed, he would once more enlist in the volunteer service.

In a short time he recovered his health and strength; and, informing his father of his intentions, set about to accomplish his purpose. But, as no demand for fresh troops had been made for some time on the settlements, he was obliged to wait until a body of men could be organized large enough to compose a respectable volunteer force.

While lying inactive at the fort, impatient of the restraint under which he was placed, he was one day informed by a companion that a party of men was being organized for the purpose of assisting a farmer near the mouth of Loyalsack Creek, a short distance up the river, in cradling his field of oats. He immediately signified his willingness to join the company; and, his proffer being accepted, he set out with the men, numbering altogether about twenty, for the field.

In accordance with a custom prevalent in those days, the men who composed the party, before setting out, proceeded to choose a captain. As there was no commissioned officer present, the choice devolved on the bravest and most competent man; and, by the unanimous consent of his companions, James Brady was selected to lead the company.

Arriving on the ground, the rifles were placed in a pile at one end of the field, and two men were stationed at opposite sides. It was agreed that, in case of a surprise by the Indians, the men were to leave their work, run to the place where the rifles had been laid, and then await the orders of their leader.

With this understanding, the harvesters set to work with a will. The first day passed without incident;

but during the night a strict watch was kept. On the second day the harvesting was resumed, and nearly completed. The laborers were about to leave their work for the day, when one of the sentinels gave a shrill cry, and shouted "Indians." Immediately two shots were fired from the bushes, but both without effect; for the man, taking to instant flight, succeeded in making his escape.

Without waiting to rally his companions, whom he supposed to be no less eager than he himself to resist the attack, Brady, on hearing the alarm, ran with all possible speed for his rifle. He had nearly reached the guns, when, casting a glance over his shoulder, he saw a band of Indians, headed by a white man, in hot pursuit. The instant that he turned, the leader of the party fired at him with a pistol; but, just as the trigger was pulled, Brady accidentally fell over a sheaf of oats, and the ball missed him. He dropped within reach of the rifles; and, as the Indians (who supposed him to have been killed) rushed forward to take his scalp, he grasped a gun, and, aiming it at the first savage who approached, fired, and laid him dead on the ground. Throwing the smoking rifle aside, he seized a second piece, and discharged it at the next Indian with equal effect.

To his utter despair and terror, the brave young captain now perceived that he was left to contend, single-handed and alone, with a host of enemies; for his comrades, instead of repairing to the appointed place, had incontinently fled. But, though he knew that speedy death would be the inevitable conse-

quence of continued resistance, he determined to die rather than surrender, and, grasping a third rifle, he prepared to die gallantly.

At the fall of the second Indian, the rest of the band, seeing the resolution and heroism of the young captain, wavered for a moment, uncertain whether to close around him and take him prisoner by the force of numbers, or to prevent him from doing further mischief by shooting him on the spot. They were not left to debate long; for Brady, raising his piece without a second's hesitation, discharged it into their midst, and a third savage fell bleeding and helpless.

With a yell of mortification and fury, the Indians now sprang forward in a body; and, closing around Brady as he was about to cock the fourth rifle, proceeded to overcome him by superior force. Brady resisted stoutly. He first attempted to club down his opponents with his gun, but the weapon was instantly wrenched from his hands. He then struggled violently, hoping to force his way through the crowd; and he so enraged his enemies by the obstinacy of his resistance, that one of them finally drew a tomahawk, and struck him a stunning blow, felling him to the ground. The scalp was then torn from his head, and the Indians left him lying in apparent death.

Although, to all appearance, there was not a spark of life in Brady's body after he had received the blow from the tomahawk, and while the scalp was being plucked from his head, he was, nevertheless, perfectly sensible. He was so powerless that he could not move a limb, but he felt and suffered as keenly as if

he possessed entire control of all his bodily energies. No words can tell the agony which he endured while he lay beneath the knife of the Indian, suffering every torment of life and death. So fully did he retain his senses, that he was able to see the scalp after it was taken from him, and to distinguish the words of exultation uttered by the Indians, who regarded it as a trophy, on account of its long and luxuriant growth of hair.

Leaving their victim, the savages made off across the field. But they had not gone far when they turned and came back to secure the guns which still lay where the whites had placed them. Casting a glance at Brady, one of the savages told his companions that he still showed signs of life; and an Indian youth was accordingly ordered to dispatch him. The boy seized one of the large tomahawks of the warriors, and, uttering the Indian war-whoop, struck it into Brady's head in four separate places. Satisfied at length of the death of their enemy, the warriors picked up the rifles and once more took their departure.

In the course of about half an hour young Brady revived, and, creeping on hands and knees, made a shift to reach a small cabin, occupied by an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. Twice, in the course of his painful progress, he fell to the ground, fainting from loss of blood, but he finally succeeded in his attempt; and, arriving at the door of the hut, called to its owner for assistance. The old man, on hearing the report of the

guns, had concealed himself, but, recognizing Brady's voice, he now left his hiding-place and came to him.

Informing the man of the strength of the Indians, Brady begged him to fly to the fort, saying that the red-skins would soon be back and would kill him. This request was disregarded; and, as remonstrance proved useless, Brady desired the old man to carry him to the river. He gladly complied, and laying the youth down on the bank, brought him water in his hat, which he drank in large quantities. Brady still entreated his friend to fly and save himself, but he still refused. He then requested him to load the gun in the cabin and bring it to him. This was done, and, taking the rifle in his hands, Brady turned on his side and sank, apparently, into deep sleep.

Suddenly a noise was heard in the wood behind, and the young captain, instantly aroused, sprang to his feet, and, ordering his companion to conceal himself in the bushes, stood guard. In a moment a horseman emerged from the trees, and soon after a troop of mounted men appeared. Conjecturing that the horsemen were soldiers who had been sent in pursuit of the Indians, Brady called to them. They came to him, and, after hearing his story, quickly constructed a rude litter, and, stretching him on it, bore him as rapidly as possible to the fort.

For four days after his return, the young captain lay insensible and delirious. On the fifth day he recovered his senses, and, calling his father to him, related, with the greatest minuteness, every incident connected with his remarkable adventure. To-

ward evening he died, deeply regretted by all within the fort, as well as by every one in the settlements.

In his description of the Indian attack, Brady stated that the savages were of the Seneca tribe, and were led by a warrior whom he personally knew to be the celebrated chief Bald Eagle, from whom certain creeks and a high ridge, so-called, derive their name. Another Indian was known by Brady's description to be the chief Corn-planter. Both of these warriors were among the most famous of the Indian braves; and vengeance, "not loud but deep," was breathed against them.

It may interest our readers to know that, a few years after this occurrence, the death of James Brady was bloodily avenged by his brother Samuel, the captain of the Rangers. To retaliate on the Indians for some of their depredations, a large force was led against them by General Broadhead in person. The command of the advance guard was intrusted to Samuel Brady. At a point on the Alleghany River, which has since been named Brady's Bend, a large war-party of the Senecas was encountered. An engagement followed, and during the battle, Captain Brady recognized the chief, Bald Eagle, leading a band of warriors through a narrow pass. He fired, but did not know the result of his shot until afterward, when, going to the spot, he found the Eagle's dead body. A ball had pierced the Indian's heart; and the blood of the brave young captain of Loyal-sack was fatally and righteously avenged.

The murder of young James Brady, by the Indians, occurred on the 9th day of August, 1778. For a short time afterward the settlements enjoyed comparative quiet; but, in the following spring, war broke out along the entire frontier line; and, in order to render the country secure, it was found necessary to garrison the forts with increased forces of brave and active men.

The post of which Captain John Brady had the command was situated in a part of the country which was much exposed to attack. At his urgent request a body of troops was sent from one of the forts above to increase the garrison; and, on the arrival of this company, Captain Brady felt assured that, with the assistance of the neighboring settlers, the force under his command was fully adequate to the protection of the strip of country which he was required to guard.

Before many weeks had passed, the supplies of the garrison ran short, and Captain Brady, mounting his horse, and taking with him a wagon, team, and guard, started out, on the 11th day of April, 1779, toward Fort Augusta, to obtain additional quantities. Having loaded his wagon with all that could be had, he set out, early in the afternoon, to return. The wagon, surrounded by a guard of six men, took the lead, and the captain followed at some distance, accompanied by a comrade named Peter Smith.

When they arrived within a mile or two of the fort, the road forked, and the wagon, still keeping the lead, followed the direct course. Captain Brady, however,

turned his horse into the other path, remarking to his companion, as he did so, that the way was shorter, and that, though the road was not so much frequented, he had very little fear of Indians.

Conversing on various subjects, Brady and Smith journeyed on leisurely until they came to a small run, near the place where the two roads joined, a short distance below the fort. Just before reaching this point, the conversation had taken a mournful turn. Captain Brady referred in terms of the deepest melancholy to the death of his son James; and, speaking of the brutality and villainy of the Indians, he described the incident which had occurred several years before at Derr's Station, where the drunken Indian had sworn vengeance. He said that he had long given up all fear of again meeting the savage, but that, should he chance to encounter him, he would have no difficulty in recognizing him on account of a deep scar on his cheek.

Crossing the run, Brady, stopping his horse for a moment, glanced to the side of the road, and remarked to his companion that the wildness of the place would be very favorable to an Indian attack. Smith answered "Yes," and the captain again started his horse. The animal had, however, made scarcely half a dozen steps, when three rifles were suddenly heard in quick succession. One of the balls grazed Smith's forehead; another hit his horse, which instantly fell with its rider. The third struck Captain Brady, who, relaxing his hold of the bridle, dropped lifeless in the road.

Disentangling himself from his fallen horse, Smith rose, and springing on Brady's steed, which came dashing past at that moment, he rode swiftly away. When at the distance of a few yards, he turned round and saw that two of the Indians were standing by the side of the road, reloading their guns, evidently with the hope of getting another shot at him. The third was standing over the dead captain, holding a bloody scalp in his hand. Although he had but a moment's glance, Smith saw that this Indian answered the description which Brady had given of the one who had threatened his life; for he could plainly see that he had a long and very prominent scar on his right cheek.

Pursuing his flight, Smith arrived, in a few minutes, at the fort. He was met by a throng of people, foremost among whom was the dead man's wife. In reply to the anxious inquiries for Captain Brady, Smith said that he was "in heaven or hell, or else on the way to Tioga," meaning that he was either dead or a prisoner; and added, that all who were inquisitive might go and ascertain for themselves.

The men composing the garrison ran to the spot. The wagon-guard, who had also been attracted by the firing, were found lifting the dead body from the ground. The captain's scalp was taken off, and his rifle was gone; but the Indians had not mutilated his body, and they had evidently neglected to search his pockets, for his watch and valuables were found undisturbed.

Thus died Captain John Brady, the victim of a malignant Indian's revenge. The intelligence of his

death was carried to his son, Captain Samuel Brady, at Pittsburgh, who immediately took a solemn oath that he would consecrate the remainder of his life to avenging the blood of his father and his brave young brother. How well this oath was kept, we have already seen. Few names are more celebrated in the early annals of Western Pennsylvania than that of Brady; and to this day it is spoken with the greatest admiration and enthusiasm by the old settlers.

THE ADVENTURES OF LEWIS WEITZEL.

THE name and fame of Lewis Weitzel, the renowned and intrepid warrior and hunter, are inseparably connected with the history of early civilization in the West. Between the years 1782 and 1795, this bold adventurer was to the settlers of Virginia what Boone and Kenton had been to those of Kentucky, and Brady to those of Western Pennsylvania. At the present day, the story of his exploits reads like the most extravagant romance; and it seems scarcely credible that any man could have been endowed with physical powers capable of accomplishing the extraordinary feats which have been ascribed to him. Certain it is, he had no equal among the pioneers of his part of the country; and, for his wonderful success as a spy, hunter, and woodsman, was, for upward of twelve years, regarded by the settlers as their right arm of defense.

The father of Lewis was John Weitzel, one of the first settlers of Wheeling Creek, West Virginia. His family consisted of five sons and two daughters, named respectively: Martin, Lewis, Jacob, John, George, Susan, and Christina. The first four of the sons lived to maturity; and all became famous as bold frontiersmen and as Indian hunters of the most

unrivalled courage, enterprise, and audacity. The astonishing adventures of Lewis threw the exploits of his brothers into the shade; but some of the performances of Martin, Jacob, and John are very remarkable, and well worthy of record.

John Weitzel, the father of the boys, was one of the boldest and most enterprising of the early pioneers. He was a man absolutely without fear; and in all of the Indian wars, up to the time of his death, bore a part of great distinction and usefulness,—never returning from an expedition without bringing some token of his prowess. He spent a great deal of his time in locating lands, hunting, and fishing; and, though his neighbors frequently entreated him to leave his dangerous occupation, and to cease to expose himself so recklessly to attack, he disregarded all of their admonitions, saying that a brave man disdains to employ the precautionary methods of the timorous. His courage, however, was greater than his prudence, as will be shown in its proper place.

Settling at Wheeling Creek, Mr. Weitzel rashly built his cabin at some distance from the fort, and moved his family into it. He was several times urged by his friends to leave his isolated situation, and come within cover of the palisades; but he refused to comply, until one day a sweeping calamity forcibly represented to him the extreme folly of his conduct, carrying with it, at the same time, the most terrible consequences of delay and neglect.

On the afternoon of a fine midsummer day of the year 1774, John Weitzel took his nets and rifle, and,

launching his canoe, started for a fishing and hunting excursion up the river. He was accompanied by his eldest son Martin, a stout and active youth of seventeen. The rest of the family were left at the cabin under the charge of Lewis, at that time about thirteen years old.

Soon after his departure, Mrs. Weitzel called her boy John, and sent him on an errand to the fort, bidding him to return quickly. As the Indians had not been very turbulent in the immediate neighborhood for some months, and as it was still broad daylight, she did not feel any uneasiness for her family's safety; but, knowing that her husband intended to be away during the night, she determined to take every necessary precaution against the evening; and, motioning to Lewis, who was in the yard chopping wood, she ordered him to take the three rifles from the chimney-piece, and load them carefully. Lewis obeyed; and, standing two of the guns by the door, took the third and stepped out of the house to practice shooting at the target.

Holding the gun in his hand, the lad stopped for a moment on the threshold to watch his brother Jacob, who was playing in the grass. Hearing a slight noise, he suddenly lifted his eyes, and, looking in the direction from which it seemed to proceed, he saw the muzzle of a gun protruding from behind a tree. He instantly jumped to one side; but, before he had time to save himself, the rifle was discharged, and a bullet struck him on the breast-bone. By the greatest good fortune, it did not have a fatal effect. It carried away,

however, a piece of the bone, and made a fearful gash athwart the chest, producing a severely painful wound.

Instantly after the report of the rifle, the woods rang with a hideous yell, and before Lewis had time to recover his gun, which had dropped from his grasp, two large Indian warriors sprang forward with uplifted tomahawks. While one of them secured the two youths, the other entered the house; and, knocking aside a rifle which Mrs. Weitzel was about to aim at his breast, raised his weapon, and quickly severed her head from her body. He then tomahawked her aged father and her three young children; and, rejoining his companions, seized Lewis by the hand, and led him and his brother Jacob into the wood.

For two days the Indians traveled with all speed through the wilderness. On the morning of the second day, they reached the Ohio, and, crossing it near the mouth of McMahan's Creek, continued their march, reaching the Big Lick, about twenty miles from the river, toward evening. Although young Weitzel's wound pained him terribly, he conducted himself with exemplary courage, making no complaint, and cheering on his younger brother, telling him that, if he made good speed, the Indians would treat him well; but that the moment he lagged they would kill and scalp him without mercy.

On the evening of this day the Indians encamped, and lay down with their prisoners. But, contrary to custom, they neglected to bind the captives; and they were no sooner asleep than Lewis, taking advantage of this singular omission, stirred his brother, and, tell-



MASSACRE OF THE WEITZEL FAMILY.



THE EVERGLADES—THE HOME OF OSCEOLA.

ing him to preserve the most studied silence, took his hand, and led him gently away. The savages did not move, and the two boys soon reached a safe distance. They were making off at the height of their speed, when Lewis suddenly stopped, and informed his brother that they had forgotten their moccasins. He told him to wait while he returned to secure them. Going back to the camp, the brave lad found the Indians still asleep, and, snatching up the moccasins, once more turned to fly. He was unperceived, and soon rejoined his brother. The moccasins were fitted on, when Lewis, again telling his brother to remain quietly where he was, once more went back to the camp. His purpose this time was to secure a rifle; for he knew the Indians had three, since they had taken one from his father's house. He readily procured the weapon, and, as the savages did not move, succeeded a third time in making his escape. Flying through the thick woods, the boys soon came to the path which they had followed the day before, and, traveling briskly, they were in a short time well on their way.

Toward morning, Lewis, who had kept constantly on the alert for his pursuers, heard a crashing noise at some distance behind. Seizing his brother by the arm, he whispered to him to steal cautiously into the bushes. Jacob obeyed, and Lewis followed quickly after him, covering up their tracks, as he did so, with some dry leaves. A moment later, the Indians came rushing along the path at a furious rate, muttering volleys of savage oaths. When they had passed,

Lewis touched his brother's arm, and, taking the trail, continued the journey. Before long, they heard the savages returning, and they again stepped aside, once more eluding capture. A short time before day-break, they were followed by two Indians on horse-back; but, resorting to a similar expedient, the boys deceived their captors for the third time. During the day, they journeyed without seeing or hearing any thing of their enemies; and, reaching the Ohio about noon, they lashed two logs firmly together, and crossed. They soon made their way to a settlement, and, in the course of another day, were restored to their friends.

The success of young Weitzel in this very remarkable adventure gained for him a great deal of applause among the settlers. All were agreed in saying that his pluck and heroism were something quite extraordinary; and that, both for his boldness, and for the cleverness which he displayed in eluding capture, it was evident that he united every element of the courageous and successful adventurer.

As he grew older, it became apparent that he was destined to pass through a most useful and active career. At the age of seventeen, he had no match among the settlers as a marksman; and he was able to contend successfully in bodily exercises with the most stalwart pioneers of Western Virginia. While a boy, he acquired the practice of loading his rifle while running, and he thus gained a double advantage over his enemies; for, in case of pursuit, he was enabled to thwart the most active enemy. How quick

and expert he was in this difficult exercise, and how valuable it proved to him, the following story will illustrate:

In the year 1783, shortly after William Crawford's defeat by the Indians, a man named Thomas Mills, one of the fugitives of that disastrous expedition, reached the Indian Spring, a place about nine miles from Wheeling. As the country was too rough to go further on horseback, he left his horse tied to a tree, and went on foot to the settlement. After a day's rest, he started to return; but, knowing that the journey would be very dangerous, he induced Lewis Weitzel,—who was then about nineteen years old,—to go with him. Arriving at the spring, Mills proceeded to unloose the animal; but, before he had accomplished his purpose, Weitzel suddenly yelled to him to place himself on his guard, and immediately afterward discharged his piece at an Indian whom he had discovered peeping from behind a tree. The shot took effect, and the savage fell dead. This act was followed by a volley of bullets, fired by a war-party concealed in the bushes; and, before Weitzel had time to reload his gun, a band of about forty Indians rushed forward. Looking round for his companion, Weitzel discovered him lying motionless on the ground; and, knowing that his own death or capture would instantly follow, unless he had the good fortune to save himself, he made a quick bound, dashed through the throng of Indians, and started off at the full extent of his speed.

He was not, however, destined to escape without making a strenuous effort; for he had no sooner commenced his flight than four of the fleetest Indians of the party dropped their guns, and followed in pursuit. Weitzel was justly accounted a young man of almost unrivaled activity; and, although he had but a few feet the start, he soon succeeded in placing a distance of several yards between himself and the foremost Indian. After running for about half a mile, he became conscious that his pursuer was steadily gaining on him; and, turning his head, he saw the savage, only a few feet behind, straining every muscle. Fearing that his enemy might throw his tomahawk, Weitzel, having by this time loaded his gun, quickly wheeled, and shot him dead in his tracks. The three remaining Indians, who were some distance behind, gave a loud yell, and bounded forward at full speed, thinking that, since the white man's gun was empty, he could do them no further harm. Weitzel now had no fear of being taken; for he regarded the rest of the party, compared with the first Indian, as mere laggards, and, slackening his speed, he quickly reloaded his gun, preparing to give his pursuers another proof of his skill in tactics.

After running for another half mile, the second Indian came up, and Weitzel turned to shoot. But, to his great disgust, he found that the fellow had made such speed that he was immediately on his heels; and, as he raised the rifle, the Indian caught the muzzle with both hands, striving to wrench it from his grasp. An earnest struggle now followed for the

possession of the weapon. The savage was very large, sinewy and dexterous, and, exerting all his strength, he finally succeeded in bringing his opponent to the ground. Following up his advantage, he attempted to take possession of the gun, but Weitzel, making a quick movement, succeeded, just at the critical instant, in recovering himself, and, jerking the piece from the Indian's grasp, placed the muzzle against his breast and fired. The warrior gave a heavy groan, and dropped dead on the spot.

The two savages who remained continued the pursuit. By this time, however, both they and the fugitive were very tired, and the chase was not so animated as it had been. In a few moments Weitzel had again charged his gun, and as he was anxious to put an end to the business, he faced about and raised it to shoot. The two Indians dodged, and concealed themselves behind trees. Weitzel resumed his flight, and they followed in pursuit. He again stopped and they again treed; and they ran on in this way for two or three miles, until Weitzel, thoroughly exasperated, suddenly turned and fired at one of the Indians just as he was taking cover. The ball took effect in the man's thigh, and produced a wound which, as Weitzel learned afterward, proved fatal. At his comrade's fall, the fourth Indian gave a little shriek, and cried in a manner which threw Weitzel into convulsions of laughter, "*No catch dat man; him gun always loaded,*" running off as he did so, glad, doubtless, to escape with his life. In this extraordinary adventure, Weitzel killed three Indi-

ans and mortally wounded a fourth. He escaped without harm, and arrived home in a few hours with the report of his remarkable achievement.

During the next four years Weitzel passed most of his time in hunting and fishing. In this period he had many adventures of a most exciting nature, and his name gradually came to be known and feared by the Indian tribes throughout Virginia. It was not, however, until the year 1787, that he became an avowed Indian hunter, and commenced his adventurous career in earnest. The incident which was immediately instrumental in transforming him from the careless trapper and woodsman into the determined and terrible avenger of blood, may be told in brief, as follows:

His father, John Weitzel, as our readers have already been informed, was a man of the most reckless and desperate valor and daring. In pursuit of his occupation, that of hunter and surveyor, he frequently went on long journeys without a single companion, and was never attended by more than one or two friends. One day, while returning in a canoe, with one companion, from an excursion to Middle Island Creek, he was hailed by a large party of Indians, and ordered to put ashore. Without making a reply he headed his boat for the middle of the stream, and, with his companion, used every effort to escape. The Indians fired on the instant, and one of their balls struck Weitzel in the body, wounding him mortally. Knowing that, under any circumstances, he must soon die from the effects of the shot, Weitzel,

true to his noble and heroic spirit, ordered his companion to lie down in the canoe, and then, working the paddles with renewed vigor, although his life was ebbing fast, pulled for the opposite shore. The Indians fired another volley, but, fortunately, without effect, and before they had time to discharge a third, the boat was out of range. Weitzel expired soon after reaching the bank, and was buried by his companion. His grave may still be seen near the old fortress, called Baker's Station. It is marked by a rough stone, on which is written in rough, though distinct characters, the inscription, "J. W., 1787."

On receiving the news of his father's death, Lewis Weitzel, in common with his three brothers, solemnly swore sleepless vengeance against the whole Indian race. Lewis was, at this time, about twenty-three years old, and in the prime of his manhood. Endowed with a will as inflexible as his bodily powers were vigorous, few could have been better adapted to carry a resolution of this kind into effect; and at no time during his subsequent life did he forget the oath which he had taken, while the vengeance which he wrought was terrible indeed. A few incidents in his life will serve to illustrate the boldness and firmness of his spirit, and to point out at once what was good and what was bad in his character. The following account of his adventures has been written more to secure this object than to form a continuous and accurate narrative of his career; and it is hoped that whatever deficiencies it may have in point of chronological arrangement, will be overlooked in view

of the much greater importance of the subject-matter itself, which has been drawn from the most reliable sources, and all of which can be depended upon as scrupulously truthful and thoroughly authentic.

A few weeks after the murder of John Weitzel, the Indians became very troublesome in the neighborhood of the Wheeling settlement, and, one of their parties having killed a man at a place called Mingo Bottom, it was decided to take vigorous measures against them. An expedition was accordingly formed and dispatched, under Major McMahan; and, in order to stimulate the men to use every possible effort, a subscription purse of one hundred dollars was made up and offered as a reward to the man who should bring in the first Indian scalp.

On being requested to join the band, Lewis Weitzel promptly consented, telling his comrades that, though he expected before long to claim and receive the reward, he thought less of the profits of the undertaking than of the satisfaction which he expected to derive in encountering the rascally red-skins. The party, numbering about twenty men, crossed the river, and, marching rapidly in the direction of the Muskingum, soon penetrated the heart of the wilderness.

Striking a broad Indian trail, a detachment of five men was sent forward to reconnoiter. This detachment, after an absence of a few hours, returned, and reported that the savages were encamped directly ahead, but that their numbers were far too great to warrant an attack; adding that the best which could

be done, under the circumstances, was to return immediately, since the Indians, doubtless, had runners scattered throughout the country, who would discover the pursuing party and carry word quickly to the main body. Taking counsel with a few of his friends, McMahan determined to give over the enterprise, and accordingly ordered a retreat.

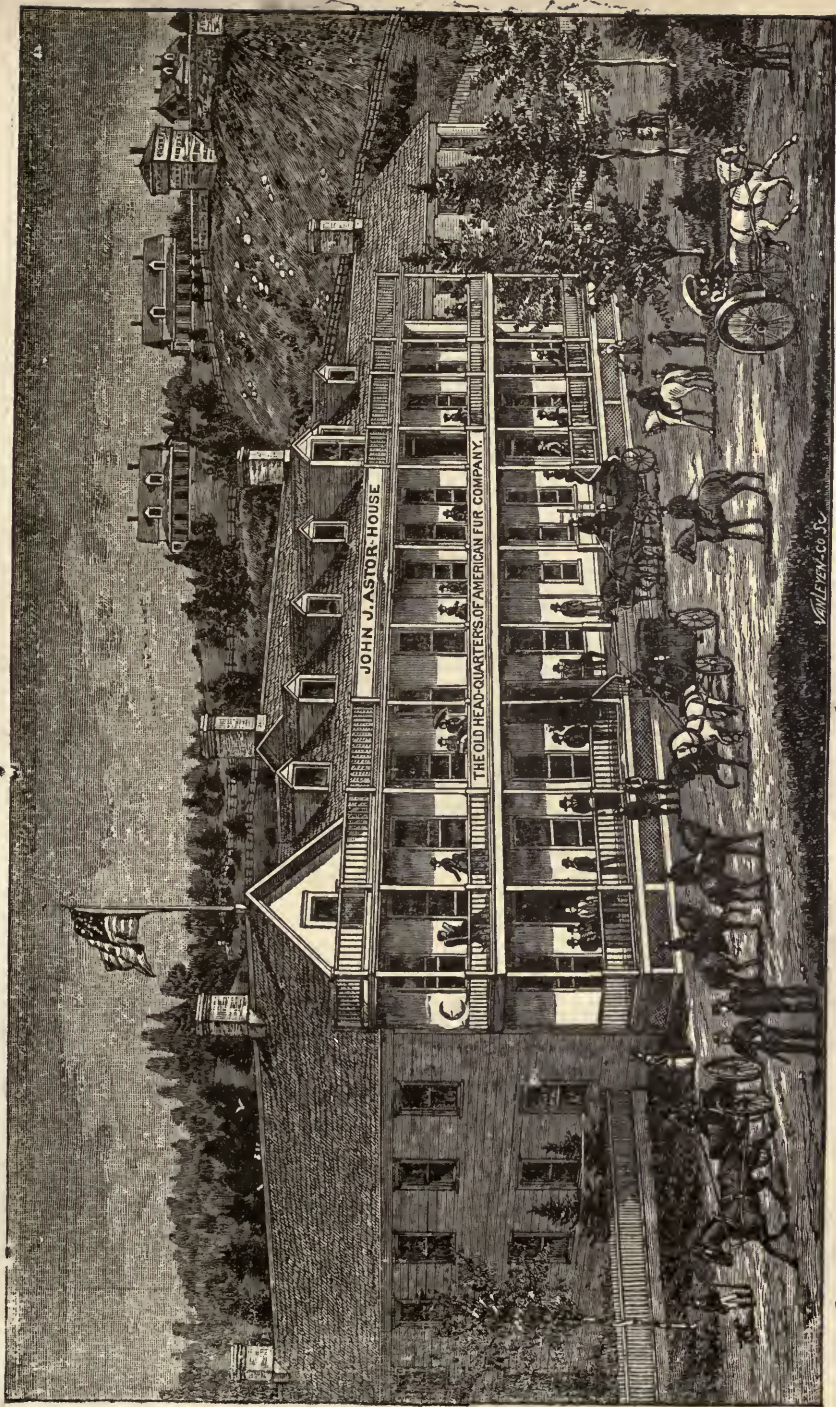
While the discussion was going on, Weitzel sat quietly on a log, carelessly resting his rifle on his knees, and listening with an amused expression to the various arguments which were offered. As soon as it was decided to return, nearly all of the party set off in impetuous haste, and Weitzel's amused look changed to an expression of the most thorough disgust. As he did not move, McMahan turned to him and asked him whether he intended to join his comrades. "No," he sullenly replied; "I came out to hunt Indians, and now that they are found, I am not going home, like a fool, with my fingers in my mouth. I am determined to take an Indian scalp, or lose my own." At this answer his companions looked at him for a moment in amazement, but, seeing that he was in earnest, they attempted to argue with him, representing to him the extreme folly of his course. He would not, however, listen to any words, and, bidding him adieu, they soon took a hasty departure.

When the men were gone, Weitzel arose, and, gathering his blanket around him, adjusted his tomahawk and scalping-knife, examined and shouldered his rifle, and then started off alone, pursuing the course which his companions had abandoned. Thoroughly

acquainted with every feature of Indian warfare, he advanced with all the caution of the experienced hunter, avoiding all of the large streams, and peering into every dell and cover, keenly alive to all sounds and appearances of a doubtful nature. He met with no adventure during the first day, and as evening came on, satisfying himself that there was no danger of being discovered, he lay down to sleep.

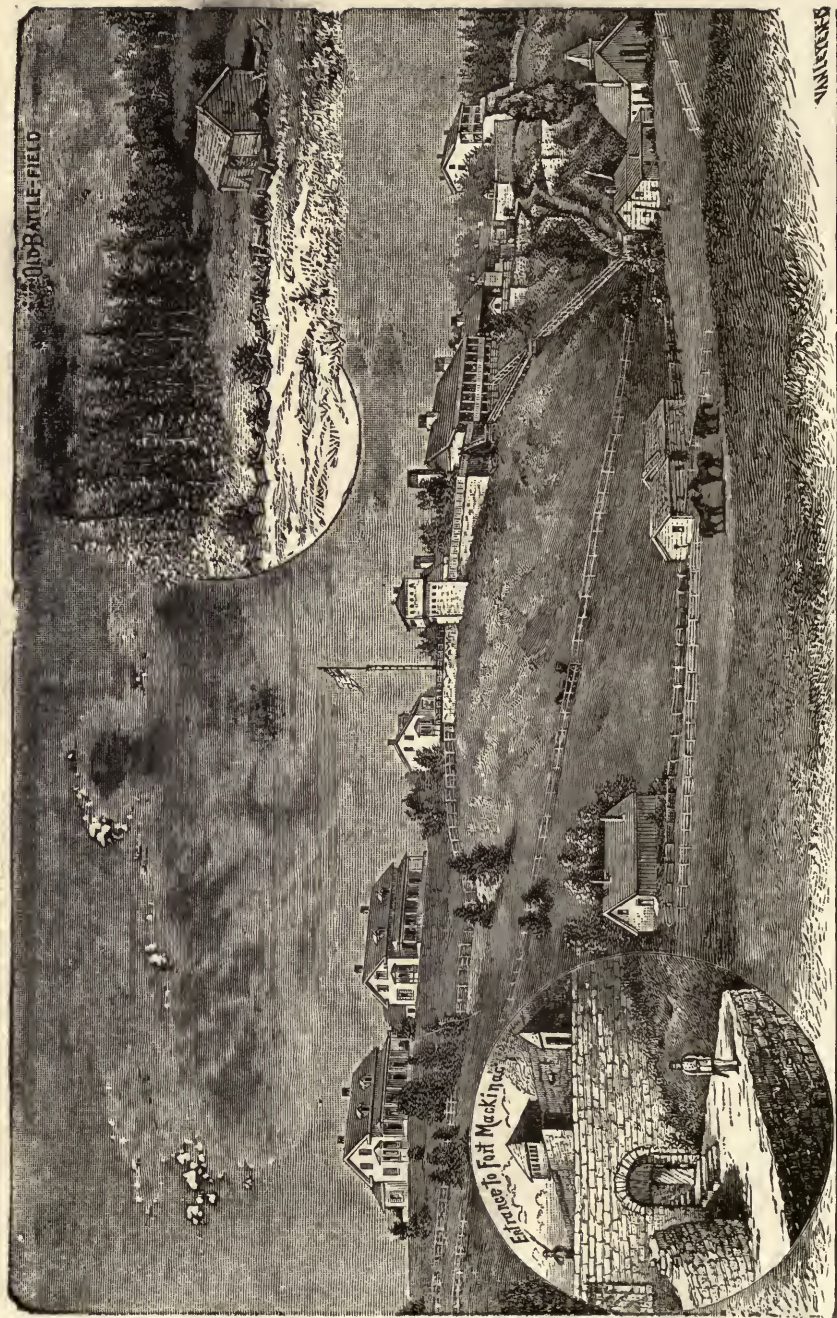
The night air was very cold, and Weitzel soon awoke, chilled to the bone. As he knew that there were enemies in the neighborhood, he did not venture to light a fire, but, resorting to an expedient as novel as it was ingenious, he soon succeeded in producing a good substitute. He made a small coal pit out of bark, dried leaves, and other materials, and covering the heap with some loose earth, leaving an air-hole or two, he lighted the combustibles and encircled the pit with his legs. He thus got the benefit of a fire without showing a light, and, covering the upper part of his body with his blanket, he soon sank into an agreeable sleep.

On the next morning, Weitzel resumed his hunt for Indians. After traveling for many hours over a large extent of country without seeing any signs, he came, at length, to a small clearing, and, to his great joy, discovered, at a short distance, a column of smoke rising through the trees. Going quickly to the spot from which the smoke ascended, he found a camp, though no Indians. On the ground, near the fire, were two blankets and a small kettle, and, guessing that they were the property of two Indians absent



WHERE INDIANS SOLD THEIR FURS.

W. H. FEN-20-30



FORT MACKINAC, FAMOUS IN INDIAN WARS.

on the hunt, he concealed himself and patiently awaited developments. In a short time, one of the savages came in, and, stirring the fire, went about to prepare his supper. His companion arrived about ten minutes later. They ate their meal, and then commenced to amuse themselves by singing and telling stories. They seemed to be in a very mirthful mood, and their grimaces and extravagant bursts of laughter afforded Weitzel no small entertainment. He might easily have shot both of them while they sat helpless and utterly incapable of defense, or rolled on the ground convulsed with merriment. But he preferred to wait for awhile and watch their movements.

About ten o'clock, one of the savages took his rifle and wrapped his blanket around him, telling his companion that he was going to a lick on a small stream near at hand to watch for deer. His departure was a source of considerable vexation to Weitzel, who had laid his plans so as to kill both; but, hoping that the Indian would return before morning, he determined to leave the other one unmolested until his absent comrade again put in an appearance. Many hours passed, and the Indian did not return. Finally the birds in the trees commenced to chirp, indicating that the day was near at hand. Longer delay was intolerable, and Weitzel concluded to put an end to the adventure at once. He walked into the camp, and stealing up to the Indian, who lay sleeping on one side, he drew his knife and drove it with the utmost force into his body. The blow was

well-directed, and the blade penetrated the heart, for the victim uttered no sound, but gave only a short, convulsive quiver, and then lay motionless in death. Weitzel quickly took his scalp, and, setting out on his return, made such speed that he arrived at Mingo Bottom only one day after his companions. Showing the scalp of the Indian, he claimed his reward, which was immediately paid to him.

Among the most celebrated exploits of Weitzel, was his massacre of three savages while on one of his fall hunts. Traveling through the forest, near the bank of the Muskingum River, he fell, one night, upon a camp of four Indians. In spite of the great odds necessarily attending the attempt, he determined to rush into their midst, and, while they lay asleep, dispatch them. The adventure is thus related by one of Weitzel's biographers:

"At the hour of midnight he moved cautiously from his covert, and, gliding through the darkness, stealthily approached the camp, supporting his rifle in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. A dim flicker from the camp-fire faintly revealed the forms of the sleepers, wrapped in that profound slumber which, to part of them, was to know no waking. There they lay, with their dark faces turned up to the night-sky, in the deep solitude of their own wilderness, little dreaming that their most relentless enemy was hovering over them. Quietly resting his gun against a tree, he unsheathed his knife, and, with an intrepidity that could never be surpassed, stepped boldly forward, like the minister of death, and, quick

as thought, cleft the skull of one of his sleeping victims. In an instant a second one was similarly served; and as a third attempted to rise, confused by the horrid yells with which Weitzel accompanied his blows, he too shared the fate of his companions, and sank dead at the feet of his ruthless slayer. The fourth darted into the darkness of the wood and escaped, although Weitzel pursued him some distance. Returning to camp, he scalped his victims, and then left for home. When asked, on his return, what luck? "Not much," he replied. "I treed four Indians, but one got away." This unexampled achievement stamped him as one of the most daring and, at the same time, successful hunters of his day. The distance to and from the scene of this adventure could not have been less than one hundred and seventy miles."

In illustration of the profound sagacity of this bold hunter, the two following incidents are commended to the attention of the reader:

The Indians had a practice of decoying hunters and woodsmen by imitating the cry of the wild turkey, which some of them uttered to perfection. In the neighborhood of Wheeling Creek, two or three men, who had gone out to hunt, upon hearing this deceptive call, had never returned, and, though the turkey decoy was not known among the settlers at that time, Weitzel, reflecting upon the matter, became convinced that the disappearance of the hunters was owing to some such cause.

Keeping on the alert for two or three days after-

ward, Weitzel heard the turkey-call several times, and, remarking that it came from a single direction, he determined to investigate matters. He knew that, on the hill from which the sound came, there was a large cavern, whose entrance was very narrow and entirely concealed by a thick growth of bushes. Hoping to get a shot at an Indian before breakfast, he shouldered his gun one morning about day-break, and, climbing the hill, took a circuitous route, reached the spot, and posted himself behind a tree in front of the opening of the cave.

In the course of about half an hour his vigilance was rewarded. The twisted tuft of a warrior was thrust from the opening, and the savage, after peering cautiously around, uttered the long, shrill, and peculiar cry, and then drew back into the darkness of the cave. Weitzel placed himself in readiness, cocked his gun, rested its muzzle on the ledge of a rock, and awaited expectantly the second appearance of the Indian. Presently the tuft was again thrust forth, and the warrior, straining his head forward, prepared to utter the deceptive cry. Scarcely had he given the first note, when Weitzel pulled the trigger of his rifle and sent a bullet into his brain. The Indian fell sprawling on the ground, and the successful hunter, taking his scalp, set out for home, well satisfied with the issue of the morning's adventure. On the way he met two men from the fort, who, hearing the cry, had taken their rifles and started out with the hope of killing game. In reply to their inquiries, Weitzel told them that they had best return, since he had

been ahead of them and taken all the game that was to be found in the neighborhood. He then showed the scalp of the Indian and related his adventure. Tradition does not say whether the turkey decoy was employed afterward by the Indians in the neighborhood of Wheeling Creek, but it is certain that no more incautious hunters were entrapped by it.*

Another incident which strikingly illustrates the great sagacity and cunning of Lewis Weitzel is thus related by the writer from whom we have already quoted:

"Returning homeward from a hunt north of the Ohio, somewhat fatigued and a little careless of his movements, he suddenly espied an Indian in the very act of raising his gun to fire. Both immediately sprang to trees; and here they stood for an hour, each afraid of the other. What was to be done? To remain there during the whole day—for it was then early in the morning—was out of the question. Now it was that the sagacity of Weitzel displayed itself over the child-like simplicity of the savage. Cautiously adjusting his bear-skin cap to the end of his ramrod—with the slightest, most dubious, and hesitating motion, as though afraid to venture a glance, the cap protruded. An instant, a crack, and off was torn the fatal cap by the sure ball of the vigilant savage. Leaping from his retreat, our hero rapidly advanced upon the astonished Indian, and, ere the tomahawk could be brought to its work

* A similar story is told in Hall's "Romance of Western History," of Captain William Linn.

of death, the tawny foe sprang convulsively into the air, and, straightening as he descended, fell on his face, quite dead."

The incident in Lewis Weitzel's life which gave him the most trouble, and which has ever since been the means of reflecting discredit upon his name, with a certain class of people, was the shooting by him and Veach Dickerson of the Indian George Washington, at the time of General Harmar's expedition, pending negotiations for a peace. Although no justification can fully exonerate him from blame for his conduct on this occasion, and although the harsh measures taken against him by the military authorities for his part in the affair were, according to the principles of strict justice, entirely warranted by the circumstances of the case, the judgment of reason is that his action was not wholly inexcusable, and that General Harmar's extreme want of leniency did very little credit to that officer's judicial character. Of these things, however, we shall have more to say further on. The following is believed to be an accurate version of the affair:

About the year 1789, General Harmar—so celebrated in Western history for his part in the unfortunate expedition which bears his name—erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum River, where Marietta now stands. Wishing to obtain the co-operation of the neighboring Indian tribes, he sent a party of white men with a flag of truce to propose a conference. In response to Harmar's proposal, a large body of warriors came, on the general invita-

tion, and encamped on the Muskingum, a few miles above its mouth. Negotiations followed, and General Harmar issued a proclamation ordering a cessation of arms among the whites.

On hearing of Harmar's order, Weitzel, who understood the methods of war better than the laws and obligations of peace, declared that the general was either a coward or a fool. Treaties, he said, had frequently been concluded with the red-skins, but the Indian nature was treacherous in the extreme, and faith had never been kept. He demanded of his companions whether they would submit to see their villainous enemies given an advantage by which they could carry every hostile design which they might have into execution. He declared that he, for his part, would not recognize General Harmar's authority, but would continue to fight Indians as before; and, if the general had aught to say against his conduct, he would take care that every thing should be right.

In fulfillment of the resolution which he had formed, Weitzel proposed to one of his comrades, Veach Dickerson, that they should go to Fort Harmar, conceal themselves on the road between the fort and the camp, and, lying in wait, kill the first Indian who made his appearance. An opportunity, he said, would soon offer, since it was natural to suppose that parties were constantly passing to and from the fort. Leaving the settlement at Mingo Bottom,—where Weitzel was living at that time,—the two friends set out on their enterprise, and in a short time arrived in the neighborhood of the Indian encampment. Concealing

themselves by the wayside, they waited patiently for the appearance of their intended victim.

After lying for a few hours, they heard the tramp of a horse approaching at full speed from the direction of the camp. Soon it came within view, and Weitzel and Dickerson saw that its rider was a tall, thickset savage. He was covered from head to foot with ornaments, and was evidently a warrior of rank. Weitzel told his companion that they must not let this fellow escape them; and, waiting until he came opposite, Weitzel raised his gun, and yelled to the Indian to halt. As the horse was going at great speed, the sound of his voice was drowned, and the order was not heard. The Indian passed at a hard gallop; but the men, determined not to be disappointed, took a quick aim and fired simultaneously. To their mortification, the savage did not drop, although, from a plunging motion which he made in his saddle, he was evidently wounded. He spurred his horse and rode on. Weitzel watched him until he disappeared in the distance; and then, taking his comrade's arm, beat a hasty retreat, for he knew that the camp, on hearing that the warrior had been shot at, would be alarmed, and that the Indians would take immediate steps to arrest the aggressor. The two men made their escape without being seen, and soon after arrived home in safety. On being asked by their neighbors what success they had had, Weitzel replied that fortune had been against them. They had seen but one Indian, he said, and he had escaped. But, he added, although the fellow had not

dropped, he appeared to have been tickled by something, for he rode off scratching his back as if he had been stung by a yellow-jacket. The truth is, Weitzel and Dickerson had not shot so ill as appearances indicated, for they soon heard that the savage had indeed been hit. The balls both took effect, one entering his hip, and the other the small of his back. The Indian rode to the fort, and soon after expired from the effects of his wound.

As soon as the news of his death was carried to the encamped body of Indians, they were thrown into the most intense excitement. Thronging to the fort in great numbers, they with one voice accused Lewis Weitzel of the murder; and, furiously threatening vengeance, they demanded Harmar to at once arrest and execute the criminal. They declared that, unless some decisive step was taken by way of punishment, they would instantly break off all friendly relations, and take the war-path.

When the general heard of the outrage, he fell into a most violent passion. But when he was told that the offender was Lewis Weitzel, his rage knew no bounds. He might, he declared, have been induced to look with lenity on the crime, had it been perpetrated by one of his own followers; for men who profess the calling of arms are constantly having their little disagreements and brawls. But it was quite another matter, he said, when a rude, beastly, semi-barbarous back-woodsman presumed to deliberately set his authority at defiance, and take the chastisement of the Indians into his own hands; and

he swore that, if Weitzel was ever caught, he should pay for his act with his life.

Determined to make every effort to bring the criminal to justice, General Harmar sent a company of men, commanded by a captain Kingsbury, to Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Lewis Weitzel, dead or alive. The captain, thinking that nothing could be easier than to perform a mission of this character, made the journey in a boat; and, arriving at the settlement, landed, and sent a messenger to Major McMahan, demanding the person of Weitzel.

It happened that on this day there was a shooting-match among the settlers. Weitzel, as usual, had borne off the palm, and, as he had given some very remarkable proofs of his skill with the rifle, his friends were never in a worse mood to part with him. On the arrival of the boat containing Captain Kingsbury's party, the object of their mission was at once guessed, and the news was spread that the officers had come to apprehend the bold hunter. A company of angry men at once gathered, and, going to the place where Weitzel stood conversing with a few friends, the intelligence was communicated to him. On receiving the information, Weitzel gave a fierce look, and seized his gun, savagely swearing vengeance. His anger was roused to such a pitch that he ordered his companions to form and follow him to the river bank, as he intended to give the presumptuous officers a lesson that they would not be likely soon to forget. The men surrounded him with a cheer, and

the party proceeded to execute the plan, when they were met by Major McMahan, who, representing the matter in a different light, prevailed upon them to wait until the officers should make an aggressive movement before resenting. He then went to Captain Kingsbury and told him of the temper of the settlers, advising him to be off at once if he did not wish to have every man in the country upon him. Kingsbury, seeing the determined attitude taken by the settlers on the shore, at once gave the word to pull off, and the boat was started on its return. As it rowed up the stream, Weitzel gazed after it with a fierce look, and several times felt impelled to follow it and lay an ambush. He checked himself, however, and quietly returned to his cabin, regarding the affair as settled.

About a month after the attempt of Captain Kingsbury, Weitzel, thinking that every thing had been forgotten, and that he was as free to go and come at pleasure as any man in the country, got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio for a hunt in the wilds of Kentucky. On arriving in the neighborhood of Fort Harmar, he was seen and recognized by a soldier, who immediately carried word to his commander. As it was near dark, Weitzel concluded to go no further that day, and accordingly landed on an island opposite the fort, designing to pass the night with a friend named Hamilton Carr. He was cordially received and given shelter. About midnight a company of soldiers rowed over from the fort, and, while some surrounded

Mr. Carr's house, others entered, and, overpowering Weitzel as he lay asleep, bound him hand and foot, carried him to a boat, and took him to General Harmar, who ordered him to be chained and placed in the guard-room.

For two days Weitzel remained handcuffed and hobbled in close confinement, scarcely able to pace from one side of his narrow chamber to the other. The ignominy of being thus treated as a criminal was, to one of his upright character, unendurable, and he felt the disgrace keenly. But when he remembered the cause of this harsh usage, and reflected that, for an act which he regarded as entirely legitimate, and, indeed, patriotic, he was now chained like a common murderer, and would, in all probability, be hanged like one, he grew frantic with indignation. He finally determined to remonstrate with General Harmar, or, at least, to know that officer's purpose. He accordingly called the guard and requested him to send word to the general that he desired an interview.

Harmar, in response to Weitzel's message, came to see him. The prisoner admitted, without hesitation, although without the slightest bravado, that he had shot an Indian. In very plain language he told the general his motives, and asked him what he intended to do. General Harmar replied that the military law would have to take its course. The punishment for so grave an offense, he said, was summary, and execution would probably be the result.

At this information, Weitzel told his visitor that he had often braved death in a thousand terrible shapes.

He said that it had no terrors for him, since he was, and had always been, a total stranger to fear. But, he asserted, although he knew nothing of fear, and would scorn to beg for his life, he still had something of pride in his nature. He could not endure the thought of dying like a villain on the scaffold, and he entreated the general not to spare him from death, if it was indeed just that death should be his portion, but to grant him the boon of dying like a brave and fearless man. He requested him to turn him over to the Indians, a large number of whom were encamped in the immediate neighborhood, and all of whom thirsted for his blood. The whole band, he said, might be arranged in a circle, each with his scalping-knife and tomahawk drawn. All that he asked was to be given a tomahawk and placed in their midst. This, he concluded by saying, would be a just punishment, and would insure his certain death. He earnestly entreated General Harmar to permit him to die in this manner, saying that he would then die content.

The general, after a pause, told Weitzel that, since he was an officer appointed by law, he must enforce the law according to the forms prescribed. He had no authority to make such a compromise, and he could not, therefore, grant his prisoner's request. With these words, he took his departure.

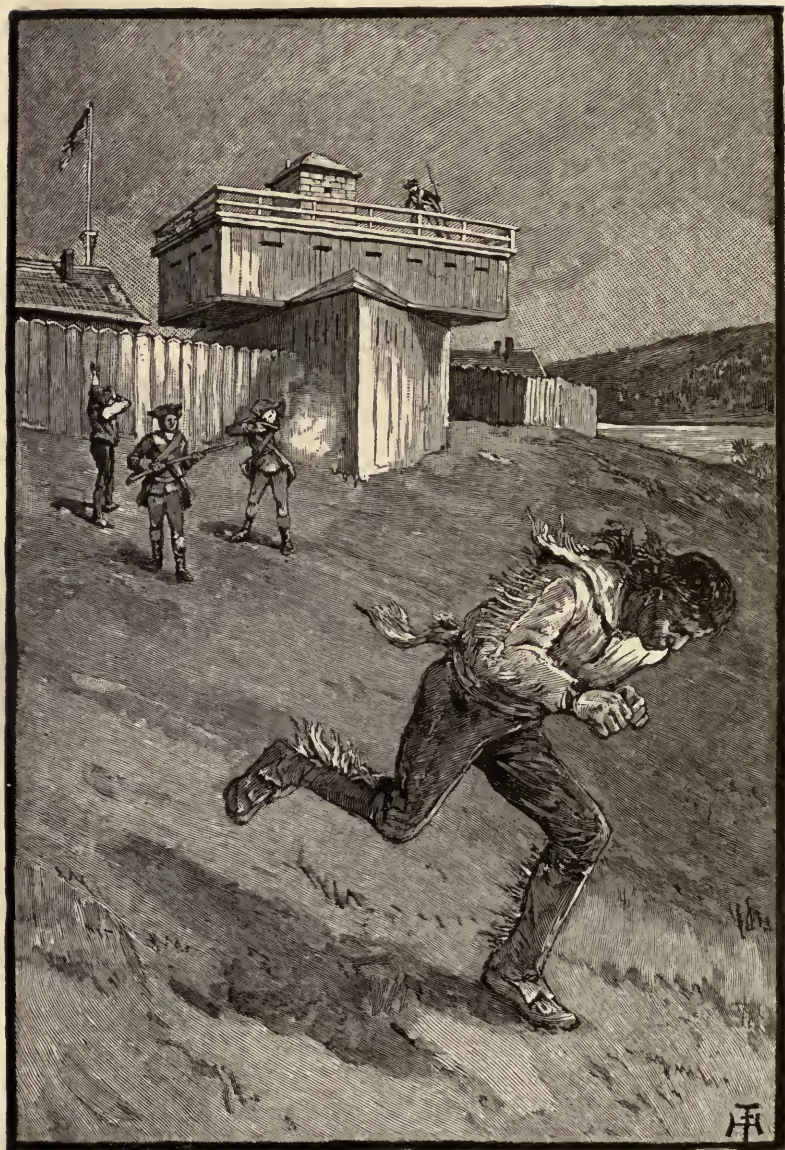
Weitzel now knew that the ignominious death of the criminal would soon fall to his lot. Each day he regarded the next as the day of his doom. Finally, his confinement growing intolerably irksome, he again

sent for General Harmar to come and see him. The general came. Weitzel told him that he had never been imprisoned before, and, saying that he would soon die unless he was allowed to take exercise, requested the privilege of walking awhile in the open air. General Harmar, acceding to Weitzel's request, ordered the officer to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and then to lead him to walk on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum River, but not to fail to keep a strict watch upon him. With this order, he again left.

The fetters had no sooner been taken from Weitzel's legs than he gave a loud whoop, and, knocking his feet together, jumped two or three times into the air, by way of giving expression to his extreme joy at again having the free use of his limbs. When he was led into the prison-yard, his delight was seemingly past all bounds, and, telling his guard to stand still for a moment, he ran off a few feet, and then, after several capers, made a sudden rush, and, at one spring, leaped over the astonished keeper's head. Striking the ground, he repeated the feat before the guard had time to turn, and then, fearing lest he should be suspected of a design to escape, and again confined, he ran several times around him, cutting the most extravagant capers as he did so. The guard, unable to retain his gravity, burst into a loud laugh, and, greatly amused at the prisoner's actions, accompanied him out of the inclosure toward the point. He had, however, gone only a few steps from the fort gate, when he stopped, and, grasping



Chimney Rock, Island of Mackinac.



WEITZEL ESCAPES FROM THE GUARDS.

Weitzel by the collar of his coat, led him back into the yard. Calling two of his companions, who sat smoking their pipes by the prison-door, he ordered them to take their rifles and join him, saying that the prisoner was uncommonly frisky, and, if disposed, might make trouble.

Arrived, under the charge of his escort, at the point, Weitzel again commenced his wild antics. He frisked and capered like a young colt broke loose from the stall, and, by his playful leaps and extravagant actions, soon had the guards in a constant roar of laughter. He would start and run a few yards with incredible swiftness, as if about to attempt an escape, but, just at the moment that the guards prepared to follow in pursuit, he would suddenly check himself, turn a series of somersaults, and rejoin them. In this way he distracted their attention for some time, and, calculating the distance at each start, succeeded in getting farther and farther away. Finally, feeling that the critical moment had come, he called forth all his power, activity and resolution, and, boldly dashing off, he ran with the swiftness of the deer for the adjoining wood. The guards looked at him for a few seconds in a careless, idle manner, thinking that his only object was to show them the great physical resources which he possessed. In a moment, however, they comprehended his purpose, and yelled to him to stop. He did not heed their cry, and, realizing that he was indeed bound on escape, they fired. All of their balls missed, and, astonished and bewildered, they stood for a moment

looking after the fugitive. As soon as they recovered from their surprise, two of them started in pursuit, while the third ran back to raise the alarm.

In the meantime Weitzel had made such good use of his advantage that he had gained the forest. He was perfectly familiar with the country, and he at once made for a dense thicket at the distance of two or three miles. He reached his objective point in safety, and, after making a quick examination of the position, concealed himself under a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush was so close that he could scarcely force his way through, and that only the narrowest examination could result in discovery.

Weitzel lay in his hiding-place for about half an hour before he heard any sound to indicate that he was pursued. At the end of this time a troop of horsemen came crashing through the trees, but they passed on without stopping. In the course of another half hour he heard loud whoops in every direction, and he knew that the Indians had been set on his trail. Soon the wood was perfectly alive with his enemies, whom he heard passing and repassing every few minutes. Nearly all of them, however, were in hot pursuit, and passed the thicket without stopping to examine its recesses.

When Weitzel had lain for about two hours, two Indians halted under a tree a few yards from his hiding-place, and commenced to converse in very earnest tones. Weitzel could hear that they were disputing about the probable course which he had

taken, and his heart sank within him when one of them said that he was convinced that the fugitive had not run far, and was, in his opinion, hidden somewhere among the bushes. They then advanced to the thicket, and began to beat it carefully. Finally they climbed on the log under which he lay, and, striking the thick brush, they almost touched his body with their clubs. Weitzel's heart beat so violently that he feared they would hear its thumping, and, drawing himself back, he lay in momentary expectation of being jerked from his hiding-place. In a short time the Indians passed on, and Weitzel could hear them hallooing in every direction as they marched ahead continuing their search.

The day wore on, and one by one the pursuing parties returned. Evening succeeded, and Weitzel found himself alone in its favoring shades. He had made a bold dash for liberty, and escaped from the clutches of the guards. Their bullets had passed him without doing him injury; and he had, at least for the moment, eluded his legion of pursuers. So far, all was good; but what assurance had he for the future? In all probability some of his enemies were still lurking in the neighborhood. He was handcuffed, and could not defend himself. He might, indeed, wander through the forest without being discovered, but how was he to live? He had no friends on the Ohio side of the river, and he could not cross by swimming. But, although every thing seemed to be against him, he was too brave and hopeful to despair, and, leaving his place of concealment, he

again pushed boldly forward, determined that, though he might not secure success, he would at least strive to deserve it.

Taking a circuitous route, he avoided the immediate neighborhood of the fort, and in a few hours reached the Ohio River, about four miles below. He selected a point which was entirely isolated, for he knew that guards would be stationed at every place where a canoe was to be had. Following the course of the stream, he traveled for a short distance, when he saw, by the light of the moon, a man fishing in a boat on the opposite side, whom he recognized as an acquaintance named Isaac Wiseman. As he was not sure whether he was yet out of sight and hearing of his enemies, he did not dare to call, and therefore resorted to a different expedient. He took a stick and commenced to gently plash the water, seeking to attract his friend's attention. In a few moments Mr. Wiseman, hearing the noise, looked round, and Weitzel took off his hat and waved it over his head. He finally succeeded in catching Wiseman's eye, who presently recognized him, and came to his assistance. Weitzel was rowed to the Virginia shore; a file and hammer soon released him from the handcuffs, and, after a night's rest, he set out in a canoe for Kentucky, with a rifle, ammunition and blanket, which had been given him by his friend.

Not long after his arrival in Kentucky, Weitzel learned that General Harmar, far from permitting the matter to drop, had proclaimed him throughout the country as an outlaw, and set a large price on his

head. This officer had recently changed his headquarters to Fort Washington, at Cincinnati, and one of his first official acts, on taking command of his new post, was to renew his offers of reward for the apprehension and delivery of the man whom he still insisted on declaring the arch-roogue of the Western borders.

Although Weitzel knew that he carried his life in his hands, his bold and fearless spirit scorned to adopt even the commonest of precautionary measures. He ranged from settlement to settlement with the greatest impunity, and took no steps whatever to conceal his identity. One day, while hunting near the mouth of the Kanawha River, he accidentally encountered Captain Kingsbury, the same officer who had, on a previous occasion, been sent to take him from Mingo Bottom. Weitzel saw Kingsbury first, and halted instantly in the path, placing himself in readiness for any emergency. Captain Kingsbury, who was a brave and generous man, and who, although he held Weitzel's occupation in the greatest detestation, had a true respect and admiration for the man, faced the hunter with a firm and fearless gaze, but made no movement by way of offense. Weitzel knew and honored the officer as a man of the most irreproachable character and undoubted bravery, and he, also, forbore to make an attack. After gazing for awhile at each other, the two men both slowly and guardedly retired without coming to blows, and almost without speaking a word.

Soon after his meeting with Captain Kingsbury,

Weitzel, while sitting one day in a tavern in Maysville, Kentucky, was seen by Lieutenant Lawler, of the regular army, who had stopped at that place while on his way to Fort Washington with a body of troops. The lieutenant, on recognizing the stalwart hunter, quickly ordered out a file of soldiers; and Weitzel, although he made a stout resistance, was seized and dragged to a boat, which was immediately pushed off. On that evening the fort was reached, and the prisoner was delivered up to General Harmar. He was immediately loaded with heavy chains and thrown into a strong room, while the general, determined that he should not again escape justice, prepared to hold his trial and obtain his condemnation forthwith.

Every ray of hope was now, to all appearance, extinguished. General Harmar, deaf to all appeals in behalf of the unfortunate man, and unmindful of the strong arguments advanced in extenuation of his offense, was sternly unrelenting. Several of his officers, whose admiration of the courageous character of the adventurous frontiersman knew no bounds, earnestly interceded for him, but the resolution of the general would not be shaken. The rank and file of the soldiery were thoroughly in sympathy with Weitzel; and their murmurs were loud and ominous when it was reported that he was to be hanged simply because he had offended by killing an Indian. Finally, the whole country was aroused, and petitions were sent in for the prisoner's release from all quarters and by all classes. The settlers

were furious and indignant; they armed and proposed to effect Weitzel's liberation by force, and General Harmar soon saw that the flame of revolt was kindling, and that, unless he made a concession, his authority would speedily be set at naught. Under these circumstances, representations were made which warranted Judge Symmes in issuing a writ of *habeas corpus*; Weitzel was set at liberty, and quiet was restored. He was escorted by the settlers to Columbia, a town in the vicinity of Fort Washington, in triumph. A supper was given in his honor; and, when he was ready to set out on his return to Virginia, he was presented by his admirers with a fine rifle, a handsome shot-pouch belt, and a sum of money, and accompanied a portion of the distance by an enthusiastic party of friends.

Thus ended this memorable affair. Weitzel was not again molested, although General Harmar still believed him to richly merit the punishment of death; and he could never afterward be persuaded that he had not done a very unwarrantable act in allowing what he regarded to be a most heinous crime to pass in review without the application of the strictest measures of the military law. In considering the case at this length of time, we can not but conclude that the part borne in it by General Harmar was most unenviable. Viewed according to the principles of abstract justice, Weitzel's offense certainly merited the death sentence. But when it is remembered that the offender, far from being actuated by criminal motives, had the most patriotic

object in view; and that, although he was not justified in his course by men of cool judgment, his case was pleaded and clemency was solicited by every person in the Western settlements, it is hard to believe that the enforcement of strict measures against him would have been in the interest of the general welfare.

Soon after Weitzel's release from imprisonment an incident occurred which forcibly illustrates the truth of this observation. A week or two subsequent to his arrival in Virginia he received a visit from a relative who lived at a settlement called Dunkard Creek. Preparing to return, he invited Weitzel to accompany him. The invitation was accepted, and the two went on their way, hunting and sporting as they journeyed along.

In a few days the home of the young man was reached; but to his dismay and grief he found, instead of the hospitable roof, a pile of smoking ruins. The cabin had evidently been attacked and burned, and its inmates either killed or carried off by Indians. Overcome with sorrow, the young man threw himself on the ground and wept bitterly. Weitzel, in the meantime, quickly examined the ground, and, discovering the trail, found that the attacking party consisted of three Indians, and that they had taken away one captive. The print of a small shoe in the damp earth revealed the fact that the prisoner was a young woman; and Weitzel, communicating this to his companion, was told by the unfortunate youth that she was his sweetheart,

who had recently come to live with his parents. The two hunters determined to start in instant pursuit. Weitzel took the lead, and, although the Indians had carefully covered their tracks, his sagacity and quickness of perception enabled him to follow the trail rapidly and without the least deviation.

The pursuers traveled for a day and a half over hills and through dense forests. A number of streams obstructed their march, and they were obliged to stop several times to hunt the trail, which the cautious savages had sought to conceal by walking in the water. Toward evening of the second day the Ohio was reached, and Weitzel discovered a smoke rising through the trees on the opposite side, which he immediately conjectured came from the camp-fire of the Indians. After dark they swam across and reconnoitered the position of the enemy. The party was more numerous than Weitzel had supposed, consisting of one white renegade, three savages, and the young girl.

On seeing his betrothed the young man grew very impatient, and begged Weitzel to make the attack at once. The wary hunter, however, ordered him to remain quiet, and said that under no condition was the assault to be made before daybreak. He told his companion to lie down and sleep while he mounted guard. The frantic lover reluctantly complied, and Weitzel patiently awaited the appearance of day.

Early in the morning the savages rose from their sleep and prepared to continue the journey. Weit-

zel ordered his companion, who did not need to be awakened, to take good aim at the white renegade, while he would undertake to dispatch one of the Indians.

When every thing was ready, Weitzel gave the word, the guns were discharged simultaneously, and two of the enemy dropped lifeless. While his companion rushed forward to free the captive, Weitzel reloaded his piece, and then started in pursuit of the other two Indians, who had bounded off on hearing the report of the rifles, and who, he conjectured, had concealed themselves somewhere in the neighborhood, waiting to ascertain the strength of the attacking party. After running a few yards, Weitzel discharged his gun at random, in order to draw them from their retreat. He succeeded; the two savages instantly emerged from the bushes and rushed toward him with their tomahawks raised, yelling at the top of their voices. Weitzel flew, reloading his rifle as he did so. Soon prepared, he suddenly turned and shot the first of his pursuers dead. Discovering the trick of the white man, the other Indian bounded forward with the utmost impetuosity, hoping to dispatch him before he could again load; but Weitzel eluded him, and kept ahead until he had charged his piece, when he wheeled, and, firing on the moment, laid the last of the party bleeding on the ground. He scalped the Indians, and rejoined his friend. The return journey was made without delay. It is needless to add that the young man and his affianced bride were but ill-disposed to reproach General Harmar for

his violation of the principles of military justice in setting Lewis Weitzel at liberty.

About the year 1793, Weitzel left Virginia and paid a visit to the extreme South. Soon after his arrival in New Orleans he was seized by the authorities on some charge (the nature of which is now unknown) made against him by a Spaniard, and thrown into prison. He remained in confinement for many months. He was finally released by the intervention of the United States government.

During the rest of his career, Weitzel followed a restless and wandering life. He was engaged at different times in scouting and hunting, and locating lands. In the pursuit of this last occupation he was on one occasion employed by John Madison, a brother of the celebrated James Madison, afterward President of the United States, to accompany him through the Kanawha region and assist him in finding and locating some land which he had purchased. While on this expedition they came to a hunter's camp which had, to all appearance, been deserted, and, finding some goods, each helped himself to a blanket. The next day they were fired upon by a party of Indians. Madison was killed instantly, but Weitzel was fortunate enough to be spared, and, although he was pursued, he escaped without being harmed.

In 1803 the celebrated General Clarke, the associate of Mr. Lewis in the Lewis and Clarke expedition across the Rocky Mountains, sent a messenger to Lewis Weitzel requesting him to take a part in the enterprise. Weitzel consented, after a great deal

of hesitation, and accompanied the party during the first three months of the tour; but at the end of that time he grew tired and dissatisfied, severed his connection with the expedition, and returned. For the next four or five years he wandered from point to point, and finally settled in Natchez. At this place he fell sick, lingered for several months, and, in the summer of 1818, died.

In person Lewis Weitzel was a man of striking appearance and extraordinary activity and power. He is thus described by one of his acquaintances, who has left us a very interesting account of his adventures:

“Lewis Weitzel was about five feet nine inches high. He had a full breast, was very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large—his limbs were not heavy—his skin was darker than his brothers’—his face was considerably pitted by the small-pox—his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs—his eyes were remarkably black, and when excited (which was easily done), they would sparkle with such a vindictive glance as almost to curdle the blood to look at him. In his appearance and gait there was something different from other men.”

His character is thus briefly described by the same writer:

“Where he professed friendship, he was as true as the needle to the pole; his enmity was always dangerous. In mixed company he was a man of few words; but, with his particular companions, he was a social, and even a cheerful companion.”

The following extract from an author, from whom we have drawn largely in the present account of Weitzel's adventures, will illustrate other traits in his character:

"He threw into the common treasury a soul as heroic, as adventurous, as full of energy and exhaustless of resources as ever animated the human breast. Bold, wary, and active, he stood without an equal in the pursuit to which he had committed himself, mind and body. No man on the western frontier was more dreaded by the enemy, and none did more to beat him back into the heart of the forest, and reclaim the expanseless domain which we now enjoy. He was never known to inflict unwonted cruelty upon women and children, as has been charged upon him; and he never was found to torture and mutilate his victim, as many of the traditions would indicate. He was revengeful, because he had suffered deep injury at the hands of that race, and woe to the Indian warrior who crossed his path. He was literally a man without fear. He was brave as a lion, cunning as a fox; 'daring where daring was the wiser part; prudent where discretion was valor's better self.' He seemed to possess in a remarkable degree that intuitive knowledge which can alone constitute a good hunter, added to which he was sagacious, prompt to act, and always aiming to render his actions efficient."

In conclusion, we can do no better than introduce the following agreeable and striking poem. It will be read with interest by all who wish to view the

character of this bold, successful and famous hunter at its best:*

LEWIS WEITZEL.

Stout-hearted Lewis Weitzel
Rides down the river shore,
The wilderness behind him,
The wilderness before.

He rides in the cool of morning,
Humming a dear old tune,
Into the heart of the greenwood,
Into the heart of June.

He needs no guide in the forest
More than the hunter bees;
His guides are the cool green mosses
To the northward of the trees.

Nor fears he the foe whose footstep
Is light as the summer air—
The tomahawk hangs in his shirt-belt,
The scalp-knife glitters there!

The stealthy Wyandots tremble,
And speak his name with fear,
For his aim is sharp and deadly,
And his rifle's ring is clear.

So, pleasantly rides he onward,
Pausing to hear the stroke
Of the settler's ax in the forest,
Or the crash of a falling oak.

Pausing at times to gather
The wild fruit overhead
(For in this rarest of June days
The service-berries are red);

*Written by Florus B. Plimpton. (See p. 334 of "The Union of American Poetry and Art." Edited by John James Piatt, Cincinnati; W. E. Dibble & Co.)

And as he grasps the full boughs
To bend them down amain,
The dew and the blushing berries
Fall like an April rain.

The partridge drums on the dry oak,
The croaking corby caws,
The blackbird sings in the spice-bush,
The robin in the haws;

And, as they chatter and twitter,
The wild birds seem to say,
"Do not harm us, good Lewis,
And you shall have luck to-day."

So, pleasantly rides he onward,
'Till the shadows mark the noon,
Into the leafy greenwood,
Into the heart of June.

Now speed thee on, good Lewis,
For the sultry sun goes down,
The hill-side shadows lengthen,
And the eastern sky is brown.

Now speed thee where the river
Creeps slow in the coverts cool,
And the lilies nod their white bells
By the margin of the pool.

He crosses the silver Kaska
With its chestnut-covered hills,
And the fetlocks of his roan steed
Are wet in a hundred rills.

"And there," he cries in transport,
"The alders greenest grow,
Where the wild stag comes for water,
And her young fawn leads the doe."

Grasping his trusty rifle,
He whistles his dog behind,
Then stretches his finger upward
To know how sets the wind.

Oh! steady grows the strong arm,
And the hunter's dark eye keen,
As he sees the branching antlers
Through alder thickets green.

A sharp, clear ring through the greenwood,
And with mighty leap and bound,
The pride of the western forest
Lies bleeding on the ground.

Then out from the leafy shadow
A stalwart hunter springs,
And his unsheathed scalp-knife glittering
Against his rifle rings.

"And who art thou," quoth Lewis,
"That com'st 'twixt me and mine?"
And his cheek is flushed with anger,
As a Bacchant's flushed with wine.

"What boots that to thy purpose?"
The stranger hot replies;
"My rifle marked it living,
And mine, when dead, the prize."

Then with sinewy arms they grapple,
Like giants fierce in brawls,
Till stretched along the greensward
The humbled hunter falls.

Upspringing like a panther,
He cries, in wrath and pride,
"Though your arms may be the stronger,
Our rifles shall decide."

"Stay, stranger," quoth good Lewis.

"The chances are not even ;

Who challenges my rifle

Should be at peace with heaven.

"Now take this rod of alder,

Set it by yonder tree

A hundred yards beyond me,

And wait you there and see ;

"For he who dares such peril

But lightly holds his breath—

May his unshrived soul be ready

To welcome sudden death."

So the stranger takes the alder,

And wondering stands to view,

While Weitzel's aim grows steady,

And he cuts the rod in two.

"By heaven !" exclaims the stranger,

"One only, far or nigh,

Hath arms like the lithe young ash-tree,

Or half so keen an eye ;

"And that is Lewis Weitzel."

Quoth Lewis, "Here he stands ;"

So they speak in gentler manner,

And clasp their friendly hands.

Then talk the mighty hunters

Till the summer dew descends,

And they who met as foemen

Ride out of the greenwood friends ;—

Ride out of the leafy greenwood

As rises the yellow moon,

And the purple hills lie pleasantly

In the softened air of June.

ADVENTURES OF ISAAC ANDERSON.

TOWARD the close of the Revolution the Indian allies of the British in the West became very aggressive and troublesome, making frequent attacks on the frontier settlements and destroying much valuable property, besides killing and taking into captivity a great many of the unfortunate whites. These depredations were continued until the end of the war, and for ten or twelve years afterward, to the no small annoyance and terror of the settlers, whose strength was too feeble to enable them to resist successfully.

To retaliate on the Indians, and compel them to give over their hostile designs, the government sent a number of formidable expeditions against them, which, however, though under the command of brave and experienced generals, nearly all had a most disastrous issue. The tribes of the Ohio Valley were unexcelled for audacity, courage and sagaciousness among the American Indians; and the successful war which they waged for many years with the armies of the civilized and courageous whites, who, by a trying experience, had gained a thorough knowledge of savage warfare, and were therefore able to meet them on their own ground, is sufficient proof that they were fully entitled to the advantage which they so long maintained.

One of the most memorable of the earlier expeditions against the Indians was that undertaken by George Rogers Clarke, in the year 1781. General Clarke, at the time of which we speak, resided at the Falls of the Ohio, where he was in command of Fort Nelson, the head-quarters of the military department of the West, of which he was the head. The immediate object of his expedition was to counteract the effect produced by the crushing defeat of the whites, at the battle of Blue Licks, a short time previous. He proposed that a force of about one thousand men should be raised from among the settlers in Ohio and Kentucky, and rendezvous at Cincinnati, where he promised to join it with a part of an Illinois regiment together with such other troops as he might be able to muster. This proposition was agreed to, and General Clarke proceeded to perfect his plans for the campaign.

Indefatigable in his efforts, he determined to spare no means for gaining a complete victory and reducing the Indians at once to subjection. Among other parts of the country laid under contribution was Western Pennsylvania, which he visited in the summer of 1781. Here he soon raised a body of men, whom he proposed to lead to the rendezvous at Cincinnati.

Among those who were particularly active in rendering him the aid which he solicited was Colonel Archibald Laughery, the county lieutenant of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. In a short time, chiefly at his own expense, this intrepid officer

succeeded in mustering about one hundred volunteers, and, after rendezvousing at Carnahan's block-house, about six days' march from Wheeling, he set out with his men to join General Clarke, who, with the main force, had agreed to wait at the last-named place.

Next in command to Colonel Laughery was Captain Robert Orr, an Irishman by birth, who, with his superior officer, had provided the means necessary for the expedition. Among the other officers was the brave Captain Shannon, a man who stood high in the esteem of Colonel Laughery, being intrusted by him with many of the more important concerns of the expedition.

In the company of Captain Shannon was a young officer, Isaac Anderson by name, who, having finished an active and creditable service in the Continental army, had come to Pennsylvania in search of new fields of military enterprise. As it is our intention to relate for the edification of our readers a part of the subsequent career of this young man, it will not be out of place to give a brief account of his previous history.

Isaac Anderson came to America in the year 1774, at the age of sixteen. He was born of respectable Irish parents, but, as both his father and mother died while he was quite young, he grew up without any one to provide for his education or direct him in his future course. He possessed, however, even at this youthful age, very marked individuality and self-reliance, and, taking to studying, acquired considerable pro-

ficiency in mathematics, and a mastery of the art of surveying.

Arriving in America, he, choosing to rely on his own exertions, declined an invitation extended him by some of his relatives in Virginia to join them. He went to Pennsylvania, where he remained until the outbreak of the war, when, at the age of eighteen, he shouldered his gun, joined a volunteer rifle regiment, and commenced active service in behalf of the country of his adoption.

Young Anderson soon found ample opportunity of exercising his adventurous spirit. He participated in some of the most sanguine and momentous conflicts of the war. He was present at both of the bloody battles near Saratoga, and was one of the proud and fortunate spectators of the surrender of Burgoyne to the American general, Gates; and throughout the war the regiment to which he belonged was kept constantly in active service, bearing itself with high honor in numerous general engagements, and being frequently dispatched to perform important duties of a special character.

On one occasion, when out on a scouting expedition, the regiment was attacked by a British force very much superior in numbers and equipment. A stout resistance was made, and the skirmish which followed was sharp and very severe; but the Americans were badly beaten and retreated precipitously, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Anderson had fought with great courage, exposing himself frequently to the fire of the enemy. The result of his

daring was, that he received a most dangerous wound from a musket-ball, which passed in at one cheek and out at the other, crushing a number of his teeth; and so severe were its effects that he fell to the ground, bleeding, unconscious, and apparently dead.

It was the middle of winter. The weather was deathly cold, and the snow lay on the frozen ground in great drifts. Night was approaching, and a party of men was sent out by the British officer to take the wounded from the field,—the removal of the dead being left until the next morning. Anderson still lay in a state of unconsciousness, and, as he gave no sign of life, was left on the ground as dead. Presently the night came on, and with it the British soldiers left their camp to visit the battle-field and secure the spoils of victory.

Some of the plunderers, examining the body of Anderson, found his clothing to be thick and in good condition, and accordingly stripped it off, leaving him in the bitter night with scarcely a garment to cover him. Reviving after awhile, he shouted for assistance as loud as his enfeebled condition would permit him; but his cries were not heard, and, faint from the loss of blood, chilled and numb in every limb, and almost perishing from the torments which he suffered on account of his wound, he lay on the earth until morning, when the British soldiers came to remove and bury the dead.

Anderson was now taken into camp, carried to Philadelphia, and placed under the care of a very

skillful surgeon, whom he found to be an Irishman who had come from his own county. With this man Anderson contracted a very intimate friendship, and from him he received the most particular and considerate attention, soon being restored to almost perfect health. The surgeon proved himself to be indeed a true friend; for, when the British evacuated Philadelphia, at three o'clock on the morning of the 18th of June, 1778, he reported Anderson to the superintending surgeon as severely ill; and the youth was thus permitted to remain in his berth in the hospital. After the British had left, Anderson sprang from his bed, drew on his clothes, and started on a run for the American camp, happy in the thought that he was again free and ready for new adventures.

During the principal part of the three following years Isaac Anderson was with his regiment in various campaigns. In that of New Jersey in particular he bore a most active part, fighting in a great many pitched battles. He grew to be a very expert marksman; and, as he afterward frequently stated, at the famous battle of Monmouth Court House he discharged his rifle with aim thirty-two times.

On hearing, shortly after his arrival in Western Pennsylvania, of the proposed expedition to join General Clarke in his campaign against the Indians, Anderson immediately, and with great alacrity, signified his willingness to become one of the number. He was also influential in persuading others to enlist; and, partly in recognition of his Revolutionary services, and partly in reward of the material aid

which he had rendered in obtaining volunteers, he was raised from the ranks and given the first-lieutenancy in the company of Captain Shannon.

Colonel Laughery, with the force under his command, started, on the second day of August, 1781, from Carnahan's block-house and pushed forward in the direction of Wheeling, hoping to arrive in time to proceed with General Clarke and the army. Their march lay through a wild region, which was crossed by numerous streams, and their progress was naturally slow. Wheeling was reached on the 8th of August, but the adventurers found that they were too late, since General Clarke, tired of waiting, had gone ahead, leaving behind one of his officers with a few men and a boat for transporting the horses of Laughery's detachment, but without ammunition or provisions. Instructions were given for Laughery and his men to proceed immediately and join the main division at the mouth of the Kanawha River. The soldiers accordingly embarked on their boats and the journey was resumed. On their arrival at the appointed place they found that General Clarke had once more been forced to proceed alone. He had, however, left a letter attached to a pole, and in this he stated that he could not afford to wait, for fear of desertion among his men, and directed Laughery to follow him to the Falls of the Ohio.

Again the venturous band continued on their way. The river was very low; the voyagers knew nothing of its channel, and the boats were rude and unwieldy, having been made for temporary use merely. Prog-

ress was therefore very tedious, and the most that could be hoped was that, after a slow passage, rendered still slower by unavoidable delays, the Falls of the Ohio might be safely reached.

The prospect of consuming many days of valuable time in a journey which they had hoped to make expeditiously was discouraging enough, even if for no other reason than that it was highly important to the success of the undertaking that General Clarke should be joined without delay. But when they remembered that the country through which they had to pass was infested by hostile tribes, who could scarcely fail to receive information of the separation of the detachment from the main body, and of its comparative weakness, and who therefore would watch their opportunities of attack, the voyagers naturally felt very serious apprehensions concerning their safety.

To add to the doubts which they now began to entertain, and increase their concern to alarm and terror, their store of provisions and forage ran short and their ammunition became nearly exhausted. The only means of obtaining fresh supplies was by drawing on the stores carried by General Clarke. Colonel Laughery accordingly dispatched Captain Shannon and seven men in a small boat, with instructions to travel without intermission night and day, overtake the general, secure from him the quantities necessary, and return with all speed.

Captain Shannon departed on his mission and the rest of the men continued on their way. The trials of the adventurers now began in earnest. Each

soldier was placed on short allowance; and, close calculations being made, it was found that the party could barely subsist on the provisions in store until Shannon's return, which was expected to be in the course of a few days. Should he fail to appear at the end of that time the only recourse was to proceed day and night until General Clarke should be overtaken, or else to depend for support upon the product of the forest.

The day after Captain Shannon's departure an incident occurred which greatly depressed the spirits of the soldiers, raised for a time by hopeful anticipation. Two men were sent out to hunt, with the understanding that they were to rejoin their companions at an appointed place about dusk. A short time after they had left their rifles were heard at a distance, and during the afternoon the reports continued, each time in the immediate neighborhood. The hour for return arrived, but the men failed to appear. Guns were discharged in order to direct them in their course if they had wandered astray, and diligent search was made in various directions, but all without result, and the party at length went on their way, concluding that their companions had been killed or taken prisoners by the Indians. This incident had a most disheartening effect on the weary and discouraged voyagers, who now began to realize the perils of their undertaking, and, as they proceeded down the river, grew every moment more fearful that they were being drawn closer and closer into the dreaded Indian ambush.

The second and third days since the departure of Captain Shannon and his men passed, and still the anxious voyagers looked in vain for the returning canoe. The fourth day dawned, and with it hope well-nigh gave way to despair. It was now determined to travel as rapidly as possible, without stopping even for rest, and the canoes pushed forward bravely.

Toward the middle of this day they were hailed by two men on shore, who, to their amazement, proved to belong to the party of Captain Shannon. They were very ragged and presented a most pitiable appearance; and the story which they told was in no way calculated to allay the fears of their now thoroughly alarmed friends.

It appears that, on the first or second day after they had left their companions, Captain Shannon and his men put ashore on a low, sandy beach, a short distance below the mouth of the Scioto. Here they built a fire; and, while the captain and four men remained to cook their dinner and guard the boats, the other three took their rifles and went out in the woods to hunt. They had gone a distance of about half a mile when suddenly to their great alarm they heard a volley of musket shots fired in quick succession,—the noise coming from the direction of the camp. They stopped short, listening in breathless suspense. Instantly the firing was repeated, followed by a shrill whoop, the unmistakable indication of an Indian attack. Knowing that any attempt to rescue their companions would be fruit-

less, since the Indians evidently were much superior to them in numbers, the three men, giving up their pursuit of game, started on a hard run up the river, seeking to escape and rejoin Colonel Laughery.

The leader of the fugitives was a young sergeant, a very gallant, handsome, and athletic fellow, who had borne himself with great credit under many trying circumstances. This man, on hearing the report of the rifles, had instinctively drawn his knife, as if to defend himself, and, starting to run, had again thrust it in his belt, but so carelessly that it hung loosely, and, slipping out, fell to the ground. Just at that moment, rushing impetuously forward, he stepped on the keen edge, and the knife ran directly through his foot, almost dividing it in two. He instantly dropped senseless, and a few moments after expired from excessive loss of blood.

His two companions stopped only long enough to close his eyes, not daring to remain to bury the corpse, fearing that, if they did so, their enemies would be upon them. That night they slept and watched by turns, and the next morning resumed their flight. Although nearly famished, they scarcely dared to discharge their rifles at game, being convinced, from the numbers of the Indians who had assailed their companions, as well as from other reasons, that they were in constant danger of attack by lurking savages. Making the best of their way through the forest they at length met, as already stated, the friends from whom they had parted four days previous.

From the alarming reports given by the fugitives, the voyagers now became fully persuaded that the woods swarmed with Indians thirsting for their blood. To return was, however, out of the question, and they proceeded with as great rapidity as their wretched crafts would permit, exercising every vigilance, and determining, like brave men, if attacked, to maintain a courageous stand and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

A short time after taking up the two men of Shannon's party, their attention was attracted by the crackling of bushes at some distance, and the sound of voices. A halt was promptly called, and the boats were rowed to the shore. The men disembarked and concealed themselves behind the trees, waiting for their enemies. Presently a party of men appeared, but, greatly to the surprise of the expectant soldiers, these, instead of being Indians, proved to be whites. Colonel Laughery instantly ordered his band to take the offensive, and challenging the deserters—for such he rightly judged them to be—ordered them to surrender. The order was obeyed, and the men, nineteen in number, confessed that they had made their escape from General Clarke, and were on their way home. Not caring to encumber himself with these cowardly fellows, and being too merciful to enforce strict military discipline under the circumstances, Laughery permitted them to continue unmolested.

Resuming their voyage down the river, the men strained every effort to push the boats forward rap-

idly, and, while some plied the oars, the others kept their rifles in their hands, ready to resist any assault. They traveled for forty-eight hours almost without stoppage, but, at length, seeing no Indians, and giving up for awhile their fears, they determined to land, prepare a hearty meal, and secure sufficient game to furnish provisions for the remainder of the journey.

About ten o'clock, on the morning of the 24th of August, they put to shore at a very beautiful spot near the mouth of a small creek (now called Laughery's Creek), in the south-eastern part of Indiana. Congratulating themselves on their fancied success in eluding the Indians, they felt comparatively secure, and accordingly went to work to accomplish the design on which they were bent, thinking of very little else. While some built fires to cook the provisions that might be obtained, others dispersed in search of game. The diligence of the hunters was soon amply rewarded. An immense buffalo was killed by one of the party, and carried into the camp, where it was skinned and prepared for roasting, while the men busied themselves in gathering wood and feeding the flames which were to cook them the bountiful meal for which they all longed so eagerly.

While thus occupied, insensible of danger, and wholly unprepared for resisting an attack, the loud report of a hundred rifles was suddenly heard, and at the same instant a murderous volley of bullets fell in their midst. Before they had time to recover from their surprise and assume the defensive, the Indians, to the number of four or five score, rushed from the

adjoining woods, and, brandishing their tomahawks, advanced with unearthly yells to dispatch those who had survived the fire. The whites defended themselves as long as their ammunition lasted, and then fled precipitately to their boats and plied their oars vigorously, striving to gain the Kentucky shore. But before they had fairly launched, they saw, to their dismay, a number of canoes, filled with Indian warriors, put out from the opposite bank. They now found that while endeavoring to escape danger in the rear, they were inviting a worse danger ahead; for the Indians on the river opened a merciless fire, and, powerless to longer defend themselves, the whites threw down their arms and begged for quarter.

Surrender now followed, and the Indians bound their prisoners (sixty in number), and marched them about eight miles up the river, where they encamped with them through the night.

The results of the battle,—if, indeed, it can be given this name,—were most disastrous. The attack was completely successful, and not one man escaped to join General Clarke or return home. A number were wantonly killed after being taken prisoners, and among these was the heroic leader of the expedition, Colonel Laughery. All of the wounded who were not able to walk were instantly tomahawked and scalped. The entire number of men taken into captivity was forty-one, of whom five were officers and thirty-six privates.

The ambush had been laid by the Indians with the most consummate skill. They had been ap-

prised of the approach of the large force led by General Clarke, and had at first intended to attack it, but, being informed that it was defended by a brass cannon, an instrument of warfare which they held in superstitious dread, had abandoned their design. After the passage of General Clarke and his men down the river, they had lurked in the neighborhood, watching for stragglers. Their vigilance was soon rewarded by the capture of Captain Shannon and four of his men. On searching the person of Shannon they found the letter which had been written by Colonel Laughery to General Clarke, requesting supplies. This letter they were unable to read, and neither their threats nor their blows could persuade any of their captives to translate it. Proceeding down the river with their prisoners, they met a party of deserters, one of whom translated the letter, and, to ingratiate himself with the Indians, volunteered other valuable information; so that, while Colonel Laughery's detachment was journeying by easy stages, fondly hoping to soon receive abundance of provisions and ammunition, their enemies were assembling in force and laying the plans of attack and capture.

The Indians chose a position of great natural strength, a few miles below Laughery's Creek, as the point of attack. Here they concealed their canoes in the bushes, and disposed themselves on both sides of the river, awaiting the appearance of the whites. They calculated on capturing the whole party without a struggle, and to this end placed their

prisoners in a conspicuous position on the Indiana shore, commanding them to hail the boats as they passed, and advise their companions to surrender. But being informed by their runners that Laughery and his men had put ashore at the mouth of the creek, and were totally unprepared for attack, one party of the Indians marched up the stream, while the other launched the boats and awaited the signal of attack, when they rowed swiftly to the concerted place, arriving just in time to intercept the fugitives.

Under the escort of their Indian captors, the prisoners were marched rapidly through the wilderness in the direction of Chillicothe, at that time one of the most important of the Indian villages in the Ohio Valley. They were subjected to the harshest treatment—all being tightly pinioned, and obliged to walk many miles without intermission or refreshment. The Indians in whose hands they had fallen were cruel and barbarous beyond measure, and, whenever a prisoner showed the slightest fatigue, or the least disposition to murmur, did not scruple to strike their tomahawks into his head, scalp him, and leave him dead in the path.

Two days after the battle on the Ohio, the party was joined by a reinforcement of one hundred white men and three hundred Indians, and, the following day, the whole body of Indian and white warriors, with the exception of a sufficient force left to guard the prisoners, turned and retraced their steps, it having been determined to proceed in force against the white settlements of Kentucky.

After their departure the prisoners, guarded by a detachment of eighteen British soldiers, commanded by a young sergeant, lay in camp for eighteen days. At the end of this time a portion of the troops under the command of Captain Thompson returned, having had a successful expedition and wrought much damage. The march was then resumed, and four days after the party arrived at Chillicothe, where all but six were left with the Indians, and whence the remaining six were taken in the course of a few days by way of the Shawnee villages on the Auglaize River to Detroit.

The recognized leader of the weak and disheartened captive band was the young man whose history we have given in brief, and whose adventures we are now about to relate. During the journey down the Ohio, Isaac Anderson had shown himself to possess remarkable powers of endurance, as well as great judgment and sagacity. He was among the first to urge upon Colonel Laughery the necessity of traveling by night, and it was owing greatly to his influence that discipline had been preserved among the discouraged and murmuring soldiers. When the hungry voyagers landed, on the fatal morning of the 24th, he had endeavored in vain to impress upon his companions that danger was not yet over, and to induce Colonel Laughery to station guards around the encampment and keep a sufficient body of men under arms. When the attack was made by the Indians, he was one of the few who acted with deliberation; and, during the brief con-

test which followed, he conducted himself with such coolness as not only to be singled out by his surviving companions as their most competent leader, but also to obtain from his captors recognition as a brave and daring man, who, unless well secured and carefully watched, might give them much trouble. In the march through the wilderness Anderson had borne the fatigues and hardships incident to the journey with great fortitude, and, while at Chilli-cothe, had been selected by the Indians as one who would afford them great entertainment in running the gauntlet. In this ordeal Anderson was badly beaten, the Indians laying on their blows most unmercifully; and, when the journey was again resumed, he was so stiff and sore from the bruises which he had received that he was hardly able to walk.

From the Shawnee towns the party marched through a swampy and very unhealthful country toward Detroit. On October 4th, 1781, they arrived in the country of the Mohawks, and here they were left by Captain Thompson, their former conductor, among the Indians, who agreed to take them the rest of the way. Seven days later their destination was reached, and they were taken into the citadel, given good quarters, decently clothed, and allowed the liberty of going where they pleased in the town until the 4th of November.

From Detroit the prisoners were taken by way of the lakes to Montreal, where they arrived, after a very stormy voyage, in about three weeks' time, and were delivered to General Spike, the command-

ing officer, who ordered them to be placed in close confinement.

The captives now passed through an experience, as prisoners of war, in which they were called upon to exercise all of their endurance, and compared with which their former trials, though severe, were regarded by them as pleasures. Confined in dark and damp rooms, loaded with chains, and placed on the scantest and most unwholesome diet, they often longed to return to the forest and be subjected again to the savage treatment of the brutal Indians. A brave man may endure blows, or suffer the extremes of acute pain without a murmur; but when placed in solitary confinement, fettered and reduced to childish helplessness, existence becomes irksome and death is a welcome relief.

For six months the unfortunate prisoners lay, heavily chained, in the British dungeons. During this period they frequently applied to their jailers for better quarters and more humane treatment, but each time their requests were denied. Seeing that there was no prospect of gaining what they desired, and regarding death as preferable to their unhappy situation, they at length determined to seek an opportunity of escape, and accordingly set about to devise the ways and means of effecting their object.

The prison in which they were confined was a low, long building, situated in St. Mark's parish, at some distance from the town, and surrounded by high pickets. It was in charge of a vigilant jailer, who, during the day-time, had only two or three guards

to assist him. At night, however, it was more carefully watched, several soldiers being stationed around it, and a number of sentinels, who were posted along the pickets, having it in constant view.

Learning the nature of the surroundings, Anderson, who took upon himself the conduct of the enterprise, was not long in laying his plans. He concluded that an attempt to escape by night would be attended with great hazard; for, although he and his five companions might succeed in knocking down the guards and sentinels, an outcry would instantly be raised, the town would be alarmed, and they would speedily be retaken. He concluded, therefore, that the only feasible plan was to make the effort in the day-time, when they would be unperceived from without, since no one would be on the watch, and since, on account of the isolation of the spot, they would stand in no danger of being seen from the garrison.

His next care was to throw the guards off their watch, and impress them with the idea that their prisoners had become reconciled to the situation, and entertained no thought of successful escape. In this endeavor he succeeded beyond expectation. The guards, seeing that the men were submissive and no longer complained of their hardships, gradually allowed them greater freedom, and at length associated with them on familiar terms. Growing less and less watchful, they finally permitted them the freedom of the premises; and since, like all soldiers, they were lovers of the bottle, made them their companions in their convivial moods.

One morning toward the close of May, 1782, Anderson, seeing his jailers to be more friendly and less vigilant than usual, proposed a drinking bout. This was agreed to; the bottle was passed round, and before long the soldiers were all stretched out senseless on the floor, leaving their prisoners, who had imbibed less freely, to come and go at freedom.

While one of the party made a careful reconnoissance, the others quickly visited the jailer's room in search of weapons and provisions. Unfortunately, however, they obtained only a few knives and tomahawks and a scant stock of food; but, though they were disappointed, they secured something which was no less valuable than what they sought,—a small compass.

Finding the coast clear, the adventurers now scaled the pickets, and started down the island on which the city of Montreal stands. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, as they were not yet out of danger, they were obliged to proceed with great circumspection, knowing that, if they fled precipitately, any one who chanced to see them would guess their purpose and give the alarm.

Soon after they had left the prison, they met a party of three British soldiers on horseback, just returning from a hunting expedition. Anderson instructed his men to preserve silence, unless spoken to, and then, accosting the soldiers civilly, asked how far he had to go until he should reach Montreal. This inquiry gave the British much merriment, and

one of them, as soon as he could command his gravity, very seriously told his interlocutor that, after traveling ten miles further in the direction in which he was going, he would reach a small trading station, and that he must there inquire for a guide, who would take him through the wilderness the rest of the way, and bring him to his destination, if the weather proved favorable, in about two days' time. Anderson received this information with a very puzzled expression of countenance, remarking that he had fancied himself to be in the immediate vicinity of the city, and had hoped to reach it before dusk. At this the soldiers laughed heartily, and went on their way, turning around frequently to look back at the men, whom they saw standing still, and apparently debating with great earnestness whether they should proceed or return.

When the soldiers were out of sight, the fugitives went on their way, congratulating themselves on the successful issue of the adventure. At a point a few miles further on, they crossed the St. Lawrence, and then struck out through the forest, steering, by the aid of their compass, in the direction of the Sorel River, which they reached and crossed toward evening.

About midnight they came to a Frenchman's dwelling, and here Anderson ordered a halt. Taking with him one of his companions, he broke open the barn and loosed two of the horses. He then killed two lambs, and, throwing them over the backs of the horses, rejoined his companions. The party rode

hard all night, and, on the following morning, halted, built a fire, and skinned and barbecued the lambs. After satisfying their appetites, they rested for awhile, and then went ahead with their horses, but had gone only about five miles, when they came to a very swampy country, where, finding that they could make no progress, they were obliged to turn their horses loose and proceed on foot.

This day they marched without stopping. Traveling in an easterly direction, they reached, about the middle of the afternoon, the river Missisque, which they crossed on a rude raft, and then went ahead two miles, when they halted and encamped for the night.

They had now placed themselves out of the reach of pursuit, and felt comparatively secure; but they knew that, although there was little danger of being overtaken, they still had many risks to encounter, since the country through which they were to pass was held by the British, and that, therefore, they must avoid all towns and settlements, and, instead of following the courses of the large streams, preserve their route through the wilderness.

In spite of their precautions, however, they came, on one occasion, very near being recaptured. They had risen before daybreak, and were marching, as they thought, through a desolate, unsettled country, when they suddenly heard, directly ahead of them, the sound of a drum, beating the reveille. Peering through the trees, they saw an English block-house at the distance of a few rods. A band of soldiers

was drawn up outside, and, had the men gone a few steps further, they would have been instantly discovered, pursued, taken, and again placed in confinement.

The journey through the wilderness was attended with trials and privations of a singularly distressing and disheartening character. Although the spring of the year was nearing a close, the season was very backward. The nights were extremely cold, and on some of the mountains the snow lay quite deep. Numerous creeks and rivers, swollen by heavy rains, obstructed their progress, and nearly all of these were so deep that they could not be forded, and rafts had to be built to give the means of passage.

The terrible distresses for want of food which the men had suffered while journeying down the Ohio, were now again to be experienced. On the 31st of May, 1782, five days after their escape, the scanty stock of provisions which they had taken with them became exhausted. They had no guns with which to shoot game, and, as they were in a hostile country, they did not dare to apply for relief in any of the settlements, lest they should be immediately apprehended and sent into captivity. Consequently, it was not long before they reached the verge of starvation. Famished and almost perishing, they were obliged to kill and eat their dog; and, so great were their necessities, that, after they had consumed the animal, they had nothing on which to subsist but roots and reptiles.

While in this terrible condition, another misfort-

une, equally calamitous in its nature, befell them. One evening, after journeying all day through a comparatively open country, guiding their course by the sun, they found, on searching their baggage, that they had lost their compass. Far from friends and country, without supplies of any kind, and weary, footsore, and dejected, the terrible thought now dawned upon them that their doom had at last been pronounced, and that nothing was left but to lie down in the forest and wait for death. This, indeed, must have been their lot, had not the weather proved propitious. On the following day the sun rose bright, and by its assistance they were enabled to continue on their way, although still suffering, from the want of food, the extremes of bodily agony.

For the next few days the journey was slow and painful. The rivers were numerous, and their currents very strong, and rafts had to be made at each stream to carry them across. The weather was, for awhile, very cloudy, and the travelers were obliged to follow the course of the rivers, which they could now do with safety, for they knew that they had gained, by this time, the basin of the Connecticut.

On the night of the fifth of June, the travelers had reached the extreme point of fatigue, hunger, and distress. Their powers of endurance had been strained to the utmost, and they were now convinced that nothing remained for them but to give up in despair. Their moccasins had been entirely worn out, and, to proceed over the rough, rocky

ground without some covering for their feet, was out of the question. They had eaten nothing during the day, and how to procure an evening meal was a problem to which there seemed to be no solution.

While they were in this dilemma, one of the men who had been out in search of food, returned, bringing with him some toads which he had caught. These were roasted and divided among the men, who all ate voraciously. Soon after, every member of the party was taken deathly sick. The vile stuff which they had consumed acted on their shattered constitutions as a powerful poison, and, writhing with intense pain, they lay through the night, expecting every moment that the next would be their last.

The effects of the unwholesome food were not, however, sufficiently deleterious to endanger their lives. On the following morning they arose, and, though greatly weakened, made a shift to continue their journey. They had contrived, the evening before, to replace their worn-out moccasins by rough temporary ones, made from their leggins, and, resolving to proceed as long as there was life in their bodies, they again pushed forward.

Toward the end of this day, to their great joy, they reached an American settlement, where they were given refreshments by the inhabitants, and halted for a few hours. Resuming their journey the same night, they came to the Connecticut River; and, anxious to be again within bounds of civilization, crossed it and after a few hours' rest continued on their way.

Arrived on American soil, among countrymen and friends, the travelers now felt that their hardships were over. They still, however, had many long and weary miles to go and much fatigue to endure; but having borne, for the sake of freedom, all the privations and terrors of the wilderness, they were not disposed to murmur at any slight trials which they might be obliged to undergo before obtaining the full fruition of their hopes. They marched down the Connecticut to a point several miles from its mouth, where they crossed it and proceeded direct to Philadelphia, and thence to their homes in Western Pennsylvania, arriving at their destination on the 16th day of July, 1782, nearly two months after their escape from Montreal.

The rest of the men who were taken by the Indians at Laughery's defeat were held in captivity until the next year, when the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States set them free. Their experience, though very trying, was less eventful than that of Anderson and his companions, and has therefore been omitted from the present narrative.

Isaac Anderson afterward removed to Butler County, Ohio, where he purchased a tract of land, and resided until his death in 1839. He was a man of considerable prominence. An account of his subsequent life is given in Mr. James McBride's "Pioneer Biography," to which we refer those of our readers who may desire to know more of him.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BOONE.

THE object of the present work is not so much to give full and exhaustive accounts of particular individuals, as to present, in an attractive form, some of the most interesting and characteristic incidents in the lives of famous adventurers, illustrative of the struggles, privations, virtues, and heroism of the early Western settlers. The work possesses, therefore, less of the biographical than of the narrative character; and the sketches which it contains, although they have been made as full as circumstances would permit, advance very few pretensions to biographical completeness.

The lives of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, the two most famous of the Western pioneers, are so replete with incident that, with a due regard to the requirements of this work, it is impossible to relate them at length. In our accounts of these adventurers we have, therefore, instead of giving connected narratives, introduced only a few of the more interesting incidents in their careers. It is hoped that our readers will find the method which we have adopted equally pleasing, if not equally instructive, with that which has usually been employed.

Daniel Boone was born in Western Pennsylvania,

August 22, 1734, of respectable parents. While Daniel was still a boy his father removed to the banks of the Yadkin, in North Carolina. From early youth he led a roving and adventurous life; and, growing up in the wilderness, became so accustomed to privation, and so inured to hardships and trials of all kinds, that his only desire was to avoid the paths of quiet and ease, follow the haunts of the hunter, and live and die in his native forests.

In 1767, Findley, the celebrated adventurer, returned from a long and dangerous journey to the West with glowing reports of the exceeding beauty, fertility, and grandeur of the country which he had visited. He spoke in terms of unbounded enthusiasm of its immense resources; and in language calculated to fill the soul of the hunter with delight, described the wonders of the expanseless domain, which he said was filled with innumerable herds of buffalo and deer, and occupied by the greatest abundance of small game in the most inconceivable variety.

Findley's account of this beautiful and boundless hunting-ground acted like a charm on the mind of so bold an adventurer and so true a woodsman as Daniel Boone, and he immediately determined to visit it. Accordingly, early in the spring of 1769, he set out, in company with Findley and four others, to explore and take possession of the enchanted region.

Although some of Boone's biographers have de-

scribed him, at the time of his departure on this memorable expedition, as a man of but twenty or twenty-five years, burning with all the fire and energy of uncontrolled youth, and thoughtlessly rushing forward, anxious to meet and experience every danger which the life of the frontiersman can offer, he was in reality approaching the meridian of life; and, far from being rash or inconsiderate, he was as sagacious as he was bold, and as prudent as he was fearless. Unlike the impetuous Kenton and Brady, he added temperateness and perfect self-control to physical daring; and the secret of his great success in his subsequent life lay as much in his profound sagacity and admirable coolness as in his superior powers of body and unconquerable intrepidity.

Boone's person has been often described; but, if the accounts of him which have come down to us are accurate, no description can do him justice. His form was tall and commanding; his frame was gigantic, sinewy, and perfectly proportioned; his features, though rough-hewn and in no respect handsome, were very attractive and indicative of the greatest independence and resolution. His eye was particularly large, fine, and piercing; and in every appearance the man was the perfect type of the bold Western pioneer, hunter, and adventurer.

The expedition started from the settlement in which Boone lived, on the banks of the Yadkin, and proceeding due west, under the direction of

Findley, commenced the ascent of the mountains. Their journey was toilsome in the extreme; and, before half of the distance had been accomplished, some of the men began to murmur and besought their leader to return. But as they went on the bravery and indifference to danger manifested by Findley and Boone soon inspired the rest of the party with a like fortitude; and, the march growing less trying as they advanced, all pushed forward resolutely, determined to succeed in their enterprise, and not to complain if danger rather than fortune, and hardship rather than comfort, fell to their lot.

While crossing the mountains an incident occurred which gave Boone an opportunity of showing the material of which he was made. One night he and a companion named Holden were on watch, guarding the camp while the rest of the party slept. It was about midnight, and the two sentinels were sitting, with their rifles between their knees, listening to the deep breathing of the sleepers. Suddenly a terrible shriek, resembling the shrill cry of a frightened woman or child, broke the stillness of the night. Both men instantly sprang erect. Holden, trembling and terrified, convulsively grasped the arm of his comrade and exclaimed, "What is that?" "Silence!" replied Boone, who was more familiar with the woods than his friend; "do not wake the rest. Take your gun and come with me."

Holden, not daring to disobey, did as he was ordered. The two stole silently from the camp, and,

after proceeding for some distance, Boone halted, whispering to his companion that they would wait for a repetition of the cry. In a few minutes the scream was again heard, louder and more fearful than before. Boone was now satisfied, and again telling Holden to follow, groped his way cautiously through the bushes, in the direction from which the sound came. Occasionally he stopped to look round, holding his rifle as he did so, ready to shoot at any moment. At length he touched his companion, and, by a preconcerted agreement, the two sank quietly to the ground. Holden now saw directly in front of him two large balls of light that gleamed and sparkled with an intense brightness, like coals of fire. He whispered to his companion, asking him if it was not a panther; but Boone was at that moment absorbed in his favorite occupation, and did not answer. He took a deliberate aim, and, when certain of success, fired. A hideous yell of pain instantly resounded through the wood. Then came a crashing noise, as of some huge animal leaping through the underbrush, and Boone, satisfied with the success of his shot, told his companion that it was a panther, and that it probably would be found the next morning. They then returned to the camp. Its remains were not found, as Boone had expected, and the party journeyed on. Two days after, while marching through a thick growth of bushes, an animal stretched on the ground attracted attention. It was examined and found to be a dead panther; and, comparing the size of the ball which had killed it with that of the bullets

in Boone's pouch, it was evident that it was the animal which he had shot at.

The intervening ridges of mountains were at length passed, and the travelers stood on their farthest western spur. A scene incomparably grand and beautiful opened before them. It seemed as if they were gazing into paradise itself, for they could scarcely believe that any earthly prospect could be so magnificent. The vast plain was covered with illimitable stretches of forests, and watered, as the travelers thought, by an almost innumerable number of winding river courses. "This is Kentucky," said Findley to his companions. "It is a glorious country!" exclaimed Boone, with enthusiasm, and, after gazing for a few moments in wonder and delight, he threw his rifle over his shoulder, and descended, with his companions, to take possession of this hunter's Elysium.

The first few days after their entrance into the beautiful country of which they now regarded themselves as the rightful owners, they spent in hunting and killing buffalo, immense herds of which ranged the forests and trampled over the broad and fertile plains. None of the party, except Findley, had before enjoyed this noble and exhilarating sport. Boone soon proved himself to be superior to all of his companions, both as a marksman and as a sagacious hunter, and before many days had passed dozens of these magnificent animals fell before his unerring aim. He was so carried away with his new life that he determined to pass the remainder of his

days in this favored region. "Ay," he said in reply to one of his companions who commented on the beauty and richness of the country; "Ay, and who would remain on the sterile pine hills of North Carolina, to hear the screaming of the jay, and now and then bring down a deer too lean to be eaten? This is the land of hunters, where man and beast grow to their full size."

For six months the adventurers passed the time most pleasantly, meeting no Indians, and having no disagreeable experience. Nearly all of the hunters now believed that they were the sole occupants of the country, and that all that remained was to return for their families and settle it. But Boone, who was less credulous, told his companions that, from certain indications, he was convinced that they should, sooner or later, meet all the Indians that they could care to encounter, and that, as for being left to take sole and peaceable possession of the country, they would do well if they held their own. We shall see that his belief was not ill-founded.

On the 22nd day of December, Boone, with a companion named John Stewart, determining to penetrate the heart of the country, and learn something of its character throughout its western extent, left the camp and boldly struck out through the wilderness. They promised their companions that, after they had secured the objects of their enterprise, they would return and give a report of what they had seen.

Traveling leisurely, they passed through a region of the most surpassing beauty and fertility. Finally,

one day, at nightfall, they came in view of the Kentucky River, and, pausing on the brink of this stream, they gazed for awhile in the most undisguised astonishment and admiration at the magnificent scenery which presented itself to their view. A lofty eminence was before them, and, as they supposed that it would afford them a far view of the meanderings of the river, they ascended it. Their hope was realized. A broad stretch of country was spread out before them, and, in the light of the setting sun, it presented an aspect so noble and delightful that they involuntarily recalled their first view of Kentucky, and declared that even that grand prospect could hold no comparison with the one which now rejoiced their sight.

On the following morning they commenced the descent of the hill, intending to resume their journey. Little thinking of danger, they passed leisurely along, with their rifles carelessly resting on their arms. While passing a thick cane-brake, Boone heard a slight rustling noise, and was instantly on the alert, thinking that he should soon have a shot at a deer. But, to his dismay, he saw a number of Indians crouched on the ground, with their guns raised ready to shoot in case he made the least movement. Instantly afterward the dreaded war-cry burst on his ears, and a numerous party of savages rushed forward. Both he and Stewart were immediately seized, disarmed, and bound, and, guarded by several stalwart savages, marched to an Indian encampment a few miles distant.

Boone's discretion and sagacity now stood him in good stead. Neither he nor his companion understood a word of the Indian tongue, but he readily comprehended that the only way to avoid death was to appear reconciled to his lot, and go forward with speed and courage. Although Stewart was not so well-versed in strategy as his companion, he was a brave man, and was naturally hopeful in disposition; and he, also, advanced with seeming alacrity.

When the Indians saw that their captives were cheerful and content, and were not disposed to murmur at any of their exactions, they gradually relaxed their severity, and were less strict in guard. On the seventh night of the captivity they made a great fire, and, throwing off all restraint, permitted Boone and Stewart to associate with them on equal terms, feasting them liberally, and, when the time for rest arrived, allowing them to lie down where they chose without a guard. Boone, giving his companion the cue, affected to be very tired, stretched himself in front of the fire, and, in a short time, closed his eyes, apparently in deep sleep.

One by one the savages retired. Finally nothing was heard in the encampment but their heavy and measured snores. Listening intently, in order to ascertain whether there was any fear of discovery, Boone, satisfied that no one was on the watch, opened his eyes and peered cautiously round. In a few moments he rose to a sitting posture, and softly awakened his companion. With the greatest care Boone and Stewart now lifted themselves to their feet, and,

creeping step by step, as silent as death, succeeded in getting out of the circle of their foes. Casting an expressive glance at his companion (for he did not dare to speak, even in a whisper), Boone next made his way to the place where the rifles had been laid. Stewart followed; each secured a gun and ammunition, the forest was reached, and, in a few moments, the fugitives were on their way toward the camp of their friends.

They traveled with the utmost expedition, and, on the evening of the second day, arrived at their destination. Uncertain whether to hesitate or go forward—for they were in doubt with regard to the safety of their comrades—they approached it cautiously. To their surprise, it was deserted and no trace remained to indicate what had become of its former occupants. They evidently had not been killed, for there was no sign of recent violence; and Boone concluded that they had either been attacked while in camp, and taken prisoners, or else that they had returned home. The mystery, however, was difficult to solve; and, it may be added that, to his dying day, Boone received no intelligence whatever of the unfortunate men, and that his final conclusion was that they had been carried off by the savages, and either killed by them or else adopted into one of their tribes.

On the day after the arrival of Boone and Stewart at the deserted camp, they were alarmed, about dusk, by the report of two guns, and, fearing that the Indians from whom they had escaped had followed their trail, and were bent on their recapture, they

concealed themselves in a thick undergrowth of bushes, and awaited developments. Presently they perceived, at some distance, two forms gliding among the trees toward the spot where they lay concealed; and they were immediately convinced of the correctness of their suspicions. The forms came nearer, and the men looked anxiously toward them, seeking to ascertain whether they were friends or foes; but, owing to the uncertainty of the light, they could not distinguish. Slowly and cautiously the mysterious forms approached, until finally they arrived within speaking distance. Grasping his rifle, Boone boldly stepped forward, and, in a firm voice, addressed them with the challenge:

“Who comes there?”

“White men and friends!” was the prompt reply.

“Come on, then!” rejoined Boone, and the next moment, to his inexpressible delight, his hand was seized by his brother, who, with a single companion, had left North Carolina, crossed the mountains, and penetrated the wilderness in search of him and his party. That night was spent in thanksgiving and rejoicing. Hope, which had sunk so low in the breasts of Boone and Stewart, again revived; projects of exploration and adventure were formed by the enthusiastic hunters, and for the moment the dangers to which they were subjected from the wilderness and from hostile Indians were forgotten.

The next morning the four adventurers rose betimes. Boone succeeded in killing a fine buck before breakfast, and, after making a bountiful repast on

the animal, the hunters struck out in a southerly direction, with the intention of exploring that unknown region.

Soon they discovered, by certain signs, that they were in a dangerous neighborhood. Two large Indian trails were noticed, and, on two or three occasions, the reports of distant rifles were heard. Boone, who was the recognized leader of the party, ordered that they should keep close together, and that on no condition should any one leave his companions for a moment. In spite of this strict injunction, however, he was himself the first to disregard its terms. In the eagerness of pursuing a wounded buffalo, he rashly separated himself from the rest of the party. He was followed by Stewart. The animal was killed, and the two friends started to return; but, before they had gone far, a number of savages rushed upon them from a canebrake, and discharged a flight of arrows. Stewart fell, pierced to the heart, but Boone providentially escaped, and, by swift running reached the camp, when, informing his two companions of their danger, he ordered them to follow him; and the party flew with such speed that they succeeded in getting away, and the designs of the crafty Indians were baffled.

Soon after this calamitous adventure, another of the party suffered an equally ruthless, and a still more melancholy fate. The companion of Boone's brother one day became separated from his friends. He did not return, and the two Boones, alarmed for his safety, sought for him long and painfully. The miss-

ing man was not found, and the brothers were left alone in the wilderness. A few days afterward Boone picked up some torn and bloody shreds of clothes, and, a short distance from the place where these were found, the bones of a human being lay scattered on the ground. The unfortunate man, they now concluded, had been attacked by wild animals and torn to pieces. This, indeed, was his fate, for he was never heard of afterwards.

Boone and his brother were now the solitary white occupants of this wild and dangerous region. They lamented the sad fates of their companions, but, as they were bold and fearless, they did not despair, and, resuming their march through the forest, determined to be of good cheer, and expect a fortunate future as the reward of heroism and effort.

In the course of a few weeks, the adventurers found, to their great concern, that their supply of ammunition was nearly out, and it was accordingly decided that one of them should return to North Carolina for fresh quantities, while the other should remain in the forest. Lots were drawn, and the performance of the mission fell upon Boone's brother.

For several months Boone remained alone in the Kentucky wilderness. To most men, a situation so forlorn, and seemingly so perilous, would have been quite the opposite of agreeable. But the romantic grandeur of the country, where not a tree had been felled, and not a habitation had been raised, was, to the adventurous nature of Daniel Boone, an inexhaustible source of delight; and, as he often declared after-

wards, some of the most rapturous moments of his life were passed in his lonely rambles through this unbroken wilderness. Although he saw many signs of Indians, and often heard their savage yells, and got glimpses of their dusky forms, while he lay concealed in canebrakes, or among the branches of trees, he fortunately never came to an encounter with them.

His brother returned on the twenty-seventh day of July, 1770, with the supply of ammunition which he had gone to fetch. For nearly a year longer the brothers ranged the forest with a fearlessness and hardihood scarcely credible. Finally, in March, 1771, they left their wild haunts, and set out for their homes in North Carolina. The journey was made in safety; and Daniel Boone, after an absence of two years, during which time he had tasted neither bread nor salt, and seen no human being but his brother, his unfortunate companions, and his savage enemies, once more enjoyed, for a time, the quiet and comforts of domestic peace.

Before many months had passed, Boone, tiring of his uneventful life, formed the resolution to remove his family to the beautiful and delightful country which had been to him the source of so much agreeable adventure. Accordingly, on the 26th of September, 1773, he started with his wife and children and a body of emigrants for Kentucky.

In Powell's valley the party was joined by five more families and a reinforcement of forty men well armed. The whole body now consisted of nearly



FAMOUS FOR INDIAN LEGENDS.



eighty persons,—certainly a sufficient number to inspire confidence in the hearts of even the most timorous.

Marching across the ridges of the Alleghanies, the emigrants enjoyed a safe and agreeable journey until they reached the west side of Walden's ridge, a range of the Cumberland Mountains. They were here destined to experience a most appalling reverse of fortune.

On the 10th of October, while they were making their way through a narrow defile, a terrible yell suddenly burst from a neighboring wood, and an Indian war-party rushed forward, surrounded them, and, before the men had time to repel the attack, discharged a volley into their midst. Six men were killed and a seventh man wounded. Boone immediately rallied his party; a general discharge followed, many of the Indians fell, and the rest of the attacking party, who had not looked for so stubborn a resistance, were thrown into confusion and fled in terror.

When the men were certain that their enemies had in reality been repulsed, and did not meditate another assault, they proceeded to look to their killed and wounded, and to collect their horses, many of which had run away. To his unspeakable sorrow, Boone found that his eldest son was among the killed. Grief-stricken and disheartened, he threw himself on the ground and wept like a child. In a moment, however, he recovered his usual composure, arose, and gave the order to proceed.

A new discouragement was in store for him. The women and children were terrified, and clamorously besought him to return. Most of the men stood sullen and dejected, and, on his addressing them, signified their determination to abandon the enterprise. Entreaties and threats were alike vain: and Boone was finally obliged to give his consent to the request which his companions made with so great unanimity, turn back, and retrace his steps to a settlement on the Clinch River, forty miles from the scene of action.

At this place Boone was obliged to remain, unemployed and inactive, during the winter and spring. No representations of his regarding the beauty, fertility, and security of the Kentucky country could induce his companions to again take up the march. Finally, in June, 1774, he received a message from Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, requesting him to act as a guide to a party of surveyors, whom he was about to dispatch to the Falls of the Ohio. Boone complied with alacrity. The journey was made, and he returned with still more favorable reports of the grandeur of the country.

In 1775, Boone set out with a party of about twenty men on another expedition to Kentucky. His object this time was to mark out a route and clear a road for the passage of pack-horses and emigrant wagons. This duty was extremely laborious, and before long he found it very dangerous. His little band of followers was attacked on the 22d of March by a vastly superior force of Indians.

The savages were in the end repulsed with heavy loss, but four of the whites were killed or wounded. On the next day the enemy again appeared and assailed the intruders with great fury. They were not driven back until five more of the devoted band fell victims to their wrath. Continuing his progress in spite of all obstacles, Boone finally arrived, on the 1st day of April, at a point which, from the advantages of its natural position, seemed to afford a good location for a settlement. He accordingly called a halt, and with his companions set to work to build a fort. The Indians, enraged at the presumption of the white men in attempting to construct a habitation in the midst of their favorite hunting-ground, made numerous attacks; but nothing could equal the resolution and perseverance of Boone, who, encouraging his men in their labors, pushed the work forward so rapidly that in fourteen days the structure was completed. The fort, which he named Boonesborough, was no sooner built than he departed, returned to Clinch River, and, disposing of every thing which he possessed, except his most necessary private effects, removed with his family to the Kentucky settlement. Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River.

Thus established on a firm footing, the infant colony soon grew in size and strength until it embraced a number of families, and was fortified by a respectable garrison. Encouraged by the successful enterprise of Boone and his comrades, adventurers

from the East and North-east were not slow to seek the Kentucky wilds and develop the remarkable resources of that favored region. Settlements sprang up all along the Kentucky banks of the Ohio; and in the course of a few years the country which had before been an unbroken wilderness began to assume a civilized aspect.

Before, however, this change took place, the little band of pioneers at Boonesborough had to pass through a most trying experience. The Indians were troublesome and vindictive, and made many attacks on the fort. "The garrison was incessantly harassed by flying parties of Indians. While plowing their corn they were waylaid and shot; while hunting they were chased and fired upon; and sometimes a solitary Indian would creep up near the fort in the night and fire upon the first of the garrison who appeared in the morning. They were in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and the most ordinary duties could only be performed at the risk of their lives."

During these years of struggle, danger, and hardship, Boone was constantly watchful and active. To him the garrison owed not only its original existence, but indeed its preservation through the long and bloody Indian wars. On several occasions he himself very narrowly escaped. One of his adventures is thus related by an entertaining writer:

"One morning, in 1777, several men in the field near Boonesborough were attacked by Indians, and ran toward the fort. One was overtaken and toma-

hawked within seventy yards of the fort, and, while being scalped, Simon Kenton shot the warrior dead. Daniel Boone, with thirteen men, hastened to help his friends, but they were intercepted by a large body of Indians, who got between them and the fort. At the first fire from the Indians, seven whites were wounded, among them the gallant Boone. An Indian sprang upon him with uplifted tomahawk; but Kenton, quick as a tiger, sprang toward the Indian, discharged his gun into his breast, snatched up the body of his noble leader, and bore it safely into the fort. When the gate was closed securely against the Indians, Boone sent for Kenton: 'Well, Simon,' said the grateful old pioneer, 'you have behaved yourself like a man to-day; indeed, you are a fine fellow.' Boone was a remarkably silent man, and this was great praise from him."

Though Boone escaped death, he was not destined to live entirely free from misfortune. In February, 1778, he, with twenty-seven companions, was surprised by a large war-party of Indians and compelled to surrender. The prisoners were well treated by their captors, who, for their race, were very humane; and were marched forthwith to Chillicothe, the celebrated and important Indian village.

The sagacity and shrewdness which characterized Daniel Boone's entire career, and which he displayed so signally during his first captivity among the savages, did not desert him at this critical juncture. He at once accepted the inevitable, showed himself to be tractable and submissive, and soon became such a

favorite with his captors that, far from devoting him to torture, or in any way maltreating him, they at once proposed to admit him into their tribe, and would listen to no offers of ransom. On arriving at Chillicothe, he was treated with the greatest consideration, and the simple savages, pleased with the thought that so famous a hunter had voluntarily joined their numbers, admitted him into their councils and permitted him to participate in their games and revels. He was always invited to their shooting-matches, and on these occasions he displayed his acute observation and thorough knowledge of mankind in a most admirable manner. He was aware that, particularly among the Indians, no feeling was more painful, or awakened greater resentment, than the sense of inferiority; and he shot well enough to make it an honor for his opponents to excel him; but took care not to beat them too often.

Soon after his arrival at Chillicothe, Boone was taken to Detroit. Here he met the British official, Governor Hamilton, who, sympathizing deeply with him in his misfortunes, and entertaining the profoundest regard for his character, at once offered one hundred pounds for his ransom; but the affection of the Indians for their prisoner was so great that, after a brief consultation, they refused the tempting prize. A number of English gentlemen, who saw and conversed with the captive, were also very favorably impressed, and a large subscription purse was made up and offered to the savages in exchange for the prisoner. It was now that Daniel Boone's high and

noble spirit of independence displayed itself in a most remarkable manner. He thanked his admirers for their good opinion, and expressed his sincere gratitude for the generosity which actuated them; but he manfully refused to accept favors which it would never be in his power to return. He then turned to the savages and signified his readiness to accompany them back into captivity.

A few days after, the Indians set out with their prisoner for Chillicothe. Boone was received with great distinction; but when the warriors, who had gone with him to Detroit, told their companions of his conduct, their enthusiasm for the noble Kentuckian exceeded all bounds. No longer suspecting him of any secret design to escape, they allowed him to exercise perfect liberty of action. They frequently sent him out to hunt; but, in order that he might not be enabled to take advantage of any temptation which might be thrown in his way, they allowed him but a limited quantity of ammunition, and required him to bring in a dead animal for every ball and charge of powder given him.

To his great concern, Boone discovered, soon after his return from Detroit, that a large war-party of Indians was being organized for the purpose of marching against his companions at Boonesborough. The braves who had already gathered numbered about one hundred and fifty, and this formidable band was to be reinforced by other parties on the way. Boone knew that the settlers would be totally unprepared for attack, and feared that, unless they were warned

of the intentions of their enemies, they would be crushed at one blow. He determined, at any cost, to escape, march quickly to the fort, and take every necessary measure for protecting the lives and property of his friends from their ruthless enemies.

Boone soon laid his plan of action. He continued to hunt as before, but, with a craftiness truly admirable, he outwitted his vigilant masters. He still gave a strict account of the bullets which he received, and voluntarily turned over all the powder and ball in his possession each evening upon his return from the hunt, together with game for each bullet and charge which he had used in the course of the day. But, though seemingly so exact, he contrived to lay up a quantity of ammunition for his proposed journey. Each morning, on setting out, he took about a dozen balls from his pouch and divided them with his knife. Half of the balls which he thus divided he used in the chase; the other half he carefully secreted in a hole. By using very small charges he managed to lay aside a quantity of powder. When he had accumulated a sufficient store in this way, and made his final observations on the band of hostile warriors, he set out early one morning, secured the hidden ammunition, and started for home. He traveled with all possible dispatch. The distance was above one hundred and sixty miles; and some idea of the remarkable powers of Boone may be obtained when it is stated that, although at this period nearly fifty-seven years old, he performed it in four days' time. His anxiety was so great that he ate but one meal on

the way. He was received by the garrison as one risen from the dead. Every one supposed him to have been killed, and his wife had, under this impression, returned with her children to North Carolina. The works of the fort were immediately repaired; new gates, new flanks, and double bastions were made, and in a few days what had been a dilapidated structure on Boone's return, was a tower of strength.

The event proved that Boone's arrival was very opportune. The savages, owing to his escape, determined to postpone their attack; but, in the course of a few weeks, skirmishing parties began to appear, and these were soon followed by the main body of savages, eight hundred strong, which, investing the fort, prepared to give it a regular siege.

In the severe trial which followed, Boone's wisdom and heroism shone conspicuous. To describe the siege in detail would extend this sketch beyond all bounds; and it therefore will be sufficient merely to give its general results. It lasted for eight days, and on the ninth the attacking party, seeing no prospect of speedy success, and thoroughly discouraged by the great loss which they had suffered, gave up the attempt and returned. The garrison lost two men killed and four wounded. The loss of the besiegers was thirty-seven killed and many wounded. This was the last siege ever experienced by the settlers at Boonesborough, since the country was now well opened, and since a number of thriving settlements had sprung up between the fort and the Ohio.

Boone's captivity at Chillicothe was his last experience as a prisoner among the Indians. On several other occasions he came very near being entrapped, and once, as our readers shall hear, was actually taken; but each time he saved himself by flight or presence of mind. The following characteristic incident will illustrate his great intelligence and remarkable mastery of strategy:

"He was once resting in the woods, with a small number of followers, when a large party of Indians came suddenly upon them and halted—neither party having discovered the other until they came in contact. The whites were eating; and the Indians, with the ready tact for which they are famous, sat down with perfect composure and commenced eating also. It was obvious that they wished to lull the suspicions of the white men, and to seize a favorable opportunity for rushing upon them. Boone affected a careless inattention; but, in an under tone, quietly admonished his men to keep their hands upon their rifles. He then strolled towards the Indians, unarmed, and leisurely picking the meat from a bone; the Indian leader, who was similarly employed, rose to meet him.

"Boone saluted him, and then requested to look at the knife with which the Indian was cutting his meat. The chief handed it to him without hesitation; and our pioneer, who, with his other accomplishments, possessed considerable expertness at sleight of hand, deliberately opened his mouth and affected to swallow the long knife, which, at the same instant,

he threw adroitly into his sleeve. The Indians were astonished; Boone gulped, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, with apparent satisfaction, pronounced the horrid mouthful to be *very good*. Having enjoyed the surprise of the spectators for a few moments, he made another contortion, and drawing forth the knife, as they supposed, from his body, civilly returned it to the chief. The latter took the point cautiously between his thumb and finger, as if fearful of being contaminated by touching the weapon, and threw it from him into the bushes. The pioneer sauntered back to his party; and the Indians, instantly dispatching their meal, marched off, desiring no farther intercourse with a man who could swallow a scalping-knife."

The amusing anecdote given below is taken from Peck's "Life of Boone:"

"Though the delicacy of Colonel Boone's organization was such that he could never himself relish tobacco in any form, he still raised some for his friends and neighbors, and for what were then deemed the essential rites of hospitality.

"As a shelter for curing the tobacco, he had built an inclosure of rails a dozen feet in height and covered with canes and grass. Stalks of tobacco are generally split and strung on sticks about four feet in length. The ends of these are laid on poles placed across the tobacco-house, and in tiers one above another, to the roof. Boone had fixed his temporary shelter in such a manner as to have three tiers. He had covered the lower tier, and the tobacco had be-

come dry ; when he entered the shelter for the purpose of removing the sticks to the upper tier, preparatory to gathering the remainder of the crop. He had hoisted up the sticks from the lower to the second tier, and was standing on the poles which supported it, while raising the sticks to the upper tier, when four stout Indians, with guns, entered the low door and called him by name.

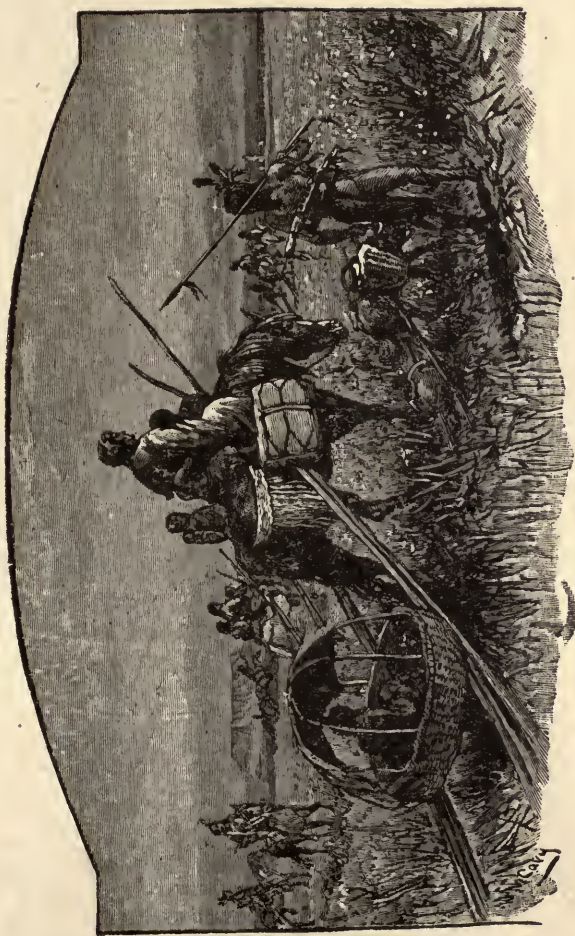
“ ‘Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more.’ ”

“ Boone looked down upon their upturned faces, saw their loaded guns pointed at his breast, and recognizing some of his old friends, the Shawanese, who had made him prisoner near the Blue Licks in 1778, coolly and pleasantly responded :

“ ‘Ah, old friends, glad to see you.’ ”

“ Perceiving that they manifested impatience to have him come down, he told them he was quite willing to go with them, and only begged that they would wait where they were, and watch him closely until he could finish removing the tobacco.

“ While thus parleying with them, Boone inquired earnestly respecting his old friends in Chillicothe. He continued for some time to divert the attention of these simple-minded men, by allusions to past events with which they were familiar, and by talking of his tobacco, his mode of curing it, and promising them an abundant supply. With their guns in their hands, however, they stood at the door of the shed, grouped closely together so as to render his escape apparently



INDIANS MOVING.



BOONE ESCAPES BY STRATEGY.

impossible. In the meantime, Boone carefully gathered his arms full of the long, dry tobacco leaves, filled with pungent dust, which would be blinding and stifling as the most powerful snuff, and then with a leap from his station twelve feet high, came directly upon their heads, filling their eyes and nostrils, and so bewildering and disabling them for the moment, that they lost all self-possession and all self-control.

"Boone, agile as a deer, darted out at the door, and in a moment was in his bullet-proof log-hut, which to him was an impregnable citadel. Loop-holes guarded every approach. The Indians could not show themselves without exposure to certain death. They were too well acquainted with the unerring aim of Boone's rifle to venture within its range. Keeping the log-cabin between them and their redoubtable foe, the baffled Indians fled into the wilderness.

"Colonel Boone related this adventure with great glee, imitating the gestures of the bewildered Indians. He said that, notwithstanding his narrow escape, he could not resist the temptation, as he reached the door of his cabin, to look around to witness the effect of his achievement. The Indians coughing, sneezing, blinded and almost suffocated by the tobacco dust, were throwing out their arms and groping about in all directions, cursing him for a rogue and calling themselves fools."

The following remarkable anecdote of Boone is taken from the "Ornithological Biography" of the renowned naturalist, J. J. Audubon, who, during his

travels in America, visited the famous hunter in his home in Missouri, to which he removed from Kentucky in about 1800 :

“ Daniel Boone, or, as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him.

“ The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent, his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and, when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, while he merely took off his hunting-shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you :

“‘I was once,’ said he, ‘on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of Kentucky were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had, for some time, been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, among the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them.

“‘The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an undistinguishable number of hands, and was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be refractory, would have proved useless and dangerous to my life, and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that, by so doing, I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

“‘When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papooses appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by every unequivocal gesture and word, that on the morrow the mortal enemy of the

red-skins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme which might enable me to give the rascals a slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a-searching about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and, fortunately for me, soon found my flask, filled with strong whisky.

“ ‘A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew began immediately to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the flask ten times its size, and filled with *aqua fortis*! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that, in a few moments, the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and, in less than five minutes, had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whisky.

“ ‘With pleasure did I see them becoming more

and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore, when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, snatched up my rifle, and for once in my life spared that of Indians. I now recollected how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk. But when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared, and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

“But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and, walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself into the canebrakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

“It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlement, which I might never probably have visited again, had I not been called upon as a witness in a law-suit which was pending in Kentucky, and which, I really believe, would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary-line. The story is this, sir:

“Mr. — moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and, having a large tract granted to him

in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, "At an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man."

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks. But, somehow or other, Mr. — had heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and, thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place or the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid; and, not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr. —. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for awhile, and began to think that, after all, I could find the very spot, as well as the tree, if it were yet standing.

"Mr. — and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River bottoms. After some difficulty—for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in those woods—I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash-tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I were still a prisoner among them. Mr. — and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

“‘At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash-tree, then in sight, must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt about it, and mentioned my thought to Mr. —.

“‘“Well, Colònel Boone,” said he, “if you think so I hope that it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses. Do you stay hereabouts, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.”

“‘I agreed. Mr. — trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But, ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years makes in a country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky. The land looked as if it never would become poor; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of Green River, I dare say, for the last time in my life, a few *signs* only of the deer were seen, and, as to a deer itself, I saw none.

“‘Mr. — returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash-tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an ax from one of them, and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again, until I thought it time to be cautious, and I scrapèd and worked away with my

butcher-knife until I *did* come to where my tomahawk had left an impression on the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care, until three hacks, as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. — and the other gentlemen were astonished, and I must allow that I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. — gained his cause. I left Green River forever, and came to where we are now; and, sir, I wish you a good night.'"

ANECDOTES OF KENTON.

THE qualities which made the sagacious Boone the most famous and successful of the early Western pioneers we find almost entirely lacking in the fiery Kenton. The achievements of the latter, regarded in the light of merit, were indeed as remarkable as those of the former; but, regarded in the light of real value and consequence, they were comparatively insignificant. Boone was identified with actions of lasting importance, and shaped the course of events rather than followed the current; whereas Kenton was but a participator in movements originated by others. Boone, besides being a man of the greatest physical powers and the most unquestioned intrepidity, had every intellectual quality of the successful leader, and, under different circumstances, might have obtained lasting renown as a general. Kenton possessed all of Boone's courage, and was in physical resources his peer, but he lacked his high mental endowments; and his part in life was rather that of the brave and faithful soldier than that of the wise and competent leader. An account of his life, therefore, is an account of the remarkable achievements of a daring man, who acts solely in the capacity of a private adventurer. His

performances, during his life among the Indians, are so truly wonderful that, to all who value remarkable exhibitions of strength and daring for their own sakes, a description of some of the more striking incidents in his life can not but be highly interesting.

According to the commonly received account, Simon Kenton commenced his adventurous career at the youthful age of sixteen. The immediate cause of his adopting the life of the woodsman is said to have been the terror and remorse which he felt at the unfortunate issue of a personal encounter with a young neighbor named Leitchmann, whom he punished so severely that he left him lying apparently lifeless. This incident has been so often related that very few of our readers will care to hear it in the present connection; but, as it strikingly illustrates the character of young Kenton, it can not fail to serve a useful purpose. It is, in brief, as follows :

At the distance of a few rods from the house of Kenton's father lived an old farmer who had a daughter as coquettish as she was attractive. Her charms won for her a great many suitors among the young men of the neighborhood, but her naturally vain and frivolous disposition induced her to decline a number of advantageous proposals in order that she might retain the rest of her admirers.

Among those who paid assiduous court to this fair coquette was young Kenton. As he was at

this time but a mere boy, being not over fifteen, his addresses gave the young lady a great deal of merriment; and, following her mischievous disposition, she determined to put the ardor of her suitor to the proof. She accordingly affected total indifference to all but Kenton and one other—an awkward, hulking, farmer's son, about twenty-one years old, named Leitchmann. Employing all of her art, she managed to inspire young Kenton with a feeling of the greatest scorn and resentment for his rival, who, in his turn, soon came to regard the youth with a contempt which finally induced him to offer an open affront.

Moved to wrath and fury at what he considered the impudence of his rival, Kenton determined to wreak vengeance. He accordingly challenged Leitchmann to combat; and, the challenge being accepted, the rivals repaired to a lonely spot in the wood to adjust their difficulties.

Not suspecting Leitchmann of any dishonorable intentions, Kenton went unaccompanied. But, upon arriving on the ground, he found a number of the farmer's friends, who at once began to taunt him in a most insulting manner. He permitted their remarks to pass unregarded, stripped off all of his clothing but his pants, and announced himself prepared for the fight.

Leitchman stepped promptly forward, and Kenton at once dealt him a furious blow. It was returned by the young farmer with such interest that Kenton drew back and placed himself on his guard. Leitch-

mann, confident that his superior years and strength would give him the advantage, made a desperate lunge at the youth, but Kenton succeeded in warding it off. Seeing that he could not stand against his opponent in stubborn battle, Kenton continued to act on the defensive until he had wearied him; and then, at once changing his tactics, he called forth all of his vigor, and, by a series of quick and dexterous blows, so annoyed the clumsy Dutchman that he was glad to take the defensive. The chances now turned in favor of Kenton; and he would have enjoyed a speedy and complete triumph had not Leitchmann's friends suddenly interfered and declared with emphasis that the contest had long since been decided against Kenton, and bade the youth to return home and never again attempt to encounter a man who was so decidedly his superior. At this arbitrary act, Kenton stood still, and, glaring furiously at the cowardly fellows, denounced them as d——d villains, and offered to thrash each of them single-handed. He was immediately seized, and the men, picking up a number of staves, proceeded to belabor him vigorously. He was pounded until he fairly believed that every bone in his body was broken, and was shown no mercy until he was rendered too feeble to make the slightest movement by way of resistance, when he was thrown on the ground and left to his meditations.

When he recovered from the effects of this punishment, Kenton took the first opportunity of informing his rival that he should some day call him to account for his conduct. He prudently resolved, however,

that he would not again encounter his foe until, by increased strength, he should be enabled to do so with fair prospects of success, and he waited patiently for another year. On his sixteenth birthday he rose early in the morning, walked over to Leitchmann's house, and, calling him, told him briefly that he desired a second encounter. The Dutchman replied that he would endeavor to accommodate him; and, without more ado, the rivals repaired together to the wood.

In the combat which followed, Kenton fought with all the dexterity and wariness which he had displayed at first; but Leitchmann, knowing the methods of his opponent, was more guarded than he had been. In spite of all of Kenton's activity, he was thwarted by Leitchmann, and finally, after a severe struggle, was thrown to the ground. His vindictive foe instantly sprang upon him, and kicking, biting, and pounding him with the most malignant fury, cursed him savagely, and heaped upon him every species of abuse.

While he was enduring this terrible punishment, Kenton, casting his eye toward a small bush which grew a few feet from where he lay, suddenly conceived a happy design. He looked up at his opponent, and then again at the bush, and, satisfied that he could by a strenuous effort accomplish his purpose, he promptly went to work to secure what he was convinced would be a full and dreadful revenge for all the wrongs which he had suffered.

Giving a heavy groan, he turned on one side, in

the direction of the bush, just as his enemy, after a brief pause, had commenced to kick and club him with added violence. Another groan, and he again rolled over; and, repeating the action two or three times, groaning as if in deep agony, he finally lay within a few feet of the bush, with Leitchmann standing over him. Watching his opportunity, he suddenly sprang from the ground, and, before his astonished foe could defend himself, pushed him over on the bush, and in a second wound his hair,—which was very long, and therefore well adapted to the purpose,—around its thick, tangled branches. With a cry of exultation, Kenton then called forth all of his power, and gave him a stunning kick in the head. Remembering the injuries which he had suffered a year before, and wrought to fury by the cowardly conduct of Leitchmann in taking advantage of him when down, he was but ill-disposed to grant mercy where no mercy had been shown; and he retaliated with such violence that, in a few moments, the Dutchman gave a deep sigh, sank to the ground, and, after a few gasps, closed his eyes and lay quivering, apparently in the agonies of death.

The malignity and wrath which had held uncontrollable sway in the breast of Kenton now gave way to remorse and terror. He found, though too late, that he had overstepped the bounds not only of humanity, but of vengeance itself, and that, instead of merely chastising his opponent, he had cruelly murdered him. His mind was agitated by a thousand terrible thoughts; and, fearing that he

would be immediately apprehended, tried for his act and hung, he cast a last glance at his apparently expiring foe, and then quickly fled.

He directed his steps due west, avoiding the settlements and traveling through the thickest of the wilderness. He soon passed the part of the country where the stations were most numerous, and arrived in the neighborhood of Warm Springs, in the western part of Virginia. At this place he encountered a man named Johnson, an exile from the State of New Jersey, who was on his way across the mountains; and, joining him, he left the borders of civilization and pushed into the unexplored wilderness.

Kenton started on his journey about the middle of May, 1771. Johnson had with him a pack-horse, laden with a few necessities and a small quantity of flour. He also had two rifles and a store of ammunition. One of his guns he gave to Kenton, and thus provided with abundant means of subsistence and defense, the adventurers crossed the country and arrived at a settlement on the Cheat River, a tributary of the Monongahela. Parting company with his friend at this point, Kenton met a small company which had been organized for the purpose of exploring the West, and, joining it, he descended the river to a place called Province's Settlement, where he fell in with two young adventurers named Yager and Strader.

Yager had been taken prisoner by the Indians in his childhood, had been for many years a captive

among them, and had traveled with them in their hunting excursions over a large part of the West. Seeing that Kenton was a young man of a fiery and adventurous spirit, anxious to face and brave all of the dangers of frontier life, he took him into his confidence, and told him that some distance to the south there was a beautiful country which the Indians called Kan-tuck-ee, which was so fertile that every species of vegetation grew spontaneous, and was so abundantly stocked with game that thousands of years could not exhaust its immense resources. He said, moreover, that this region was entirely uninhabited, and he concluded by telling Kenton that he was about to return to it, and requested him to bear him company.

Kenton listened to Yager's description with delight, and his eye flashed as he eagerly closed with the proposal. Preparations were at once made for the journey; a boat was built, a supply of provisions was laid in, and Yager, Kenton, and Strader set out for the land of promise.

Yager's recollections of the beauty of the hunting-grounds over which he had wandered with the Indians while a youth, proved to be more vivid than his knowledge of reaching it was accurate. Instead of coming to it, as Yager had predicted, in the course of a few days, they traveled for many weary weeks without seeing any signs of it, and they finally determined to abandon their search and devote their attention henceforth to hunting and trapping.

For nearly two years Kenton and his comrades

applied themselves to this congenial and, as it proved, profitable occupation. They met with remarkable success, exchanging their furs with the traders at Fort Pitt for clothing and other necessities. Thus they lived in the full enjoyment of their forest life, until March, 1773, when a sweeping calamity deprived Kenton and Yager of their companion, obliged them to abandon their pursuit, and threw them, without any means of supporting life, into the most trying and distressful circumstances.

One day, while reposing in their tent after an unusually successful hunt, a terrific yell was heard, and a body of Indian warriors, about fifty strong, appeared on the outside. Immediately fifteen or twenty shots were fired, and a number of savages rushed into the tent. Kenton and Yager sprang to their feet, but Strader had been killed. Kenton, with remarkable presence of mind, drew his knife and made a gash in the canvas opposite the door, and then, quickly forcing himself through the opening thus made, he bounded through the throng of savages that encircled the tent and escaped. Yager was not slow to follow, and, though a number of Indians started in pursuit, the fugitives were too fleet for them, and soon reached a place of safety.

Owing to the precipitation with which they fled, they did not have time to secure either their rifles or their blankets; and, as they did not dare to return, they were left without means of providing themselves for the future. But the only thing which remained was to accept the situation and go forward,

and they accordingly struck out boldly through the wilderness for the Ohio.

Their sufferings during the march were acute, and, indeed, almost past endurance. They are thus described by one of the most interesting of our Western narrative writers:

“Directing their route by the barks of trees, they pressed forward in a straight direction for the Ohio, and, during the first two days, allayed the piercing pangs of hunger by chewing such roots as they could find on their way. On the third day their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which, at first, had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by a nausea, accompanied with a dizziness and a sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day, they often threw themselves upon the ground, determined to await the approach of death; and as often were stimulated by the instinctive love of life to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth, they were completely exhausted, and were able only to crawl at intervals. In this manner they traveled about a mile during the day, and succeeded, by sunset, in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions.”

For a year or two following this adventure Kenton was connected with various exploring parties, and acted also in a scouting capacity in an expedition against the Indians on the Kanawha. Finally, in 1775, still bent on discovering the beautiful coun-

try which Yager had described to him, he induced two friends to join him in a journey which he proposed to make in search of it.

After many weeks constant travel, during which they explored the Ohio to some distance on each side, they reached the neighborhood of May's Lick, and here, for the first time in the course of their wanderings, they were convinced that Yager's glowing account indeed had some foundation in truth. The country was very beautiful, and the soil was surprisingly fertile. As they advanced they perceived signs of buffalo, and before long, to their amazement and delight, they found themselves in the midst of the enchanted region. The souls of the hunters were filled with rapture, and Kenton, leading the way, pushed forward to explore the country.

After many days spent partly in killing buffalo, deer, and elk, and partly in examining the ground with reference to the selection of a convenient place for erecting a settlement, the adventurers chose a location in the vicinity of the present town of Washington, and proceeded to build a cabin. Their habitation was completed in the course of a few days, and the settlers then cleared about an acre of ground in the center of a large canebrake and planted it with Indian corn.

For some time Kenton and his two comrades enjoyed a life of unbroken pleasure and success. Like Boone and his party on their first visit to Kentucky six years before, they hunted and trav-

eled without any incident occurring to mar their happiness, and, like them, they finally concluded that they were the sole possessors of this delightful region. In common with their predecessors, however, fortune at length deserted them, and a most terrible circumstance brought them to a realization of the dangers of their situation.

While strolling aimlessly one day through the country along the banks of the Licking River, Kenton, who was some distance in advance of his comrades, heard a low moan from a thicket on his right, coming apparently from a man in deep distress. He halted on the instant, and placed himself in an attitude of defense, fearing that some deception was being practiced upon him, for he knew that the Indians had a way of decoying their enemies by imitating sounds calculated to excite sympathy or awaken curiosity. He stood on his guard, and in a moment the moan was repeated. It was followed by another, evidently from a second person, and, still listening, Kenton heard the voice of a man muttering, in perfectly intelligible English, bitter words of complaint. His suspicions were now quieted, and his sympathies awakened; and, advancing softly, he forced his way through the bushes, and soon came to the spot from which the sounds proceeded.

Stretched on the ground in a helpless and, to all appearance, dying condition, Kenton saw two white men, stripped almost naked, who were so emaciated that their bodies seemed to be mere skeletons, kept together by a thin covering of skin. After looking

at them for a moment, Kenton stepped forward, and kneeling down, spoke to the one whom he had heard so bitterly lamenting his miserable lot. The poor fellow looked up. When Kenton assured him of his friendship, and offered to relieve his necessities, he immediately brightened, and, in an eager tone, asked for food. Hearing the request of his comrade, the other man also revived. Kenton drew a piece of venison from a pack which he carried on his shoulder, kindled a fire, and made a thick broth, which he gave to the starving men. When they were able to rise from the ground, he and his two companions took their arms, and, telling them to be of good cheer, led them off in the direction of the cabin. The journey was very tedious, owing to the exhausted condition of the men; and, as they were a considerable distance from their forest home, the hunters finally concluded to encamp where they were until their new friends should recover their strength.

Kenton, on inquiring of them how they came to be in the pitiable condition in which he had found them, was told that they were from Pennsylvania, and had started a few months before for the Ohio settlements. During the voyage down the river their boat had capsized. They had saved themselves by swimming, but their guns, blankets, and provisions had gone down in the stream. They had wandered for many days through the wilderness, and had, a few hours before they were happily rescued, laid down to die.

When they had related their story, Kenton told

them that he had built a station some miles distant, and invited them to join him and his companions. One of the men, whose name was Hendricks, gladly accepted the invitation, but the other would not hear of it, and signified his determination to return to the Monongahela, saying that he was heartily sick of the woods. As he insisted on carrying his purpose into execution, Kenton courteously offered to bear him company as far as the banks of the Ohio, and, in the course of a few days, accordingly set out with his two comrades and the stranger, leaving Hendricks alone in the camp.

The journey was made; the stranger was given a gun, blanket, and provisions, and sent on his way, and the three hunters returned with all speed. The camp was reached, but, to their great concern, they found it deserted. A number of articles which had belonged to Hendricks were strewed on the ground, and, on examining more narrowly, Kenton found that some of the trees which surrounded the camp were pierced with bullets. There had, evidently, been an Indian attack, and the unfortunate Hendricks had doubtless been captured and carried off.

When he had finished his observations, Kenton stood for a moment brooding in the deepest melancholy. Suddenly one of his companions seized him convulsively by the arm, and, pointing in the direction of a low ravine about a hundred yards distant, called his attention to a thick column of smoke, which was rising apparently from a fire freshly kindled. As he did so he whispered in a hoarse voice,

and with a face pale as death, "Indians!" and then started to run at the top of his speed, followed by his other companion. Kenton's first impulse was to call to them to return; but he quickly changed his intention, for he knew that they were panic-stricken, and that a single word would bring a host of Indians after him. He therefore followed his comrades' example, and ran away as swiftly as possible.

After they had gone for several miles, they stopped to breathe, and Kenton, who had by this time come up to them, reproached them bitterly for their pusillanimous conduct. He declared that such cowardice was in the extremest degree disgraceful, and that if exhibitions of this kind were to be repeated in future encounters with the Indians, he would take the first opportunity of breaking off from companions so faithless, and henceforth shift for himself.

The men had by this time recovered from their fright, and, ashamed to be thus rebuked by a mere youth, after a moment's hesitation acknowledged that their conduct had indeed been highly culpable, and proposed to return and attack the enemy. Kenton quickly agreed to this proposal, shouldered his rifle, and started back; but before he had gone a dozen steps, he was called by one of his companions, who, telling him that it would be madness to attack so greatly superior a force in broad daylight, said that the wiser course would be to wait until dusk. Kenton, whose impetuous nature would endure no restraint, reluctantly complied, and concealed himself with his comrades, awaiting the concerted time.

When the first shades of evening appeared, they emerged from their hiding-place and started to retrace their steps. They approached the camp cautiously, but heard no sound, and saw no light but a dim, uncertain flicker, as of a fire just expiring. With his finger on the trigger of his rifle, Kenton stepped boldly forward. The camp was deserted. He approached the fire, and here a sight presented itself which chilled every vein in his body with horror. Lying in the ashes of the fire, he saw the skull and the charred remains of a human being! Kenton's brave heart sank within him, and, resting the butt of his rifle on the ground, he gazed at the smouldering pile with feelings of apprehension mingled with the profoundest sorrow. The unfortunate Hendricks had evidently been burned to death by his savage captors, and Kenton bitterly reproached himself for having left him to his fate at a time when rescue might have been, if not comparatively easy, at least not impossible. Slowly, and with the utmost dejection, he returned with his comrades to the cabin at Washington, and once more prepared to live the quiet and solitary life of the woodsman.

The settlers did not again see the face of a human being until the month of September, when they accidentally met a white man who, like them, was wandering through the woods on a hunting excursion. From this man they learned, for the first time, that the interior of the country had been opened to settlement; and, as they longed to be once more among their countrymen, they broke up their

camp and accompanied him, at his request, to Boonesborough.

Kenton was now about twenty-one years old. His long sojourn in the wilderness had inured him to every hardship; and, though he had not had much personal experience among the Indians, his boldness and contempt for every thing which savored of fear, at once marked him as a man who would be eminently useful in Indian warfare.

For two or three years subsequent to his arrival at Boonesborough, Kenton was employed constantly as a spy. His services were of great value, and he soon came to be a universal favorite. By Boone, in particular, he was regarded with the highest esteem and affection; and on one occasion, as we have seen, he was the means of saving the life of this famous pioneer.

Celebrated among the exploits of Kenton is his remarkable adventure while scouting with an expedition led by Boone against a small Indian town on Paint Creek. After crossing the Ohio he went ahead of the main body to make observations. He was suddenly startled by a loud laugh from a thicket into which he was about to enter, and, concealing himself behind a tree, he soon saw two Indians, mounted on a small pony, coming toward him. They seemed to be in a most agreeable mood, for they talked and laughed gleefully as they rode along. Kenton waited patiently. In a moment they came within range. He raised his gun, aimed deliberately, and, to his surprise, both fell—one being killed and the other grievously

wounded; and thus a single ball was made to do double execution.

Before the report of his gun had died away, Kenton bounded forward, with his scalping-knife and tomahawk drawn. To take the scalp of the dead Indian was the work of but an instant; and he then turned to the wounded savage, intending to dispatch him. The fellow was sorely hurt; but, seeing Kenton's purpose, he drew his tomahawk from his belt and hurled it at him with all the violence which despair can lend. The dangerous missile fortunately did him no harm, and Kenton quickly overcame his enemy's resistance and sank his tomahawk in his head.

While in the act of scalping the second Indian, a noise in the bushes on his right caused Kenton to quickly leave his victim and place himself on his guard. Instantly he saw two savages, about twenty feet distant, taking aim at him, and he sprang quickly to one side. The report of the rifles followed immediately, and the balls whistled close to his ears.

Kenton now fled to the shelter of the wood, but, being hard-pressed, was obliged to stop and tree. He commenced to reload his rifle, but, before he had finished, he saw, to his despair, about a dozen Indians emerge from a canebrake and make directly for the place where he had concealed himself.

Escape now seemed to be impossible, and Kenton was preparing to sell his life as dearly as possible, when he heard a ringing voice in the rear, which he recognized as that of Boone, shouting to him to keep

his stand. Immediately the brave old pioneer appeared at the head of his men, and, with a shout of defiance, rushed forward to attack the enemy. Halting, he gave the order to fire, and the Indians were given so warm a reception that they quickly abandoned their purpose and fled in confusion. Kenton then left his cover, ran forward and scalped the prostrate Indian.

Soon after this occurrence Kenton was taken prisoner and led into captivity. The story of his life among the savages is perhaps the most remarkable of all events connected with Western adventure. It seems almost past belief that one man could have passed through an experience so varied; and we must search history in vain to find a more striking illustration of the correctness of the saying that Fiction can relate nothing so improbable but that Truth can parallel it. Kenton was, during his captivity, forced to run the gauntlet eight times; he was three times tied to the stake, and he was repeatedly subjected to every species of injury and torture which a fiendish and enraged enemy can invent or an unhappy prisoner can suffer. "For three weeks he was seesawing between life and death, and during the whole time *he* was perfectly passive. No wisdom or foresight or exertion could have saved him. Fortune fought his battle from first to last, and seemed determined to permit nothing else to interfere." The story of Kenton's captivity is related, in substance, as follows, by Mr. William A. Crafts in his "Pioneers in the Settlement of America:"

“Daring in his excursions, and frequently exposed to danger, Kenton at length found that these risks could not always be incurred with impunity. Some horses having been stolen by a party of Indians, Kenton and a few companions started in pursuit, determined to recover them. They followed the trail, watching for an opportunity to surprise them; but before such a chance occurred the Indians reached their village. Entering the village with his comrades in the night, while its dusky inhabitants, unsuspecting that they had been followed, were all asleep, the little party not only recovered the stolen horses, but took several belonging to the Indians, and started back for Kentucky. They made all haste to the Ohio; but when they reached that river the waters were high, and a gale made them so rough that there was danger of losing the horses if they attempted to cross, and this was a risk of bringing their bold enterprise to an end not to be thought of. They accordingly waited for the wind to subside; but this delay was as fatal as they feared the attempt to cross the river would be; for the Indians, who had discovered their loss with the earliest dawn, had followed, and now overtook them. Kenton, less cunning or less fortunate than he had hitherto been, was captured, while his companions succeeded in making their escape.

“When Boone was captured he had never done any thing while fighting the savages which specially excited their vindictiveness, and his dignified bearing, as well as his fame as a skillful hunter, which had



AN INDIAN FEAST.



spread even among the Indians, secured their respect and good-will. But Kenton was known to them either personally or as one of a class of daring scouts and raiders who were their most active enemies, while he was now caught in the act of running off their horses, and they were disposed to show him neither respect nor mercy. Telling him that since he was so fond of horses he should ride one of their best animals, they bound him upon a half-broken, unbridled colt, which was then turned loose, to follow the party as it chose. Unused to such a burden, the animal reared and dashed about in the wildest manner, to the great delight of the Indians and the fearful suffering of Kenton. Rushing unguided through thickets and under low-hanging branches, the horse seemed to manifest the vicious spirit of his masters, and the unfortunate prisoner was terribly lacerated and bruised.

“In this manner he was carried by degrees to the famous Indian town of old Chillicothe, where different methods of torture common among most of the savage tribes were resorted to. He was painted black and bound to a stake for twenty-four hours, subjected to insults and indignities from women and children, and expecting a slow and cruel death at the hands of the men; then compelled to run the gauntlet between two lines of savages,—men, women, and children, to the number of several hundred,—who, with switches, clubs, and even knives, struck at him as he passed. As usual, he was told that if he reached the council-house at the end of the lines he would be spared further punishment; but when, with

desperate effort, he had almost reached this goal of safety, he was struck down by a club in the hands of a warrior, and then beaten by all who could reach him till nearly senseless. This torture was repeated, with slight variation, as he was carried from town to town and exhibited, previous to his ultimate doom of being burned at the stake.

"The final punishment was to take place at Sandusky, and Kenton arrived there just as the renegade Girty returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. Equal to the most malignant savage, Girty struck the weak and suffering prisoner to the ground, and was about committing further violence, when Kenton called him by his name and demanded his protection. For once the infamous wretch, who never before or after was known to show mercy, listened to this appeal. Kenton, indeed, had a claim upon him which, with all his hatred of his own race, he could not but recognize, for in their youth he had saved Girty's life: Remembering this, the white savage interceded for the captive, and saved him from the stake; and, taking him to his cabin, cared for him till he recovered his strength. Then, however, the Indians seemed to repent of their leniency; and, holding another council, they again condemned Kenton to be burned. But fortunately a British agent was present, and succeeded in having him transferred to himself as a prisoner of war, when he was carried to Detroit. With two other Americans he escaped from Detroit; and, running the

risk of recapture and certain death, he again traversed the Indian country, and after a month's travel through the wilderness he reached Kentucky."

The following interesting anecdote of Kenton, which has rarely been in print, but which illustrates his character in a most striking and pleasing manner, is taken from a published source:

"Kenton was a great smoker, the most important supplies, next to his weapons, being his pipe, pouch, and tobacco. Food and clothing he could capture with his gun, but not so his tobacco; and hence his zeal to lay in a stock of his luxury before setting out on any expedition. But fire to light his pipe was not so readily obtainable, it being no little trouble to ignite tobacco by flint and steel. It will be remembered that friction matches were not in common use until years after Kenton's day.

"At one time, when a prisoner in the hands of the British at Detroit, he was particularly admired by English officers on account of his great strength and courage, and the many remarkable exploits for which he was famous; and one of these officers, observing his fondness for smoking and the difficulty in lighting a pipe, presented Kenton with a powerful pocket burning-glass, or lens, by which he could easily focus the rays of the sun on the tobacco and set it on fire. This thing worked charmingly, and for many years, wherever he went, held its place in the pouch with his pipe and tobacco.

"It is an incident in which the sun-glass acted a significant part, which I have resolved to relate.

"A summer or two after he became possessor of the glass, he was again taken captive by a party of Indians, who, recognizing him at once, resolved to torture him to death immediately, so as to rid themselves of so formidable an enemy before he should have time or chance to escape. A stake was driven into the ground, and a quantity of dry leaves and wood piled about it, and then the chief spoke, in broken English:

"White chief hungry; eat fire, he feel better!"

"Kenton replied by asking the privilege of smoking his pipe before burning. Now the Indians of certain tribes were always singularly generous in response to such requests, especially as toward pipe and tobacco they entertained a sort of religious deference. Of these they never robbed prisoners nor despoiled the bodies of the slain; and among the few sacred objects buried with the dead, pipes were always included. It was on account of this superstitious sanctity that the pipe bore such an important part in the ceremonies of a council, and was always smoked as a bond of strength between tribes entering into treaty together. They never denied a captive's request for a smoke, and, therefore, Kenton was immediately gratified by a grunt of assent.

"After securing his feet more firmly with leathern thongs—for they knew too well his daring and prowess to give him any advantage—they unbound his hands that he might fill and light his pipe, and enjoy his last earthly smoke. Deliberately he proceeded to crumble up the tobacco and pack it into the pipe

bowl. This done, he placed the long wooden stem in his mouth, and seemed ready for flint, steel, and tinder with which to light the luxury. With another grunt a red man passed him the customary implements; but, to his great surprise, Kenton refused them.

"Then, with a dramatic gesture, he extended his right hand toward the sun in mid-heaven, it being about noon, and holding it thus with the burning-glass clasped between the thumb and forefinger, he dexterously brought it to a focus on the contents of his pipe, which in this way was quickly ignited, and in a moment he was puffing clouds of smoke from his lips.

"This was beyond the wits of the savages. The lens being of glass, and transparent, they had not observed it, and evidently believed that he had lighted his pipe by simply letting the sunlight pass through the circle formed by his thumb and finger. All unconcerned he puffed away, while they gathered in an excited group a few yards distant, and discussed the wonder in grunts and mutterings.

"In a few minutes he had exhausted the contents of the pipe-bowl, and proceeded to refill it. At this the red men became silent, and watched him as if he were a supernatural being.

"While crumbling the tobacco the glass lay unseen at his side; and when he was ready to light up again, with another still more dramatic gesture, he seized the lens and held it toward the sun, and, with three or four cries of mysterious and startling import to

the Indians, began whiffing the bluish smoke as before.

“By this time the superstition of the savages was in full operation, and they were ripe for almost any display of Kenton’s supposed supernatural power. Probably no people on the whole globe were ever more sensitive to such influences than the native tribes of North America. What they could not comprehend they dreaded with craven fear, especially if it emanated from the sun or clouds. Seeing his advantage, Kenton stretched forth his hand again, holding the glass so as to kindle the leaves near him. Then, with a strange, wild cry, he swung his arms above his head, adroitly shifted the lens to his left hand, and then quickly started a smudge in another place.

“Next, struggling to his feet, tied though they were, he gave an almost superhuman leap—jumping being Kenton’s special forte—and brought himself to the heap of fagots that had been gathered for his particular entertainment, and, seating himself near them, went through a pantomime more weird than before, whereupon a flame blazed up around the stake, as if the victim were already fastened to it, and ready for torture.

“His next performance was to beckon to the chief to come and unbind his ankles. The mystified Indian hesitated, but finally ventured cautiously forward, as if not daring to disobey such a man, and began with nervous fingers to fumble at the deerskin door.

“While thus engaged, Kenton lifted one hand, and

instantly a lurid, blistering point of fire fell on the red man's wrist. With an 'Ugh!' he jerked his hand away, only to feel the burning focus on his head.

"This was too much for even an Indian's nerves, and, with a cry of terror, the old chief sprang away and ran to the nearest tree, behind which he took shelter. The rest of the savages imitated their leader, leaping behind adjacent trees; and while, with wondering eyes, they stared at Kenton, he proceeded leisurely to unbind his own ankles.

"This done, he waved his arms toward the sun, as if giving thanks or invoking further aid; and then went to a powder-horn, dropped by one of the Indians, and withdrawing the stopple, placed it as he wanted it, fixed his sun-glass so that the focus would enter the horn, and, stepping toward the Indians, gesticulated fiercely at them. Instantly there was a vivid flash and a roar, the powder-horn disappeared, and the frightened savages fled as if the 'Great Spirit' had suddenly come to destroy them.

"At this, Kenton considered himself master of the field, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, flung upon the fire whatever the Indians had left behind them, seized his own property that they had taken from him, gun and garments, and made haste from the scene.

"A few years later, when peace had been restored between Americans and English, and the Indians were on pacific terms with the 'Hunters of Kentucky,' Kenton had the pleasure of meeting at a 'pow-wow' with some of the warriors who had com-

posed the party so signally worsted by a sun-glass. They knew him at once, and showed an ungovernable fear as he came forward to shake hands. During the 'pow-pow' he often detected them gazing at him with furtive glances, and, as he still had the lens, he mischievously seized the first opportunity to call down fire from the sun to light his pipe again, accompanying it with strange gestures.

"Afterward he learned that they believed him to be in league with the 'Great Spirit,' and able, if he wished, to summon the sun to battle for him."

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

AMONG the stories of adventure, captivity, and providential deliverance related of the early settlers, that of JOHN SLOVER is justly famed in the annals of the West. With the single exception of the extraordinary escape of Simon Kenton, that of Slover can fairly be said to be without a parallel.

John Slover was a native of Virginia. In early youth he was taken prisoner by a band of Indians and carried to Sandusky, where he was raised, and, when he grew up, adopted by his captors. In 1773, at the treaty of Pittsburgh, he was seen and recognized by some of his relatives; and at their urgent solicitation he left his savage associates and rejoined his family, with whom he lived in peace and quiet for some years. During the Revolution he served with credit in two campaigns, and after finishing his tour of duty was honorably discharged.

In 1782, Slover was induced to join an expedition organized under the leadership of the gallant, though unfortunate, William Crawford to proceed against the Wyandot villages on the Sandusky. Although he at first hesitated to take part in an enterprise which had as its object the annihilation of a tribe to which he had formerly belonged, and for which he still enter-

tained many friendly feelings, he at length consented, since he regarded his duty as a citizen paramount to any personal preferences which he might entertain.

The disastrous issue of Crawford's expedition is told in brief in another place.* The whole body of whites was cut to pieces, and the few who survived were forced to fly for their lives.

Among the fugitives was John Slover, who, with five companions, attempted to rescue himself by employing the bold strategy of marching, instead of east for the settlements, south-west in the direction of the Shawnee villages, and then following an easterly course. The party was pursued by mounted Indians, and two or three times came near being surprised, for the savages rode close past them; but during the first two days they fortunately escaped discovery by hiding themselves in the long and thick prairie grass.

On the morning of the third day of their flight they were fired upon by a band of Indians, who, it appears, had followed their trail, and, coming up to them, had taken a circuitous route, placed themselves in an advantageous position in front, and awaited their appearance. Two of the men dropped dead. The other four, at the command of Slover, quickly took cover behind trees and prepared to defend themselves. But they had only two rifles, and their chances of success were very slight; and as one of the Indians called to them in a loud voice requesting them not to fire, since he would see to it that

*See p. 506.

they were treated well, they lost no time in coming forward and surrendering themselves. One of their number, however, a brave young fellow, named John Paul, preferring flight to captivity, made off, succeeded in outrunning his pursuers, and reached Wheeling in safety.

The savages had no sooner secured their three captives than one of them, approaching Slover, scrutinized him closely, and then, in tones of mingled astonishment and indignation, called him by his Indian name. Slover recognized the warrior as one of the most vindictive of the Wyandot braves; and apprehensive that, on being carried to the Indian villages, he would immediately be put to the torture for taking up arms against his former brethren, he commenced to cast about in his mind some scheme of escape. No opportunity offered, however, and the prisoners were taken to the nearest Indian town, a place named Waughcotomoco, where Simon Kenton, four years before, had been obliged to run the gauntlet. Here the warriors, squaws, and boys came out in a body, surrounded the prisoners, and gave them the greeting customary on such occasions, beating them with switches and staves, and offering them other indignities. Finally, the oldest of the men was seized, and, amidst the yells of the savages, was stripped and vigorously rubbed with coal and water until his whole body was perfectly black. Terrified at this harsh treatment, the unhappy captive commenced to cry bitterly, and frequently asked Slover whether they intended to burn

him. Slover was ordered by the Indians not to answer; and one of the warriors, seeing the prisoner's agitation, came forward and grasped him in a friendly way around the waist, as if to caress and reassure him, but, suddenly changing his demeanor, tripped him up and threw him with great force to the ground.

The man again set up a piteous cry, and a second Indian left the crowd and came and sat down by him. In a soothing manner he commenced to rub and pat his belly, uttering honeyed words as he did so. He then turned him over and gently stroked his back. He continued his caresses for some time, until finally he arose, and, with all the force which he could command, gave the poor fellow a tremendous kick in the pit of the stomach. This act was followed by a loud whoop from the assembled body of Indians, a number of whom at once gathered around the prostrate prisoner and kicked and beat him unmercifully. When they had abused him to their satisfaction, the terrified man was ordered to rise, and the march was resumed.

At a town several miles distant a second halt was made. This village, as it proved, was the destination of the party, and here the fate of the prisoners was to be decided. On their approach the inhabitants trooped out to meet them, and two long rows were at once formed, extending from the council-house a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. Eager for their prey, the savages immediately stripped the three unfortunate men, and, with a loud and pro-

longed whoop, stood in readiness to receive them as they passed between the lines.

The poor fellow who had been so barbarously treated at Waughcotomoco was destined to once more be the central object of attraction. His body was still black, and he naturally excited the vindictiveness of the Indians in the village, who, supposing that he had been marked in this way on account of some great wrong which he had done their brethren, fell upon him with the most fiendish fury. He was started on the race to the goal about twenty yards ahead of his companions, and ordered to run for his life. A terrible yell greeted him as he entered the course at full speed and bounded forward on the race of life and death. At the head of the line a huge warrior, who had stood awaiting him with every muscle strained and his club held firmly aloft, dealt him a furious blow, which, striking him fairly across the small of the back, caused him to double up and roll on the ground. Before his enemies had time to gather around him, he sprang quickly to his feet, and, as agile as a deer, continued his race. A few feet further on a large Indian aimed a blow but missed him. Disappointed and wrathful, the savage hurled his club at the retreating prisoner, which, striking him on the head, felled him once more to the ground; but he again quickly rose and made a shift to continue his flight.

Nothing could equal the vindictiveness and cruelty of the Indians. They had prepared themselves with the most formidable weapons, and did not scruple to

attack him with all the violence which rage can lend to malice. His eyes were blinded by quantities of sand which the Indians dashed into his face; his flesh was cruelly gashed and hacked by knives and tomahawks, and, to add to the acuteness of his sufferings, loads of powder were fired into his body, and flaming brands were hurled at him from front and rear. Nerved by terror and despair, the unhappy captive exerted himself with the most gigantic strength, and finally succeeded, though bruised and bleeding in every limb, in reaching the council-house, where he had been told he would be safe from further injury.

Gaining the post, he grasped it with both hands; but the Indians, whose fury had not yet been appeased, instantly broke ranks and with the utmost violence tore him away. Meanwhile Slover and his other companion, who had passed almost unregarded through the lines, arrived at the goal in safety. They now witnessed a sight terrible and heart-rending in the extreme.

The savages immediately commenced to beat their victim with heavy war-clubs, and a scene of the utmost confusion followed. The prisoner now knew that it was their intention to pound him until he died, and he resisted with all the desperation of a doomed man. He fought and struggled savagely, crying bitterly all the time, and striving to wrest a tomahawk from his enemies. Every effort was vain; he was beaten for upward of half an hour, and he finally sank to the ground, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last. The Indians took his scalp, cut

up his body, and stuck his head and quarters upon poles in the center of the village.

Slover witnessed the fate of his unfortunate friend in deep silence. When he saw the head severed from the trunk and the body divided by the barbarous savages, a cold shudder ran through his frame, and he made an instinctive movement, as if meditating flight; but he checked himself, for he knew that he was in the heart of the Wyandot country, and that any attempt to escape would be attended with immense risks. He still hoped that the Indians, after hearing his defense, would spare him, as he had once been their brother. Upon what feeble grounds this forlorn hope was based, we shall now see.

The next morning the savages led Slover's surviving companion to a neighboring town, for what purpose was not told. He was probably put to death, for he was never afterward heard of. Slover remained in the village. He was not kept long in suspense with regard to his fate, for a solemn council immediately convened, and he was summoned before it to give an account of his conduct.

When several of the chiefs had spoken, accusing the captive of faithlessness, and favoring the adoption of vigorous measures, Slover was asked what he had to say by way of defense. He arose amid profound silence, and, with the utmost gravity and composure, proceeded to address the braves. He spoke the Indian tongue with fluency, and, as he knew several of the judges intimately, he was confident that his cause would have a perfectly impartial

hearing. The warriors listened to him attentively. His harangue produced a marked impression, and the first day of his trial closed with every thing apparently in his favor.

On the second day, to Slover's great concern, James Girty, the brother of the notorious renegade, arrived in the village. He was immediately called to the council-room, and asked to give his opinion in the case. In the most emphatic manner Girty pronounced against the prisoner. He favored execution, and offered to conduct the prisoner to a neighboring village, where, he said, preparations had been made for burning him at the stake.

Girty was violently abusive. His argument was impassioned, and the ground which he took was uncompromising in the extreme. Slover feared that his fate was sealed, but, still hopeful and resolute, he rose, and, with all the rough eloquence which he had at his command, replied. Many of the warriors favored the imposition of the death-sentence; but the majority were undecided, and it was determined to wait for a few days before passing judgment.

Finally a large council of the Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandot, Chippewa and Mingo nations was held in the village, and two messengers were sent to bring Slover before the assembled chiefs. On his first arrival in the town, Slover had been given in charge to an old squaw, who took him into her hut and treated him with the most considerate kindness. When the two warriors came to the cabin to bring

Slover before the council, this old woman, fearing that no good was in store for him, quickly hid him under a bear-skin, and then told the emissaries that she had sent him out on an errand, but that he would be back presently. She inquired with great solicitude regarding the intentions of the chiefs. She was told that the probable sentence would be death. At this information she became greatly enraged, seized a rifle, and said that she would shoot the first man who came to deprive her of her charge. The messengers departed, and the old squaw drew Slover from his hiding-place.

An earnest conversation now followed between the woman and the unfortunate captive. She told him that he certainly would be doomed to die, and, saying that his only escape was in immediate flight, bade him disguise himself as an Indian and leave the village. This counsel Slover would by no means listen to, for he was apprehensive that his enemies, on discovering his absence, would tomahawk the old woman as being privy to his escape; and he was too brave and generous to rescue himself at the expense of one so defenseless. She urged him to avail himself of the opportunity; but he steadily refused, and remained in the cabin awaiting the messengers of death.

Presently a number of loud halloos were heard, and in a few moments Slover saw through the cracks in the wall a large party of Indians, headed by James Girty, rushing toward the hut. On reaching the door, Girty savagely told the old woman, who

had gone out to meet him, to deliver up the prisoner. She commenced to cry in a piteous manner, but Girty did not stand on ceremony, and, with a rude oath, pushed her from him and entered. Slover was instantly seized and carried to the center of the village, where he was stripped stark naked and tarred from head to foot. His hands were then bound behind him so that it was almost impossible for him to move them, and he was borne off to a town several miles further on. All the inhabitants thronged to meet him, supposing that to them had fallen the rare good fortune of preparing and witnessing his torture. But Girty told them that the most that he could permit, was that they should amuse themselves with the prisoner for a short time. The gauntlet lines were accordingly formed, and the Indians devoted about an hour to clubbing and tormenting the wretched victim.

At a small village about two miles from the place, where Slover was obliged to run the gauntlet, the party made a final halt. Here the prisoner's heart sunk within him when he saw that preparations had been made to burn him. A stout hickory pole had been sunk in the ground, and a quantity of fagots had been collected and piled in a heap. Girty turned to Slover and asked him if he knew what these preparations meant, telling him at the same time to cheer up, as there would be fine sport in the evening.

After giving a few orders, Girty seized the prisoner and rudely dragged him to the stake. The

Indians gathered in a circle, and as Girty—assisted by two or three stalwart warriors—bound Slover's hands firmly behind him, and then lashed him securely to the stake, they set up a prolonged and unearthly yell, and commenced to perform their dances.

The prisoner now resigned himself to fate, and, calm and resolute, watched the preparations which were being made, with a fortitude truly heroic. The fagots were carried and heaped around him as high as his hips, and the savages then commenced to torment him with threats and blows. To inflame the passions of the men, an orator mounted a stand at the door of the council-room and commenced to address the assembly, exclaiming vehemently and gesticulating wildly as he did so. He wrought so powerfully upon the feelings of the multitude that they grew impatient of delay, and finally one of the squaws was directed to go and bring a brand from a fire, in order that the execution might take place forthwith.

The flaming torch was procured, and a light was immediately applied to the heap of timber. A blaze at once sprang up; the fire was communicated to the whole of the pile, and before long the flames were circling around the unfortunate victim.

During the afternoon the wind had been quite high, but there had been few clouds. At the critical moment, however, the sky suddenly became darkened, the wind subsided, and, to the dismay of the Indians and the inexpressible astonishment of Slover,

a copious shower of rain fell. The blaze, which was mounting high and becoming severely hot, was immediately extinguished. The rain continued to fall, and soon came down in torrents, so that the Indians were forced to take shelter, and Slover was drenched from head to foot.

In about two hours the rain ceased. Execution was, of course, out of the question that evening; but the savages were determined not to lose their sport altogether, and accordingly surrounded the captive, and entertained themselves by yelling, performing their dances, and striking and kicking the victim until about eleven o'clock, when they withdrew to rest. Before leaving, however, they unbound Slover, and led him into a block-house, where they pinned his arms tightly, and then fastened one end of a stout thong around his neck, tying the other to a beam. After binding him in this manner, they left him under a strong guard, and bade him good night, first exhorting him, however, to take a good sleep, as 'he would have to "eat fire in the morning."

The guard, which had been set to watch over Slover, consisted of three burly Indians. Two of them were young fellows, who had been with the party which captured him. The third was an old and very shrewd savage, who evidently was determined to keep on the watch during the whole of the night, for he told his companions to lie down and leave the prisoner to him.

Slover was too anxious to sleep; and the old man, seeing that he was wakeful, lighted his pipe and

commenced to talk to him. He had a great deal to say in praise of the two Girtys. His admiration for Simon was without bounds. James, he said, was as true an Indian, and had as good a heart as his brother; but, he added, he was not so valuable a man on the war-path. "He say all the time dam, dam," said the old savage; "Simon say dam, too," he said, "but," he added emphatically, "Simon say dam—Simon act dam." When the Indian had exhausted the subject of the Girtys, he commenced to talk to Slover about the pleasure which he and his companions expected to have in witnessing the torture on the following day, and, as he was exceedingly garrulous, he entertained his listener by a number of stories of the sufferings of prisoners whom he had seen burned at the stake.

During this time, Slover had been revolving in his mind the chances which he had of making an escape. He cursed the talkative old Indian a thousand times in his heart, and anxiously waited for him to drop asleep. Finally he determined to feign extreme wearisomeness, and, at the most interesting portion of one of the old man's stories, rolled over on one side and commenced to snore. The Indian, not relishing this inattention in the prisoner, poked him with a stick, and told him to wake up.

"Story mighty good," he said; "much fun."

"Shut up, d——n you," replied Slover in an exasperated tone; "I am tired, and want to sleep."

The Indian did not heed this emphatic remonstrance, and continued to talk. Slover turned on his

side, and soon fell, to all seeming, into a profound sleep. At length the old man stopped talking, put out his pipe, yawned, and laid himself down by the fire. In a moment he arose, and, going to the prisoner, carefully examined the fastenings of the cords and tightened the knots. Satisfied that every thing was secure, he then drew his blanket around him, placed himself on the ground as before, and was soon sound asleep.

Slover now set about to free his wrists from the thongs which bound them. This was an undertaking of extreme difficulty, for they had been drawn so tight that they cut deep into his flesh; and not only could he not move his hands, but he could scarcely work his fingers. By a desperate effort, however, he succeeded in slipping the cords forward, and finally found his hands at perfect liberty, although the skin was almost entirely rubbed off in the attempt. With trembling haste Slover next seized the leathern thong which was fastened around his neck, and endeavored to disengage it. It was of buffalo hide, well-seasoned, and was as thick as his thumb, and hard as iron. He could not loosen the knots, and to gnaw it in two was, on account of its thickness and hardness, impossible. While Slover was desperately striving to free himself, the old Indian, disturbed probably by the loudness of his breathing—for the excitement under which he labored was so great that he drew his breath in short, thick pants—suddenly awoke.

Slover immediately placed his hands behind his

back, and, affecting restlessness, turned over so that he faced the Indian. The old savage arose, yawned heavily, poked the fire, gave a look at the prisoner, and then stretched himself on the ground. Slover thanked his good fortune, and again went to work with a will. He jerked the rope, which bound his neck, vigorously, and at length, to his great joy, it came untied.

To make his way from the room and out of the village was now an easy task. Slover knew that he had not a moment to spare, for day was just breaking, and in less than half an hour his absence would be discovered. He ran with all speed for a corn-field, intending to conceal himself. While on his way he came very near stumbling over a squaw, who was sleeping with two children on the ground; but, happily, discovering them just in time, he ran on, soon passed the corn-field, and reached an orchard beyond. Fortune seemed to have taken him under her especial protection, for here he found a number of horses, and, quickly going up to one, he fastened a halter which he had made from the cord, which bound his arms, around its neck, mounted its back, and, urging it to its utmost speed, was soon flying across the country in the direction of home.

The animal proved to possess great power and spirit, and, although but a young colt, bore its rider most handsomely, never once showing a disposition to stop. The sun was high in the heavens before Slover checked his speed, and then he stopped only to afford his horse time to breathe, preparatory to

plunging into the Scioto River which obstructed his path. The colt swam bravely and was nearly across, when he commenced to fail. Slover, keenly sensitive to every sound, thought that he heard a cry as of pursuers in his rear, and, nerved to desperation, he struck his noble animal savagely, and by a hard effort urged it up the bank. It was now ten o'clock in the morning, and Slover had gone a distance of not less than fifty miles. He dismounted and allowed his horse about five minutes' rest. The cry which he had heard was repeated, and, straining his eyes, Slover could distinguish, far behind, half a dozen horsemen moving across the plain from the direction in which he had come. He now knew that he was hotly pursued, and he sprang lightly upon his horse, and continued his mad flight.

The frantic speed at which Slover galloped his animal was enough to wear out nerves and sinews of iron, and, as he advanced, the poor beast began to show signs of failing. At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, after running a distance of more than seventy miles, the horse stumbled and fell headlong. Slover instantly sprang from its back and continued his flight on foot until dusk, when he halted for a moment. Far behind him he heard a prolonged halloo, and he reluctantly came to the conclusion that he was still pursued. Fortune again declared in his favor. It presently grew dark, and, as the moon did not rise until late, he knew that his pursuers would be obliged to halt until they could again discover his trail. He ran until ten o'clock,

and then, utterly overcome with fatigue, he sank to the ground. He was seized with a violent fit, and lay for two hours quivering in every limb. His resolution was not, however, to be quelled, and as soon as the moon rose he sprang to his feet and rushed forward as if just starting out on a journey. He made all speed until morning, and then, changing his course, he went more slowly, carefully covering his trail as he did so.

For two days longer Slover continued his weary journey. On the evening of the third day of his flight he reached the Muskingum River, which he swam at Old Comer's Town. His flesh,—he was entirely naked,—was blistered and peeled from head to toe, and he was nearly dead from exhaustion. Strange as it may seem, however, he suffered comparatively little from hunger, and indeed had scarcely any inclination to eat. The only food which he tasted during his journey was a few raspberries and two crawfishes, which he caught in the Stillwater River and devoured raw.

Finally, four days after his escape, Slover reached the Ohio River opposite Wheeling. He saw a man standing on an island in the middle of the stream, and, calling to him, he told him his name and the circumstances in which he was placed. The fellow soon came to his rescue and rowed him across, and Slover thus returned to his friends after an experience which, for thrilling adventure, daring, and hardship, has rarely been paralleled.

THE following narrative of the captivity and wonderful escape of the two JOHNSON boys, JOHN and HENRY, aged respectively thirteen and eleven years, is taken from Pritts's "Border Life:"

They lived at a station on the west side of the Ohio River, near Indian Short Creek, and, being at some distance from the house, engaged in the sportive amusements of youth, they became fatigued, and seated themselves on an old log for the purpose of resting. They presently observed two men coming toward them, whom they believed to be white men from the station, until they approached so close as to leave no prospect of escape by flight, when, to their great grief, they saw that two Indians were beside them. They were made prisoners and taken about four miles, when, after partaking of some roasted meat and parched corn given them by their captors, they arranged for the night by being placed between the two Indians and each encircled in the arms of the one next him.

Henry, the younger of the brothers, had grieved much at the idea of being carried off by the Indians, and during his short but sorrowful journey across the hill had wept immoderately. John had in vain endeavored to comfort him with the hope that they should be enabled to elude the savages and return to the hearth of their parents and brethren. He refused to be comforted. The ugly red man, with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, which had often been called in to quiet the cries of his infancy, was now actually before him; and every scene of torture and

of torment which had been depicted by narration to his youthful eye was now present to his terrified imagination, heightened by the thought that they were about to be re-enacted on himself. In anticipation of this horrid doom, for some time he wept in bitterness and affliction. But when the fire was kindled at night, the supper prepared and offered to him, all idea of his future fate was merged in their present kindness; and Henry soon sank to sleep, though inclosed in horrid hug by savage arms.

It was different with John. He felt the reality of their situation; he was alive to the anguish which he knew would agitate the bosom of his mother, and he thought over the means of allaying it so intensely that sleep was banished from his eyes. Finding the others all locked in deep repose, he disengaged himself from the embrace of the savage at his side and walked to the fire. To test the soundness of their sleep, he re-kindled the dying blaze and moved freely about it. All remained still and motionless,—no suppressed breathing betrayed a feigned repose. He gently twitched the sleeping Henry, and, whispering softly in his ear, bade him get up. Henry obeyed, and they both stood by the fire.

"I think," said John, "we had better go home now."

"Oh!" replied Henry, "they will follow and catch us."

"Never fear that," rejoined John, "we'll kill them before we go."

The idea was for some time opposed by Henry,

but when he beheld the savages so soundly asleep, and listened to his brother's plan of executing his wish, he finally consented to act the part prescribed him.

The only gun which the Indians had was resting against a tree, at the foot of which lay their tomahawks. John placed it on a log, with the muzzle near to the head of one of the savages, and, leaving Henry with his finger on the trigger, ready to pull on the signal being given, he repaired to his own station. Holding in his hand one of their tomahawks, he stood astride of the other Indian, and, as he raised his arm to deal death to the sleeping savage, Henry fired, and, shooting off the lower part of the Indian's jaw, called to his brother, "*Lay on; for I've done for this one,*" seized up the gun and ran off. The first blow of the tomahawk took effect on the back of the neck and was not fatal. The Indian attempted to spring up, but John repeated his strokes with such force and so quickly that he soon brought him again to the ground, and leaving him dead proceeded on after his brother.

They presently came to a path which they recollected to have traveled the preceding evening, and, keeping along it, arrived at the station awhile before day. The inhabitants were, however, all up, and in much uneasiness for the fate of the boys; and when they came near, and heard a well-known voice exclaim, in accents of deep distress, "*Poor little fellows! they are either killed or taken prisoners,*" John called aloud, "No, mother, we are here again."

When the tale of their captivity and the means by which they had effected their deliverance was told, they did not obtain full credence. Piqued at the doubt expressed by some, John observed, "You had better go and see."

"But can you again find the spot," said one?

"Yes," replied he, "I hung up my hat at the turning-out place, and can soon show you the spot."

Accompanied by several of the men, John returned to the theater of his daring exploits, and the truth of his statement received ample confirmation. The savage who had been tomahawked was lying dead by the fire; the other had crawled some distance, but was tracked by his blood until found, when it was agreed to leave him, "as he must die at any rate."

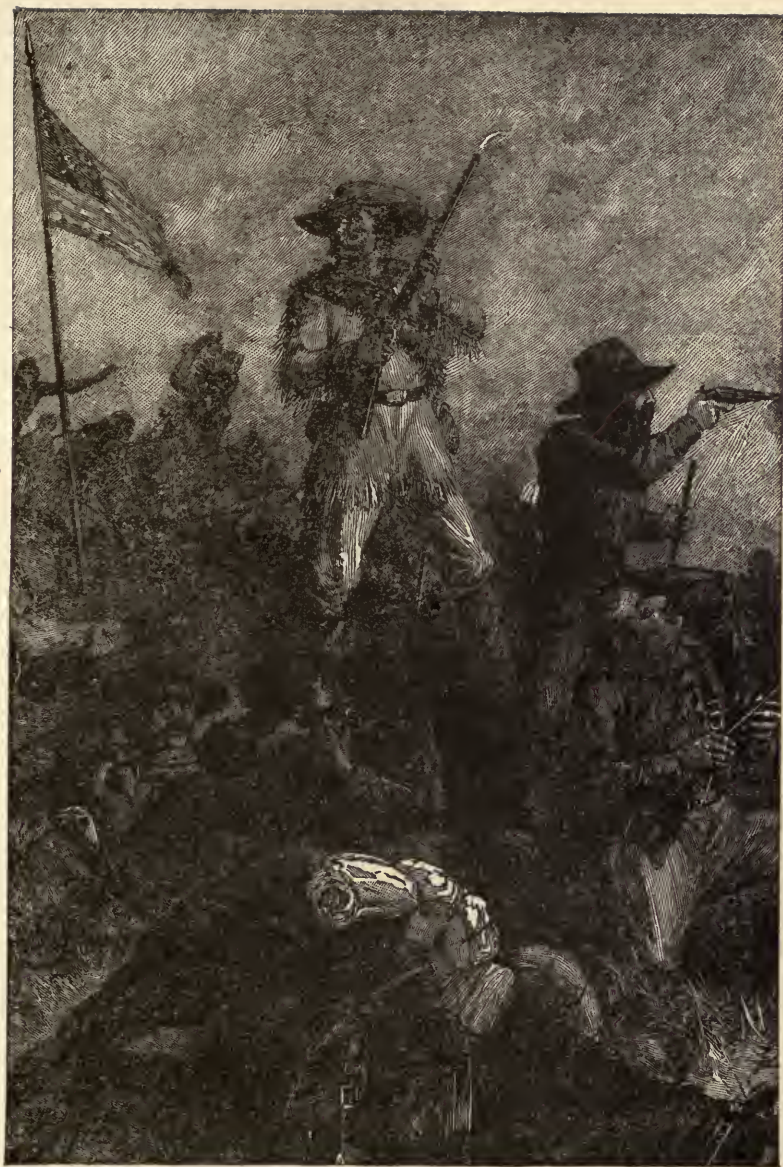
THE following account of the escape of four white youths is from the "Pioneers in the Settlement of America:"

In 1785, a Colonel Pope, who lived near Louisville, employed a private teacher to instruct his own children and those of some neighbors, among whom were two sons of Colonel Linn, who had been killed several years before this date.

One holiday in February the two LINNS, with three other boys, went out on a hunting excursion; for, though none of them were above the age of thirteen or fourteen, they were accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and were somewhat skilled in hunting the smaller game. Ambitious to enjoy all the delights

and freedoms of a hunter's life, they constructed a slight shelter, built a fire, and encamped for the night near some ponds which were frequented by swans and ducks. A slight snow during the night did not disturb their slumbers, and in the morning they were awake early, and eager to resume their sport; but, as they were setting out for the ponds, they found themselves surrounded by a party of Indians, who had been attracted by their camp-fire and lain near them all night. The elder Linn and one of his companions started to run; but they were overtaken, and Linn, who was rather stout and clumsy, was called by the Indians "The Little Fat Bear," while the other, who was an agile and swift runner, was named "The Buck-Elk."

The Indians soon moved away with their young captives, and, crossing the Ohio in canoes, pursued their journey toward Northern Indiana. The boys, knowing they must make the best of their ill-luck, and not being ill-treated, marched on without a murmur, and perhaps not altogether unpleasantly excited by their adventure. Their patient endurance, and the interest which they manifested in the incidents of the journey, won the good-will of the Indians, who promised themselves the satisfaction of making braves of these young heroes. Arriving at the village of their captors, they received, as usual, the taunts and abuse of the women and children. These they bore as long as they could; but when the Indian boys resorted to blows their Kentucky blood was aroused, and the younger Linn, being assailed



MASSACRE OF GENERAL CUSTER AND COMMAND BY THE SIOUX INDIANS.



THE LINN BOYS FIGHTING YOUNG INDIANS.

by a boy larger than himself, gave him a left-handed blow which knocked him down, to the great delight of the older savages. A general attack by the young Indians followed; but the white boys were braver than their adversaries, and, standing together, they displayed such pluck against great odds that their captors interfered and protected them from further annoyance.

The qualities thus displayed by the boys were such as to commend them to the savages, and they at once became favorites, and were adopted into the families of their captors. One of them fell to the lot of an Indian belonging to a distant town, whither he went with his master, and was never seen again by his comrades. The others remained in the same village; and, as there was nothing else to do, with the readiness of youth to adapt itself to circumstances, they entered with alacrity into the sports of the Indians, and became apparently so well pleased with their free life that their captors ceased to be suspicious of their desire to escape, and they were allowed to go about at will.

Although the boys entered freely into the sports of the Indian youth, and apparently were not dissatisfied with their position, they were ever on the watch for an opportunity to escape. The spring and summer passed, however, without any chance to make the attempt; but in the autumn the Indian braves set out in separate parties for their annual hunt, leaving only the old men and the women and children at home. With the increased possibility of escape, the

boys became more anxious than ever to return to their home; but, as the days passed, and the desired opportunity did not occur, they became more desperate, and at last took advantage of a chance which, at an earlier period, they would not have dared to try. They went out one day accompanied by an aged Indian man and a squaw, and encamped at a distance from the village for the purpose of hunting and fishing. This seemed to them the last chance of escape, and they resolved to improve it. But a difficulty presented itself at the outset: Should they attempt to run away and leave the old warrior and squaw, they would be sure to be pursued by all the motley crew of the village, and probably captured. After consultation, therefore, they determined that, in order to see their home and friends again, it was necessary to kill their Indian companions, and, watching their opportunity, they carried their resolution into effect. That young boys like these and the Johnsons could so deliberately resort to blood-shed may seem strange to those reared in the safety of civilized communities. But it must be remembered that they knew the Indians as deadly enemies of their race, who did not hesitate to massacre helpless women and children of the whites, and who were then wearing as trophies the scalps of their kindred. The two Linns had lost their father by the hands of the savages; and the atrocities and vindictive cruelty practiced by these enemies were familiar tales. When, reared among such associations and influences, their only hope of seeing their home again lay in the death of these

two beings of a race hated by all the pioneers, it is not strange that even their young hands should perform the deadly deed.

Taking their guns, they hastened away from their silenced foes and turned their steps eagerly toward their home, knowing that they must travel southward, and being already accustomed to trace their course not only by the sun and moon but by the hunters' sylvan lore. For three weeks they traveled through the forest, often at night, lying concealed the greater part of the day when they suspected danger, living on nuts and berries and occasionally small game, and practicing the cunning which they had learned from hunters' stories and their experience with the Indians. At last they reached the Ohio, and, coming opposite Louisville, they fired their guns to attract attention; but the people there, supposing it might be a device of the Indians, did not venture to cross. The young fugitives, failing to obtain assistance, went several miles up the bank of the river in search of some canoe or other means of crossing. Finding none, with great labor they constructed a raft, on which three of them embarked; while the elder Linn, who was an expert swimmer, took to the water and pushed the unwieldy craft before him, the other three assisting with poles as paddles. In this way they passed slowly across the river, at the same time borne more rapidly down the stream toward Louisville, and were discovered by the people there, who hastened to their assistance. It was none too soon; for just then a band of Indians appeared on the

opposite shore and commenced firing at them; and but for help they might again have been captured. Young Linn was nearly exhausted by his efforts and his long exposure in the chilly water, for it was then November, but the prompt care which he received soon restored him to his usual robust health. It is needless to say with what joy the young fugitives were welcomed back by their friends, who had long supposed that they had been murdered by the Indians. Their comrade who had been separated from them never returned, and it was afterward ascertained that he grew to manhood among the Indians, married the sister of a noted chief, and became so attached to the life of a savage that he had no desire to return to civilized society.

WILLIAM KENNAN, a young man of about eighteen years of age, attached to a corps of rangers which accompanied the unfortunate expedition of General Arthur St. Clair against the Indians of the Northwest, in the fall of 1791, had a most miraculous escape. He was known by his companions in arms as a youth of extraordinary power and activity, and, during the march of the army to the fatal battleground, gave several proofs of his physical capacities which amazed the men and officers beyond measure.

In order that timely warning might be given of the approach of the enemy in case of attack, the corps to which Kennan belonged was posted, the night before the battle, some distance in advance of

the main body. Young Kennan was placed on guard a little after midnight, with instructions to keep a strict watch until morning. In the exercise of his duty as a sentinel, Kennan paced backward and forward over a beat twenty or thirty yards in length. He saw no sign of an enemy until about daybreak, when, just as he reached the farthest point of his beat, he discovered a party of about thirty Indians stealing cautiously toward him. Kennan immediately raised the alarm and beat a hasty retreat. His companions were on the alert, and advanced in regular order to confront the savages. Not doubting that the Indians were but a score or two in number, and that the corps would therefore be fully prepared to encounter them, Kennan did not wait for the arrival of his comrades, but suddenly wheeled, presented his rifle, fired at the foremost of the enemy, and then fell on his face in the tall grass. He commenced to reload, thinking that his comrades would be up in a moment, and charge and rout the Indians; but to his surprise and alarm, he suddenly heard a voice which he recognized as that of the captain of the rangers, cry in a loud warning tone: "*Run, Kennan, or you are a dead man!*" Rising on the instant, he discovered, to his dismay, that his friends had fled, and that, instead of a few Indians, an overwhelming mass were in furious pursuit. He had, however, very little time to make observations, for a number of warriors were immediately upon him.

Heading for a ford in the creek which ran between the rangers and the main body, Kennan used

his utmost exertions to distance his pursuers. About a dozen fleet warriors threw away their guns and dashed after him, yelling at the height of their voices. Before he had gone far, Kennan discovered that his purpose of rejoining the army was likely to be foiled, for a band of savages that had followed the rangers, returning from the pursuit, quickly intercepted him and obliged him to alter his course. By the greatest effort, the fugitive soon succeeded in leaving all of his enemies, with the single exception of a brave and active young chief named Messhawa, behind him; and a most animated contest now followed between pursuer and pursued.

Kennan was about eighteen feet in the lead, and, in the circuitous route which he was obliged to take, he had a distance of nearly four hundred yards to go before he could again reach a fordable point of the creek. Both men used their greatest endeavors, but Kennan could not gain on his adversary, nor could Messhawa lessen the distance which intervened.

As he ran, Kennan occasionally looked back to ascertain what progress his enemy was making. He saw him bending every muscle, and, what greatly heightened his anxiety, he perceived that he held his tomahawk aloft, preparing to throw it. The emergency was critical; and Kennan, knowing that he might at any moment be felled to the ground by a blow from the weapon, promptly resolved to turn and end the contest by a hand-to-hand encounter.

He accordingly slackened his speed and felt for his tomahawk. His consternation and despair may be

conceived when it is stated that he searched for his weapon in vain; it had slipped from the sheath while he lay prostrate in the thick, rank grass. The young chief was now so close that he was ready to pounce upon his victim; but Kennan, nerved by despair to renewed exertion, sprang forward with such swiftness that he immediately gained ground. A new danger, however, soon presented itself. By keeping his eye almost constantly on his enemy, he had neglected to watch the course which he was taking, and, before he had time to shape it aright, he found that he was approaching the high bank of the creek, near which lay directly in his path a large tree, covered with brush to the height of about ten feet. Messhawa, on seeing that his enemy could not possibly avoid rushing into the trap, uttered a cry of triumph and commenced to swing his tomahawk rapidly, while he redoubled his efforts. Kennan saw at a glance that he had but one alternative: he must either stop short and face the Indian, or he must, by a powerful effort, clear the obstacle. He was wholly defenseless, and, vain as the attempt seemed, he determined to save himself by leaping over the tree. He accordingly gathered all his energies, made a sudden rush forward, and, with one prodigious bound, sprang over limbs and brush, and landed safe on the other side. The success of his attempt astonished himself, and it amazed the Indian beyond all power of expression, for, on looking back, he saw Messhawa standing still, looking after him in open-mouthed wonder. Kennan instantly jumped into the creek, made his way to the

opposite bank, and rejoined the rangers, who received him with enthusiasm, and heard the story of his remarkable escape with expressions of amazement bordering on incredulity.

One would suppose that Kennan, after this astonishing achievement, would have been content to pass the remainder of the day in the ordinary occupations of the soldier, without seeking new opportunities of placing his life in jeopardy. But his bravery, strength, and skill were destined to shine even more conspicuously.

When Kennan came into the camp after his wonderful escape, he found every thing in a bustle of preparation. The Indian attack was expected every minute, and, as no one knew any thing of the strength, position, or intended movements of the enemy, even the coolest heads were vexed and puzzled. In the midst of the confusion the Indians suddenly rushed forward from all sides in overwhelming numbers, and the bloody and unfortunate battle of the 4th of November commenced. The fight continued for three hours, when the whites, completely routed, fled in the most disorderly manner.

In this sanguinary conflict the corps of the rangers had the responsible and difficult part of protecting the rear of Major Clarke's battalion, to which it was attached. Its leader was killed in the early part of the battle, and its numbers were greatly thinned during the progress of the fight. When victory finally decided in favor of the Indians, the survivors of the corps were left almost entirely to the mercy of the

savages, as they were among the last to leave the field.

Young Kennan, when the flight commenced, was, with a few brave companions, far in the rear. All the rest of the infantry had made off, and only a small body of horsemen was between the rangers and the pursuing enemy. Seeing his danger, Kennan quickly left the field, and ran off as fleetly as possible, hoping to rescue himself by the means which he had employed so successfully in the early morning. He had the good fortune to outstrip all his pursuers, and, passing horseman after horseman, who regarded him with looks of wonder, as he flew along, gained the front.

He would readily have escaped all danger of death or capture, had he not, while pressing forward, suddenly stopped to relieve an unfortunate friend and companion, who had been disabled by a ball which broke his thigh, and who, having in vain besought the horsemen, as they hurried past, to take him up, now called to Kennan in the most piercing tones to carry him from the field. Kennan caught the poor fellow in his arms, placed him on his back and, thus encumbered, continued his flight. For two or three hundred yards he kept his former pace; but, before long his speed commenced to flag, and he gradually fell behind. The horsemen now overtook him, and, as they came up one by one, he entreated them to relieve him. They all refused, and Kennan, growing more and more exhausted, and seeing that the savages were close on his heels, finally told his unhappy

friend that he must leave him to his fate. The wounded man set up a cry of distress, and, instead of relaxing his hold around Kennan's neck, clung more firmly than ever. Kennan glanced back, and saw a troop of Indians, not more than twenty yards behind, bending every effort to overtake him. Without a moment's hesitation, he took his knife and quickly drew it across the fingers of his companion, thus obliging him to release his grasp, and in an instant the unfortunate man rolled helpless on the ground, where, a few seconds later, he was tomahawked by the relentless savages. Kennan was not slow in taking advantage of his opportunity, and he resumed his flight with so great activity that before long he was once more in the van.

Before attempting to secure his own safety, Kennan gave still another instance of his undaunted bravery and generous consideration. While pursuing his course, he perceived a young man sitting calmly on a log, evidently awaiting with all the unconcern of fortitude and despair, the approach of the Indians. Kennan, although he did not recognize in him an acquaintance, stopped, spoke to him, and told him to rise and accompany him. The young man replied by showing Kennan a wound which had bled so profusely that he was almost dead from exhaustion, and he said in a despairing tone that he was too weak to attempt to fly, and would stay where he was. Kennan made no answer, but quickly ran back to a place where he had seen a number of pack-horses grazing, and, laying hold of one by the bridle, he led

it to the spot where the stranger sat. The young man looked at him in amazement, and, with tears of gratitude, rose, and by the aid of his benefactor mounted the beast. The animal was but a sorry creature, and would not be forced beyond a slow trot; but fortunately the Indians had by this time given up the pursuit to plunder the camp, and Kennan succeeded in leading his companion to a place of safety. The young man proved to be a Mr. Madison, afterward Governor Madison, of Kentucky. The acquaintance formed between him and his deliverer grew into a warm friendship, which continued uninterrupted through life.

Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming County, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1827.

THE following incident in frontier life occurred in Western Pennsylvania:

About the middle of the summer of 1792, a gentleman named Woods imprudently removed from the neighborhood of a station, and, for the benefit of his stock, settled on a lonely heath near Beargrass. One morning he left his family, consisting of a wife, a daughter not yet grown, and a lame negro man, and rode off to the nearest station, not expecting to return until night. Mrs. Woods, while engaged in her dairy, was alarmed at seeing several Indians rapidly

approaching the house. She screamed loudly in order to give the alarm, and ran with her utmost speed, in order to reach the house before them. In this she succeeded, but had not time to reach the door until the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. As soon as he entered, the lame negro grappled him and attempted to throw him upon the floor, but was himself hurled to the ground with violence, the Indian falling upon him. Mrs. Woods was too busily engaged in keeping the door closed against the party without to attend to the combatants, but the lame negro, holding the Indian in his arms, called to the young girl to cut his head off with a very sharp ax which lay under the bed. She attempted to obey, but struck with so trembling a hand that the blow was ineffectual. Repeating her efforts under the direction of the negro, however, she at length wounded the Indian so badly that the negro was enabled to rise and complete the execution. Elated with success, he then called to his mistress, and told her to suffer another Indian to enter, and they would kill them all, one by one. While deliberating upon this proposal, however, a sharp firing was heard without, and the Indians quickly disappeared. A party of white men had seen them at a distance, and, having followed them cautiously, had now interposed at a very critical moment, and rescued a helpless family from almost certain destruction.

AMONG the heroic band who guarded the little fort

built by Daniel Boone at Boonesborough was a dashing and meritorious young officer named SMITH, who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and who, for his courage and military ability, stood high in the esteem and affections of the veteran pioneer. During the absence of Boone, Smith was frequently called to the command, and several stories are related of the great skill and energy which characterized the discharge of his military duties.

On one occasion, during the captivity of Boone among the Indians at Chillicothe, Major Smith displayed his daring and shrewdness in a most remarkable manner. A settler named Callaway had a very attractive daughter, who so far won the affections of the young officer that he proposed to her, and, as he was both brave and handsome, he was accepted.

It happened that one day, in the spring of 1778, this young woman, in company with the two eldest daughters of Daniel Boone, left the fort and walked out for a stroll on the banks of the Kentucky River. Not thinking of danger, the girls rambled for some distance, and did not turn to retrace their steps until late in the afternoon. Returning down the river, they perceived a small canoe concealed in some bushes; and Miss Callaway, who was in a very gay and frolicsome mood, proposed that they should draw the bark from its nook, launch it, and cross the river, in order to visit some friends who lived on the opposite side. She added that this would be an excellent means of testing the devotion of her lover, who, if he really felt for her as he professed, would soon become

alarmed at her prolonged absence, order out his men, and scour the whole country in search of her.

The Boone girls were not disinclined to indulge Miss Callaway's romantic freak, the boat was launched, and in a moment the young women were drifting **with the** stream. They were totally ignorant of the **mean** governing a boat, and, therefore, instead **of bei** ried to the point where they proposed **to land** were whirled hither and thither at the mercy of the current, which was quite rapid. Alarmed at the **un-**fortunate issue of the adventure, they commenced to scream for help. As the canoe came to the middle of the stream, it was whirled about swifter and swifter, and, growing more and more unsteady, soon commenced to fill with water. Fortunately, however, it did not capsize, and it drifted across the river until it finally ran aground on a sand-bar, where its fair occupants were thrown violently into the shallow water.

Alarm now turned to mirth, and the girls, after hastily arranging their dresses, commenced to wade to the shore, laughing merrily over their exciting adventure. To their unspeakable terror, however, just as they reached the bank, a swarthy Indian glided swiftly from a covert, and, running up to them with his tomahawk raised in the air, ordered them, in a peremptory manner, to give themselves up. He was followed in a moment by three others, and, as the girls were powerless to resist, they were instantly secured, and hurried forward on the march through the forest.

The fair captives now began to regret that they

had given their romantic disposition so full play. They were kept on a constant run by the savages, and repeatedly goaded by them with sharp sticks. As they marched over rugged, rocky ground, their shoes were soon worn from their feet, and the Indians, unmindful of their sufferings, neglected to supply them with moccasins. First their dresses and then their skirts were torn from their bodies as they were hurried through the thick and thorny underbrush; and their limbs and ankles finally streamed with blood. They were not, however, subjected to any personal indignities, although one of the savages, captivated by the charms of Miss Callaway, soon commenced to address soothing words to that young woman, promising her that, if she obeyed his orders and bore the fatigues and sufferings of the journey with patience, he would recompense her by making her his squaw.

In spite of the discouragements of the march, and the apprehensions which they felt for their future, the captives still retained sufficient presence of mind to enable them to lay plans of escape. They knew that the Indians would be pursued, and, in order to direct the pursuers in their course, they took occasion, when unperceived, to break and bend the twigs as they passed along. Miss Callaway, who, more than either of her companions, wished the adventure speedily at an end, availed herself of the tender feeling entertained for her by her savage admirer to retard the march; for, two or three times she succeeded in inducing him to permit her to rest, and,

although he beat her and cursed her for her laziness, she affected to be much exhausted, and lagged behind. About ten o'clock at night the Indians made a halt, built a fire, and prepared to rest. Nothing occurred during the night to alarm the savages or to encourage the despairing prisoners; and with the dawn of the next day the march was resumed.

In the meantime the young women had been missed; and Smith, conjecturing that they had been captured, quickly organized a company to start in pursuit. The men scattered in all directions, searching for traces of the wanderers. Smith, with two trusty comrades, at once sought the river, and, examining the soft mud and sand on the bank for foot-prints, soon discovered the impressions of small shoes, made, evidently, by the feet of women. Following the tracks, he came to the place where the canoe had been launched, and, as the marks of the boat remained distinctly impressed on the sand, he was not slow in concluding that he should have to search for further traces of the girls on the opposite side. He immediately plunged into the stream, and, followed by his two companions, swam across. A short distance below he again found the foot-prints of the three fair adventurers, with the deep impressions made by the four moccasined savages; and, at once conjecturing that the girls had been led into captivity, he pressed forward with an ardor which soon placed him well on his way.

As Smith was familiar with every part of the surrounding country he was enabled, after once ascer-



A BUFFALO HUNT.



THE RESCUE OF MISS CALLAWAY.

taining the general direction taken by the savages, to follow the trail with unerring sagacity. Instead of traveling directly in the steps of the Indians, he often gained on them by avoiding the difficult paths which they had chosen, and steering courses ahead for points which he knew would lie in their line of march. Finally, toward evening of the second day, while following a small stream, he discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks, and, ordering his men to proceed with the utmost caution, crept forward on hands and knees until he heard, immediately in front of him, the tread of soft footsteps. He now stood still and waited for the party to get far enough in the advance for him to follow without danger of discovery, and then resumed the pursuit.

Shortly after dark he saw the sudden glimmer of a fire, and he concluded that the savages had halted with their prisoners for the night. Although burning with impatience and anxiety, he prudently determined to delay the attack; for he knew that the Indians would be on the alert until later in the evening, and that, in all probability, they would disperse to hunt for game. He accordingly concealed himself with his comrades. In about half an hour he heard the report of two rifles, close at hand, and, a few moments later, two savages, staggering under the weight of a deer, passed the place where he lay, and disappeared in the direction of the camp.

When at last all was ripe for action, Smith emerged from his hiding-place, and, with noiseless steps, crept toward the fire. Arriving at the place, he discovered

the girls sitting on the ground with their four captors. Whispering his instructions to his companions, he fired, and one of the Indians fell dead. He then rushed forward to attack the other three, who, seeing that he was alone, at once fell into the trap that he had set, and, instead of flying, sprang to their feet and warily advanced to close around him. They thus presented the whole of their bodies to the aim of Smith's companions, who quickly fired, both with fatal effect. Smith then closed with the fourth savage, and, after a brief struggle, overpowered him and laid him lifeless on the ground. The three girls, thus happily rescued, were not slow in giving expression to their gratitude; and Smith returned to the garrison, where, as we are told, "his gallantry was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards."

INSTANCES OF INDIAN GENEROSITY.

THAT the Indian character was not at all times irreclaimably bad, but that humanity often prevailed over barbarism, and disinterested generosity over vindictive cruelty, is a fact whose truth has been too frequently attested to bear serious doubt. The following story of the renowned chief Logan, who is universally allowed to have been the highest type of the North American Indian, and who, according to the testimony of all who had the good fortune to encounter him, combined many of the essentials of true greatness, is from the pen of Rev. John A. McClung, one of the most reliable and entertaining of Western historical and biographical writers:

While hovering with his followers around the skirts of a thick settlement, Logan suddenly came in view of a small field, recently cleared, in which three men were pulling flax. Causing the greater part of his men to remain where they were, Logan, together with two others, crept up within long shot of the white men and fired. One man fell dead; the remaining two attempted to escape. The elder of the fugitives (Hellew) was quickly overtaken and made prisoner by Logan's associates; while Logan

himself, having thrown down his rifle, pressed forward alone in pursuit of the younger of the white men, whose name was Robinson. The contest was keen for several hundred yards, but Robinson, unluckily looking around in order to have a view of his pursuer, ran against a tree with such violence as completely to stun him, and render him insensible for several minutes.

Upon recovering, he found himself bound and lying upon his back, while Logan sat by his side, with unmoved gravity, awaiting his recovery. He was then compelled to accompany them in their further attempts upon the settlements; and in the course of a few days was marched off, with great rapidity, for their villages in Ohio. During the march Logan remained silent and melancholy. The prisoners, however, were treated kindly, until they arrived at an Indian village upon the Muskingum. When within a mile of the town, Logan became more animated, and uttered the "scalp halloo" several times, in the most terrible tones. The never-failing scene of insult and torture then began. Crowds flocked out to meet them, and a line was formed for the gauntlet.

Logan took no share in the cruel game, but did not attempt to repress it. He, however, gave Robinson, whom he regarded as his own prisoner, some directions as to the best means of reaching the council-house in safety, and displayed some anxiety for his safe arrival; while poor Hellew was left in total ignorance, and permitted to struggle forward

as he best could. Robinson, under the patronage of Logan, escaped with a few slight bruises; but Hellew, not knowing where to run, was dreadfully mangled, and would probably have been killed upon the spot had not Robinson (not without great risk on his own part) seized him by the hand and dragged him into the council-house.

On the following morning a council was called, in order to determine their fate, in which Logan held a conspicuous superiority over all who were assembled. Hellew's destiny came first under discussion, and was quickly decided by an almost unanimous vote of adoption. Robinson's was most difficult to determine. A majority of the council (partly influenced by a natural thirst for vengeance upon at least *one* object, partly, perhaps, by a lurking jealousy of the imposing superiority of Logan's character) were obstinately bent upon putting him to death. Logan spoke for nearly an hour upon the question; and, if Robinson is to be believed, with an energy, copiousness, and dignity which would not have disgraced Henry himself. He appeared at no loss for either words or ideas; his tones were deep and musical, and were heard by the assembly with the silence of death. All, however, was vain. Robinson was condemned, and, within an hour afterward, was fastened to the stake. Logan stood apart from the crowd with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the scene with an air of stern displeasure.

When the fire was about to be applied, he sud-

denly strode into the circle, pushing aside those who stood in the way, and, advancing straight up to the stake, cut the cords with his tomahawk, and, taking the prisoner by the hand, led him, with a determined air, to his own wigwam. The action was so totally unexpected, and the air of the chief so determined, that he had reached the door of his wigwam before any one ventured to interfere. Much dissatisfaction was then expressed, and threatening symptoms of a tumult appeared; but so deeply rooted was his authority, that in a few hours all was quiet, and Robinson, without opposition, was permitted to enter an Indian family. He remained with Logan until the treaty of Fort Pitt, in the autumn of the ensuing year, when he returned to Virginia. He ever retained the most unbounded admiration for Logan, and repeatedly declared that his countenance, when speaking, was the most striking, varied, and impressive that he ever beheld. And when it is recollected that he had often heard Lee and Henry, in all their glory, the compliment must be regarded as a very high one.

ANOTHER instance of savage generosity is related by the same writer. A party of Indians had taken two or three white men prisoners. One of the captives, named JOHNSTON, was very handsomely dressed in a broadcloth surtout, red vest, fine ruffled shirt, and a pair of new boots.

“The Indians began to eye him attentively, and at length one of them, whose name he afterward learned

was Chickatommo, a Shawnee chief, came up to him and gave the skirt of his coat two or three hard pulls, accompanied by several gestures which were not to be mistaken. Johnston instantly stripped off his coat and very politely handed it to him. His red waistcoat was now exposed to full view, and attracted great attention. Chickatommo instantly exclaimed, 'Hugh! you big cappatain!' Johnston hastily assured him that he was mistaken; that he was no officer, nor had any connection with military affairs whatever. The Indian then drew himself up, pointed with his finger to his breast, and exclaimed, 'Me cappatain! all dese'—pointing to his men—'my sogers!' The red waistcoat accompanied the surtout, and Johnston quickly stood shivering in his shirt and pantaloons.

"An old Indian then came up to him, and, placing one hand upon his own shirt (a greasy, filthy garment, which had not, probably, been washed for six months), and the other upon Johnston's ruffles, cried out in English, 'Swap! swap!' at the same time giving the ruffles a gentle pull with his dirty fingers. Johnston, conquering his disgust at the proposal, was about to comply, and had drawn his shirt over his head, when it was violently pulled back by another Indian, whose name he afterward learned was Tom Lewis. His new ally then reproached the other Indian severely for wishing to take the shirt from a prisoner's back in such cold weather, and instantly afterward threw his own blanket over Johnston's shoulders. The action was accompanied by a look so full of compassion and kindness, that Johnston, who had expected far differ-

ent treatment, was perfectly astonished. He now saw that native kindness of heart and generosity of feeling was by no means rare, even among savages."

A MOST remarkable and affecting story, illustrative of the nobler traits in the savage character, is told by Mrs. Kinzie in "Wau Bun, The Early Day in the North-west." It is thus related by the author of "Pioneers in the Settlement of America:—"

In 1779 MR. LYTLE, an emigrant from Eastern Pennsylvania, was living with his family, composed of his wife and children, on the banks of Plum River, a tributary of the Alleghany, some miles from Fort Pitt. They were occasionally visited by some of the friendly Delawares; but for some time there had been no incursion of hostile Indians in that region, and the settlers had become less fearful of such attacks, and consequently less cautious. One afternoon, in the autumn of the year above named, while Mr. Lytle was assisting a neighbor at a house-raising some miles away, his two eldest children, a girl of nine and a boy two years younger, while playing in a little dell near their dwelling were taken prisoners by some hostile savages, who stealthily approached them from behind, and seized them as their attention was attracted in another direction. Terrified into silence by the threatening signs of the Indians, they were hurried away; but grief at being torn from their home and parents, and dread of the cruelties practiced on their captives by the savages, with the tales

of which their ears were familiar, exceeded their terror, and they could not restrain their tears and sobs. Their distress touched the heart of the chief of the party, a man of mild aspect for an Indian, who endeavored to soothe them, and, when the savages encamped for the night, prepared a couch of long grass, and gave them a portion of his own meat and parched corn.

Before the party lay down to sleep, another band of Indians arrived, bringing with them the children's mother with her infant three months old. What had become of the other two children, who had also been at play near the house, none of the captives knew, and the mother could only hope that they had escaped, while she suppressed her own grief to comfort the little prisoners.

In the morning the Indians resumed their march, and then was repeated the old story of savage atrocity toward helpless infants. One of the party offered to relieve the mother by carrying her infant, and, unsuspecting of treachery, she gratefully accepted the offer. The Indian lingered behind, and, after a time, re-appeared without the child, whom the mother never saw again. She then knew too well what had been its probable fate; but she dared not question or murmur, but, with a stricken heart and silent prayers, traveled on with her surviving children. The chief continued to treat the captives with kindness; and when, after a weary journey for many days the party arrived at their village, he conducted them to the cabin of his mother, the widow of a great chief of the

tribe, and, commending them all to her care, presented to her the little girl, whom he had from the first regarded with great tenderness, saying he had brought her to be his sister, and to supply the place of a brother who had been killed by the Delawares. Thus was the little girl adopted into the family of her captor; and while Mrs. Lytle and her boy were held for ransom, she was to remain as his sister, and be regarded as the daughter of a great chief.

When Mr. Lytle returned from the house-raising in the evening, he found his house silent and his family gone. It was but too evident that the Indians had been there; and whether his wife and children had been murdered or carried away was a matter of agonizing doubt. With the aid of his neighbors—and none were very near—he began a search, but found no trace of his lost ones, and could only hope that they were still alive and held as captives. In the morning he started for Fort Pitt to obtain aid from the commandant in pursuing the marauders. On the way, as he passed, he descried his two youngest children on a bank by the wayside. Grateful for the safety of these little ones, he eagerly questioned them as to the fate of their mother and the other children; but they could give no information, except to confirm the supposition that their home had been visited by Indians. The story of their escape was soon told.

They were playing in a field near the house, when they saw the Indians, who probably did not observe them, and in alarm they crept into an adjoining

clearing which was overgrown with blackberry-bushes, where they hid themselves for a long time. They then traversed this thicket of briars with great suffering to their limbs and feet, away from the house where they knew the danger lay. Fearing that they would be taken, and impressed by the familiar tales of Indian cruelties, the elder of the two—a little boy of six years—proposed to his sister, two years younger, that he should kill her, as he could do it “so much easier” than the Indians; and, notwithstanding her sobs, for a time persisted that he must do it to save her from suffering. This idea, however, passed away without an attempt to put it into action; and traveling on, not knowing where they were, they at last followed some cattle to the house near which they were found. There was no one there to welcome them, and they crept under some rubbish at the back of the house, where, weary with their long toil, they slept. They had come forth from their hiding-place, but were uncertain which way to turn their steps, when they were discovered by their father.

With a detachment of soldiers from Fort Pitt Mr. Lytle proceeded in search of the other members of his family, and having reason to suspect the Senecas, he went to one of their villages, where he found his wife and two eldest children. He met with little difficulty in ransoming his wife and the little boy; but neither promises of liberal presents nor entreaties could obtain the release of the little girl, who was the adopted child of the tribe. Finding all their efforts in vain, with sad hearts the parents were obliged to

depart with their one child, leaving their first-born in the hands of the savages. Their grief was partially relieved, however, by the evident kindness with which she was treated, and they could only hope that a future effort might be more successful.

Having placed his family in safety at Fort Pitt, Mr. Lytle next sought the aid of Colonel Johnson, the British agent at Niagara, who had great influence with the savages. Colonel Johnson was a man of benevolent disposition, and, having heard the story, he went himself to the Indian village to procure the little girl's release. But the chief was inexorable; no offer of guns and horses could induce him to part with "his sister."

The little captive, who had inspired so much affection in the savage chief, continued to be treated with great kindness by him and the "old queen," his mother. She was supplied with their choicest food, adorned with their brightest ornaments, and rested on their softest couch of skins. This kindness won her from her home-sickness, and secured from her affectionate heart a return of love, and she became strongly attached to the chief, whom she learned to call her brother. She was treated with like consideration by the other members of the tribe, with one exception; the wife of the chief regarded her with a bitter and unreasonable jealousy, and lost no opportunity to manifest her hatred. She would have removed the object of her jealousy by violence, had she dared, and she watched with native treachery for a chance to use a more subtle method of re-

venge. Such an opportunity was offered by the sickness of the young captive with an attack of fever and ague. The treacherous squaw, changing her demeanor, became very kind in her attentions to the sick child; and one day, during the absence of the old queen, she brought a bowl containing a drink which she offered the patient, and urged her to swallow it, saying it would cure the disease. But a young Indian, who had seen the malignant squaw digging poisonous herbs in the morning, made signals through a crevice of the cabin which put the little girl on her guard, and she bade the woman to set it down for her to drink when she came out of the fever turn which was then upon her. When the woman at last retired, the young savage told the story, and the bowl, being delivered to the old queen, was found to contain a decoction of the most poisonous herbs known to Indian pharmacy. The other Indians were greatly enraged at this treacherous attempt on the life of their young favorite, and the would-be murderess was banished from her husband's lodge, and condemned to hoe corn in the farthest corner of the plantation.

Four years passed, and the little captive had become contented with her savage life, and happy in the unusual kindness and love of the chief and his mother, while her parents were ever longing for the return of their lost one. After the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Mr. Lytle determined to make another effort to recover his daughter, and went with his wife to Niagara, that,

with the aid of Colonel Johnson, he might spare neither time nor labor to rescue her. Colonel Johnson readily lent his assistance, and went to the Seneca village for the purpose of negotiating for the release of the young captive. It was the time of "the feast of green-corn." The Indians were in peaceful and pleasant mood, and Colonel Johnson, with great tact and earnestness, unfolded his errand. But the chief was unwilling to listen to the proposal to give up the "sister" who was so dear to him, and who was so attached to him. When, however, the kind-hearted agent told him of the mother's love which had brought her so many miles that she might at least once more see her child, he relented, and promised to bring the captive to the great council which was soon to be held at Niagara, that the mother might look upon her; but at the same time he stipulated that no attempt should be made to take her away from him.

Cheered by this promise, that they should once more see their beloved child, but scarcely hoping that they would be able to retain her, the parents anxiously awaited the assembling of the grand council. On the appointed day the ladies of the garrison, who had become deeply interested in the affair, accompanied Mrs. Lytle to the banks of the river to watch the arrival of the various bands of Indians as they reached the opposite shore, and were ferried across on their way to the council. At last they saw a mounted party arrive, with the leader of which rode a child, who, though dressed in the Indian fashion,



FRANKS INDIAN FRIEND.



and ornamented with strings of wampum about her neck, was recognized as the little captive. Declining the offer to have his horses ferried across the river, the chief entered a boat with his young companion, whom he evidently treated with great tenderness, and was rowed across. Having landed, they advanced toward the group of ladies and officers who were anxiously awaiting them, the little girl clinging to the hand of her protector till she recognized her mother; then, with a cry of delight, she ran forward and threw herself into the arms of the one whose early love she had never forgotten, and who, in her deep emotion, had fallen on her knees in front of the group. The scene was deeply affecting to the bystanders; and the chief, gazing a few moments at this display of mutual affection, with a noble generosity, unusual in an Indian, said: "The mother shall have her child. I will go back alone." He immediately returned to the boat, regardless of all invitations to attend the council; and, having crossed to the opposite shore, the whole party was seen to mount and ride away into the woods.

The little captive was thus restored to her parents, and the associations of early years were soon revived. She never saw her Indian brother again. Her father, fearing that the chief might repent of his generosity, and attempt to recover his protégé, went West, and settled at Detroit. Among the many cruel deeds of the Indians, natural to their savage state, and often provoked by their wrongs, the noble conduct of this chief may well be recorded.



GENERAL MILES—MODERN INDIAN FIGHTER.



E85
S61
1883

